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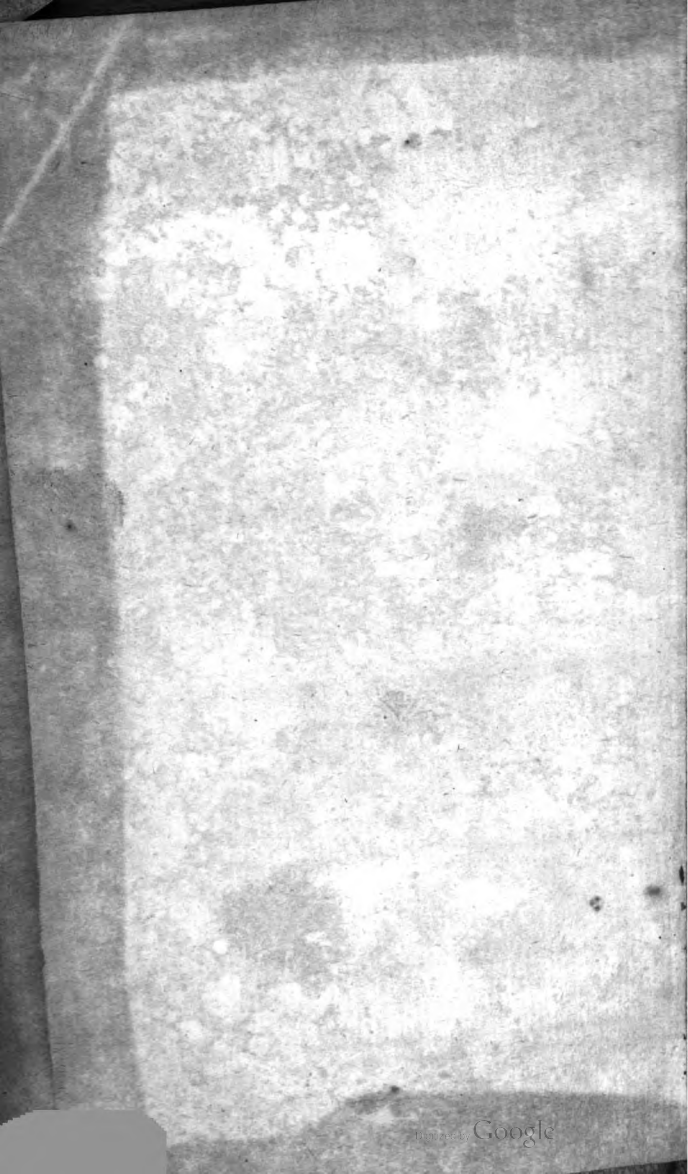
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Hope Essays 426.



John Thomas Hope.



THE
High-German Doctor.

To which is added, a large

A P P E N D I X,

WITH AN

Explanatory INDEX.

V O L. II.



L O N D O N

Printed, and Sold by *J. Roberts*, near the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick Lane*, 1719.





THE
High-German Doctor.

V O L. II. Numb. I.

*Continu'd by Orlando Mezereon, Profes-
sor of the Occult Sciences, Adept in
Palmistry and Physiognomy, Itinerant
thro' the Twelve Signs in the Zodi-
ack, Licentiate in Surgery and Mid-
wifery, Second-Sighted, and a Se-
venth Son.*

From Friday, Octob. 22. to Tuesday, Octob. 26. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,



LET me prevent you from being offend-
ed at the multiplicity of my Titles.
Pluralities, you know, were, are, and
will be always fashionable amongst us
Sons of *Apollo*. There is not a little
shatter'd *Curate*, within the sound of *Bow-Bell*, but
styles himself, *A. M. Chaplain to the Right Honour-
able; Formerly Fellow of, &c. and Breviat Doctor.*

These are big Sounds, and strike the Ears of an Audience very strongly in our Favour.

BUT why do I insist on Titles? Was not my Knowledge vastly superiour to those common *Index's* of *Worth*, I would resign that *String of Honours*, and write my self but simply *Doctor*; which I know wou'd lessen my Profit and perhaps my Judgment, in the Eye of the Audience.

I forbear producing my *Diploma's*, as too Ostentatious for one of so much real *Worth*; or tell you how justly I merited all my Titles in Front: Why, Faith, to be plain with you, I bought some, as *Bungey* did his: But I pass over that as no ways derogatory to my other Qualifications: The Second-Sight I am Master of will astonish you, when I shall make *Glass-Windows* into your Hearts, and the prodigious Effects of a Seventh Son's Skill will pass for Miracles amongst some of you, who do not fathom the Depth of Nature.

MY Integrity will be soon known to you all. I appear not at this time with a design to hunt after your Wealth, to bespeak your Candour, in order to steal upon your Judgment, or set forth a Bankrupt, as *Hermodactyl* did, with an Intent to Plunder you, and Riot on the Spoil of your honest Gains.

FAR be these *Enormities* from me: The Compassion I have to the *Weak People* of Great Britain, rouses me from my Ease, and belov'd Obscurity, and calls me forth to succour them. It is with Horror I reflect upon the Pains in the *Head*, the *Scars* and *Wounds* the *Constitution* has receiv'd from the *mischievous Brains* and *bloody Hands* of the late *Operators*.

B E

BE assur'd I am come to your Rescue: Don't think the worse of me for declining all manner of Pomp in my Prescriptions. If you are dispos'd to be perfectly well, rely on the Maturity of my Judgment: I shall propose nothing to your Imaginations, but what Nature and your Constitutions point out to be wholesome and proper for the several Cases. *Read, Judge, and Try*; I neither lead you in the Dark, or take Advantage of the former Deception of Sight you have labour'd with, under those *blessed Oculists* of the last Four Years.

OBSTINACY, I must tell you, is a *Radical Distemper* in *Great Britain*: Suffer me to purge off that gently; and when that Humour is once discharg'd, it is not to be imagin'd what a wonderful Relief you will find by *Alteratives*.

I was in Hopes, that upon the *Dissolution* of the late *Stage*, no *Quack* would have been so Adventurous to Mount. I flatter'd my self, that all the Poyson had been destroy'd; and that none would have dar'd to pursue a Practice so injurious to the Bodies of this Climate.

IT seems, in the Demolition of the late *Stage*, there were two or three Boards left Standing, and one or two *Operators* behind the Curtain, which have not been sufficiently observ'd, Their Characters shall be illustrated in a proper Season.

THESE, I am persuaded, have spirited up the lower Order of *Quacks* and *Scaramouches* to gather up the broken Pieces of the *Stage*, and now are endeavouring to poyson the Audience upon this loose Bottom.

N A Y, some of these *Quacks* have been so hardy alate, as to rise out of their Graves, after having slept with their Fathers ever since the last Week in *July*, and interrupt the World with a *Second Edition* of their *Heavy-Bills* of the Week. I wonder much at the Inclemency of these *Ghosts*, after such a solemn Burial, that they should rise above the Surface, and pretend to fright poor Hysterick Women and Children.

W H E N they were to pass under the Character of *Defuncts*, it seems to cross upon Nature, for them to be stalking about in the Land of the Living.

B U T this is not the first Time these *modest Artists* have broke in upon their *Parts*, and dar'd to Rise when they have been given over for *Dead*, especially when they are a little pinch'd, which brings an humourfome Story of *Dead-Heads* to my mind.

I N times of less Gallantry, and more Simplicity, when the Play-House was kept in Barbican, short of the Machinery and Decorations of our Modern Theatre, the Players, before the fall of the Curtain, us'd to Address the Wits of the Upper Gallery, with a Reward of Two-Pence per Man to appear the next Night, and Act some Under-Parts: It happen'd that a Prince was to be Play'd, who had been Victorious over his Enemies, and the Players wanted some Arch-Fellows to grace his Triumph, and increase his Trophies, by just peeping up their Heads above the Stage, and imitating Dead-Heads: The Rogues lay Motionless, and one would have sworn they had been Dead at the first Entry of the Prince. As he trod with a Majestick Air over the Stage,
one

one of these Dead-Heads chanc'd to have a plaguy long Pair of Ears strutting wide from his Temples, and the Prince happen'd to expand one as fine as Leaf Gold: This Dead Rogue could not contain himself any longer, tho' he had sworn to the Players, that he would be entirely Passive, but starting up, G---d D---n you, Mr. Prince, says he, if I was not a Dead Head I'd Demolish you.

I leave the Story to be Moraliz'd by those insolent Quacks, who, under all the Symptoms of Mortality, are awkwardly attempting to gather fresh Strength, in order to perplex the Great Presidents and break in upon Regular Practice.

A flaming Instance of these Efforts we have in the late memorable Proceedings of the Scaramouches at Oxford, who, to explain their boasted Zeal to the President, have honour'd Precipitate, the Irish Operator, with a Doctorship, attended with all the Marks of Distinction.

H O W came it, ye Sons of Oxford, that your Promises to the Great President were so soon forgotten?

O R was not your Revenge compleat; without Travelling Fifty Miles to assure him of your Fidelity, and make a greater Merit of your Service to Young Jacob, by so formal a Treachery?

C O U L D you not have pitch'd upon a less profligate Quack in the whole Circle of Poyson? Or one who had less openly oppos'd the Great President's Title?

T O excuse your Disobedience, proclaim your Ignorance. You never heard of Precipitate's sending Ship-Loads of Operators from Ireland, for the Re-

covery of young *Jacob*. You never could be inform'd of his permitting all *Jacob's* Friends to carry their Boxes of Instruments about them, against repeated Acts of the *Censors*. You were never told, that all Practice was interrupted by his Tyranny; that Murders, Rapes, and Thefts were committed, and none to punish, by his laying waste the Laws of the College. That the *Censors* of *Ireland* were ignominiously excluded to gratify his Lust of Dominion, and skreen his poysonous Practice from an Arraignment. In fine, that every Prescription was writ in Blood; that every Drug was cramm'd down without Consent of the Patient; and *Mum* forbidden, on Pain of Sequestration from Practice: Oh, *Oxford*! *Oxford*! learn to show Tricks with a better Grace, or the World will Swear *Hermodactyl* has taught you your *Juggling Catechism*.

The High-German Doctor. N^o 2.

From Tuesday, Octob. 26. to Friday, Octob. 29. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Have been under severe Penance since the first publication of my Bills. You cannot imagine what Shoals of *North Britons* my Character of a *Second-Sighted Doctor* has brought to my Office, and how many distressed Females have apply'd to me for the Touch of a *Seventh Son*.

I

I find it impossible to answer the several Challenges in my Art ; and begin to think I have over-loaded my Capacity. But when I look back upon the crude Banter *Bungey*, and his *French Operators*, put upon the honest *English* Audience of his *Stage*, Four Years past, I take Courage, and value my self pretty much, as falling short of that Impostor in his *black Assurance*.

THE Fellow, it seems, has been gather'd to his Brothers at *Magdalen* some Days; and therefore I shall not unprofitably disturb his Midnight Revels upon *Colsoh*, or put him in mind of Feeding his Calves in the Hundreds of *St. Andrews*.

AMIDST the entertaining Branches of my Practice, I must not forget to acquaint you with one supremely Comical. I will be ingenuous with you :--- When I first set forth, I did not imagine the World would have taken me at my Word. *Great Britain*, I pity thy Simplicity ; and find that pompous Titles may lead thee astray as much as *Tricking Scaramouches* with their *affected Sanctity*.

TO be short, I bit the Biter, and took in the great Shark *Hermodactyl* by my specious Frontispiece.

HE came to me very pensive the last Week, and ask'd me, Whether he was Fated to *Tower-Hill*; or might, thro' the Indulgence of the *Censors*, escape by *Boat or Waggon*?

THIS *Second Sight* has allarm'd the rest.

GAMBOL, like a good-natur'd Volontier, confesses all his past Crimes, and depending on my Penetration, asks me, with an Air of *Compunction*,

A s Whether

Whether the Lunacy of his Brain, for Four Years past, may not compound for his solemn Mischief.

Poor *Poplin*, conscious of her *Plunder* and *Rapine*, and Alienating the Mind of *Fontanelle* from her faithful Dispensers, sneak'd in privately, the other Night, to know, Whether a *Privy Purse* might not be accounted *Publick Money*?

T H E R E is one, who shall be nameless at present, endeavours to defeat my Penetration, and keeps behind the Curtain, fancying my *Second-Sight* will not be able to display him in his *Ultramarine* Colours: But if he goes on to oppose the *President* in *Worcestershire*, I shall open the Packet, and usher in a Recut of Conversation between him and *Baglivi*, the *Pope's* Physician.

Y O U may banter *Second Sighted* Doctors as you please; but I lay down this for a Rule to my self, *That if any Scaramouch dares to open his Mouth against the Great President, even with so much as an Innuendo, I shall know what he has in his Heart.* If any are so insolent as to appear in the *President's* Apartment at St. *James's*, with a *fair Face*, and a *false Heart*, he shall undergo proper Tortures; the honest *Galenists* being already prepar'd to hiss such infamous *Quacks* out of the Presence, upon the least Intimation given them from my Familiarity with the Stars.

I have a mighty *keen Eye* at an *Hypocrite*; there fore let no Man pretend to skreen himself under the specious Name of a *Georgian Galenist*, and at the same Time decline coming entirely into *Regular Practice*.

I dare affirm from my *Second-Sight*, That *Acids* and *Alkali's* will never agree with the Constitution; and tho' they may pass the *Prima Via*, they will ever be Fermenting in the *Bowels*.

THE *Scaramouches*, you know, are devoted to Mischief, and all the Intervals they can spare from their *Tutelar Deities* of *Bacchus* and *Venus*, are prodigally laid out, in *Investives* against the *Illustrious President*. Great *William* forgive the Disturbance of Thy *Sacred Ashes*! Thy *Godlike Lenity* has made those *Fire-Men* Triumph over thy bless'd Remains, and Curse thy *Moderation*. — So will it fare with any *President* that trusts them.

IMPUNITY three Months past, for *Irregular Practice*, would have rather been Solicited with Doubts, than Expected: From this Suspension of *Justice*, read their *Infelence*: name no *Moderate Doses*, ye *Worthy Regulars*: It's all but *Impotence* and *Fear* in the Dialect of that *detested Faction* of *Quacks*.

GREAT BRITAIN does not singly claim your *Justice*, but likewise your Confederates in *Regular Practice* abroad. These Stains upon the Body must be purg'd off, to make you look clear and Whole-some; and he that presses for an *Indemnity* of *Quacks*, is a *Rebel* to *Regular Prescriptions*. The Blood has *Stagnated* for Four Years, and the *Microcosm* demands a brisk Circulation of true *English Spirits*.

TO Compromise with *Poysoners*, *Thieves*, and *Desperadoes*, who have laid the Constitution waste, and even tainted the *Vitals*, would be a dismal Reflection: Those who have toil'd in the *Dispensary* sweet!

sweated in the *Elaboratory*, and oppos'd all *Amputations* in *Harry's Surgery*, cannot believe themselves Superfeded by the Enemies of *Regular Practice*. It would be too Shocking to their Imaginations, and never pacify the Tumults of their Brain.

I hope no Man's Spirits are less vigorous since the *Great President's* arrival, or that they have forgot they are *English-men*, notwithstanding the accursed Transfusion of *French Blood*, which *Hermodactyl*, and his wicked *Operators*, convey'd into their Veins two Years since.

YOUR *President* is daily affronted, and treated in a Style inferior to the *Vagrant* of *Barleduc*. The Cases I have receiv'd from *Bristol*, *Gloucester*, and *White-Chappel*, the last Week, in opposition to the *President's* Rightful and Lawful Title, demand a Warmth — *Britons Strike Home, Revenge your Country's Wrongs*.

COULD not the Day of his Inauguration be exempt from Tumults? Must his peaceable Accession to the Chair of the *College* be interrupted by Slaves, who would have bow'd their Necks to his Feet on the first of *August* for a Reprieve? Are these the Effects of his Lenity? Must he be insulted, ye *Britons*, thro' the sides of the *Regular Physicians*? Must Impudence stalk bare fac'd, and *Bungey* begin a third Progress to debauch the Men? I spare his Talent to the Fair Sex, for the sake of it's *Brevity*.

FROM whence spring these *Irregularities*? Surely it cannot be from the good-Natur'd *Regulars*. Blend no foreign Plants with Simples of our own Growth. Look to your Infusions, and let not even

N^o 3. *The High-German Doctor.* I R
a suspected *Regular* strain off the Liquor, but in the
presence of the faithful and approv'd *Censors*..

The High-German Doctor. N^o 3.

From Friday, Octob. 29. to Tuesday, Novem. 2. 1714.

Gentlemen, and Ladies,

FOR my part I never thought the *Scaramouches*
of the *Stage* such mighty Conjurers, tho' they
are reported, to deal so frequently with the Devil.
As they have ever impos'd on the Weakest People of
Great Britain, so they are sure to be Countermin'd
by the Nice and Discerning.

T H E R E is an unhappy Story lodg'd upon one of
the most Eminent of that Robe, within these few
Days, from an idle Attempt, he made upon a Lady in
the *Galenical* Interest: And here I cannot withstand
the Occasion of Congratulating the Fair Sex upon
their sound Judgments, and Contempt of all Fallacies,
tho' usher'd in with the Farce of solemn Looks, and
affected Concern.

T H I S *Scaramouch*, you must understand, is one
of those *undutiful Sons*, who is always in Pain for
his *Holy Mother*, and never regards *Living up to*
the Principles she has instill'd. After he had been
often defeated in his Expectations, of making this
Lady believe *his Mother was in Danger*, thought he
had at last fix'd upon one Instance, which would
Conquer her Incredulity.

P U R S U A N T

PURSUANT to his weak Notions, he accosts her in a lamentable Tone, about the *immediate Danger* his Holy Mother was expos'd to, in the Persons of two *Lutheran* Doctors, who appear'd publicly in their Robes, at St. *James's*, and Prescrib'd to his Mother out of the *Ausburgh* Dispensary, which would, of necessity, be a very great Shock to so tender a Constitution, it not prove Fatal to her.

THE Lady, by an affected Surprise, seem'd to acknowledge the Goodness of his Intelligence, and told him, *If such a Proof could be made out, she must resign up her Senses to his Discretion, and own his Mother to be in a desperate Condition.*

THE Scaramouch, knowing the force of Prejudice, flew off from his Proofs, and began to work upon the Passions of the She-Patient; taking for granted, she acquiesc'd to all he had confidently asserted; and was preparing her, not to admit of any Contradiction to his Story from a better Hand.

NOT so fast, dear Doctor, says the Lady, *it seems somewhat unfair in you to pin me down to a belief, before I have Reason'd a little with you upon the Probability of the Fact.*

TO question the Doctor's Veracity, was a Crime in his Judgment; to have believ'd him implicitly, seem'd a much greater in the Lady's Opinion; so she presum'd to Interrogate the Doctor to a few Points: As to what Garb these Foreign Practitioners wore? What their Offices? And what Innovations they had made in Practice upon his poor Mother?

AH! Madam, reply'd this Scaramouch, *They have Rob'd themselves after our manner, except the*

the Oxford Hanging-Sleeves, on purpose to betray the Unwary into an Opinion of their being Orthodox in Practice: But instead of a slick Beaver and Rose, they wear prodigious large Night-Caps: I cannot indeed well account for that, continu'd he, but I believe it is some Mystery in the old Professor Martin's Institution.

THE Lady was somewhat in suspense with herself, whether to Laugh at the Fellow's Stupidity, or fall into a downright Passion with him, for attempting to impose on her so grossly; but, allowing for the Frailty, and Bigottry of the *Scaramouches*, she thought it more Prudent to Rally: Now, Doctor, says she, *I pity your Mother from my Heart: Hard Fate she should fall into such unskilful Hands. All that they can do, I hear, is to Shave clean, air a Shirt, and light up Candles, and are a Couple of faithful Mussulmen.*

WHAT, are they Turks then? said the good Doctor; *I am glad to hear that: All my fear was they were Christians.*

YOU cannot imagine how calm and good-Natur'd the *Scaramouch* grew, when he was satisfy'd these two Under-Operators were not likely to cut him out of any Legacies in the Gift of his *Holy Mother*, and that they did not interfere with his Practice.

WHO could blame the poor Doctor for being at first under such mortal Fear, when he dream'd of two such powerful Rivals in the Art of *Shaving and Corn-Cutting*, were invading his *Holy Mother*?

FROM henceforth I humbly bespeak the *Regulars*, that they would not charge the *Scaramouches* with.

with unnecessary Fears and Cries about *the Danger of their good Mother*, they never having met with a more formidable Occasion of Complaint, than from these two *Musfulmen*.

I begin to fear the *Scaramouches* abate in their Mettle: They never us'd to portend any Danger to their Mother from the great Familiarity between her and the Devil, Doctor *Albani* at *Rome*, or a Pretender to the Chair of the *President*. Can now two harmless Creatures in long *Vests* and *Turban's*, scare them out of their Puny Senses?

I well remember the *Scaramouches* made a sort of a Witch of their dear Mother, four Years since, and gave out, that she could not be releas'd of her Pains, till the three above-mention'd Gentlemen in Effigies were transported to *Harry's Surgery* and rescu'd from the Flames.

IF they had happen'd to have taken a Purification by Fire, on good *Elizabeth's* Night, what a Favour would Holy Mother have been in; and how Frantick her zealous Sons: But that Danger was prevented by approv'd *Roman Operators*, for which they receiv'd the thanks of the *Scaramouches*.

FOR shame give over your restless Tribe: The Jest is near work'd off. Let me tell you aside, The Populace begin to think you look too well in Flesh, for your Mother to be in any manner of Danger, or if she is, that you are plaguy Neglectful of her, to appear so jolly whilst she is in Pain.

FAITH, to be plain with you, the Audience begins to think you *Scaramouches* have a foreign Whore to your Mother, without the least Sign of Reformation.

formation upon her; which brings a Story to Mind, not a little diverting.

AN honest *Regular*, of the same Order, and Robe, as the *Scaramouches* wear, lately making the Tour of *Italy* with a Noble *Censor* of Great Britain, was very solicitous, when he came to *Rome*, of having his Picture drawn by one of the greatest Masters of that Art: The Painter only waited his Orders, for the Drapery. This *Regular* told him, his Choice would lead him to the proper Robe he us'd to wear, but that being, as he suppos'd, impracticable in those Parts, desired it might be grave, and left the rest to his Discretion.

THE *Painter* pausing a while, told him, He could fully oblige him in his Desires; the *President Albani*, having two Pictures of *Scaramouch Bungey* in the long Gallery of the Vatican, Rob'd after the *British* Manner: Upon which, he added this Particularity, which the *Regulars* never heard of before.

IT seems, after that glorious Struggle of Bungey, Four Years past, for restoring his *Romish Mother*, Albani sent over a Painter expressly to draw him to the Life. However, there was a Consult in what Garb he should be drawn: The *Jesuits* objected to his being Rob'd in their Way, as too Hot-Brain'd a Tool, and a Disgrace to so polite an Order. The *Cordeliers* oppos'd his being drawn in their Garb, as too Carnal for so Mortify'd a Tribe. The *Carthusian's* refus'd him that Honour, as being an Enemy to Midnight Prayers, and Memento Mori. Bungey after frequent Bandyng, was forc'd to wear his own *Tramontane Dress*. And from an Incident of

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of so much Importance to our and his Holy Mother
and Scandalous to yours, (*says the Painter*) I can,
gratify your Request.

The High-German Doctor. N^o. 4.

From Tuesday, Novem. 2. to Friday, Novem. 5. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

MY *Pegasus* is a slow Beast, and cannot learn Intelligence quick enough for the Demands of the Learned: I sent him up, Four Days since, to bring me a Packet from the *Signs*, but perceiving him Loiter, I suppose he has taken up his Inn at *Cancer*.

THERE are three Mails due from the *Zodiack*, which makes me fall short in the Entertainment I design'd you this Day. You cannot imagine there could be so strict an Analogy between the Upper and Lower World; which I shall represent to you in a proper Season.

AS *Phabus* governs all the Signs above, so the Great *President* does all the several Characteristicks below, except the *Passive-Obedience People*.

I shall play with your Imaginations for the present; and lure you on, by degrees, to the Conception of the great Mysteries I am to unfold.

YOU may fancy there are no Parties in Practice above; I was of your Mind till I took my Flight, but I soon found *Leo* against *Scorpion*, the same
Strife

Strife as there is between the Orthodox *Colbatch*, and the Heterodox *Ratcliff*.

I descend from the Clouds, in compassion to your Intellects, and kiss my Mother Earth, with the rest of my Fellow-Creatures, but must not conceal one Branch of my Art which is familiar to your Senses.

WHEN I first set forth in Practice, I thought my self happily Equip'd, with all the necessary Qualifications of a *Great Practitioner*. The *Conjuring Wand* was the *Sole Machine* I wanted: The *White-Staff* having rais'd so great a Clamour in the World, I was fond of annexing that to my Art, to make it consummate.

BY accident, I heard there was a *Caduceus Wand*, to be sold in *York-Buildings*, amongst the Lumber of *Sham-Treaties*, and Deeds of Sale for the Kingdom of *Great Britain*; I purchas'd it at a very low Rate.

FOND of this new Acquisition, you may be sure, I reduc'd my Practice with a becoming Speed, but have repented my Bargain a Thousand times; for whenever I am in a sportive Vein, and dispos'd to raise an agreeable Spectre, that dismal Rogue *Hermodactyl* always rises in the Circle, in the room of a less pernicious Devil.

HE is always Tiezing me to be quiet, and pass over his Parricide, because the Fourth Edition of the *White Staff* does not clear up his Character.

THUS I am Daily interrupted in my Courses of Physick, and prevented from obliging the World with a Thousand Cases which fall under Demand, from my pompous Titles: *Hermodactyl*, like stale Toasts,

Toasts, taking it mortally ill to be neglected, tho' he is sure to be disadvantageously describ'd.

BUT amidst the Revel of Absurdities in *Hermodactyl's* Inventory, I could not deny a Smile to St. Ignatius's Picture, with a Fellow in a Carbuncled Face offering up *British Liberty* to a *Roman Shrine*.

IF this Creature had not profess'dly design'd to have made himself ridiculous, he would have kept the Original safe again a more favourable Occasion, and the dear Counterpart of himself to have trick'd *Great Britain* a Third Time.

I am Hourly in Pain for the Great *President*, upon *Hermodactyl's* Approach to Saint James's. The little Garden on the *West* Side of the House, I hear, is to be turn'd into an *Elaboratory*, but they who are most Conversant with his Practice, say, He is erecting a *Powder-Mill*.

TO see a *Quack* admitted within six Paces of the Royal *Dispensary*, flutter with unpresidented Airs, pertly dull, and swagger with Impunity, is somewhat crossing upon the Laws of Amputation.

IT cannot be forgotten by you, my dear *Britons*, when the brave *Eugenius* came over Three Years past, to enforce the same Method of Practice which the Beloved *Mirabel* prescrib'd; that the Great *Censor* was forc'd out of his own Apartment at St. James's, for fear of giving a Jealousy to the infamous *Poplin*, and her Bankrupt Crew, tho' all the Mischief design'd was by Happy Pairs to invigorate the Spirits, and give a brisker Circulation to the Blood. But leaving the Wretch in a dubious Possession of her false Honours, I must, like to a
Great

Great Master in the Faculty, prescribe to the Sick *Gratis*, and prevent any Usurpation in the Art.

BY the Virtue of *Hermodactyl's Wand*, I am come to a tolerable Guess at his *Utrecht Adventure*. From hence, I prognosticate, That *Hermodactyl* will not be long in the Land of the Living. If the *Censors* will be tender, such a Thief may pick their Pockets in honest Company, and go off unobserv'd.

BUT for the Honour of the Practice of *Great Britain*, I beg that there may be no *Quack* encourag'd; no Creature which is an *Invalid Half Doctor*, made an whole one, in violation of Practice.

I must not forget the flaming Account I receiv'd last Night from *Bristol*, of an *Erysipelas* spreading over the *Scabby Faction* of the *Chymists* and *Fire-Men*. The *Anatomists* are gone down to dissect them; and if they fall short in a *Western Course*, prescrib'd by Doctor *Jefferies* in Eighty Five, God bless the *President* and his faithful *Censors*.

The High-German Doctor. N^o 5.

From Friday, Novem. 5. to Tuesday, Novem. 9. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

LEAVING the *Western* Operations to be carry'd on with Success, and the vicious Humours in those Parts to be thoroughly purg'd off from the Constitution, by the Venerable *Censors* whom the Great *President* has nam'd for that Service, I shall descend to a familiar Case brought to me the last Week, which,

which I hope may be instructive to both Sexes under the most binding Tyes of Life.

A N handsome Couple came to my Apartment the other Day, well Habited, equal in Years, and fitted, to outward Appearance, for all the Felicities of a Conjugal State. They had, by their Complaints, receiv'd mutual Injuries from each other in the Course of *Forbidden Love*; and both trusting to the Fidelity of their Paramours, insisted obstinately on their respective Innocence.

THEY having heard an High Character of my *Second Sight*, were resolv'd first to leave the Determination of this abstruse Case to my Judgment; and after that, the Cure.

IT was an Affair of too much Delicacy to be open'd abruptly, for fear of giving Offence to both Parties: Therefore, in order to gain Time, and give them at least an Amusement for their Fees, I took up my *Conjuring Wand*, travers'd a Circle, and made large Scrowls, as if I was erecting a Scheme.

I must not forget to tell you, That whilst I was busy in my *Operation*, the conscious Couple grew visibly disturb'd; and the Husband approaching me nearly, found means to slip an hungry Half-Piece into my Hand.

THE Female's Sight carrying a sharp Edge, and rightly judging the Stars might be brib'd, and that Gold, which is the Mettal of the Sun, would influence all the Planets in her favour, privately crosses my Hand with a large *Jacobus*.

UPON this I began to suspect equal Guilt, and told them, I must be oblig'd to separate them, having found

found their *Genii* so opposite, that I could gather no Certainty from the Higher Powers whilst they were together.

THE Contention, you will suppose, grew strong for the Privilege of staying in my Apartment; and being first Interrogated to the Case in Debate, I pleaded hard for the Female, but the Weakest went to the Wall.

WHEN the Lady was departed, I roundly told the Husband, *I had not the most agreeable Intelligence to offer him from the Stars: That his Dominieering Sign was Gemini, (tho' I knew it to be Aries) and I must pronounce, that he was frequently in Conjunction with a Nymph of his Neighbourhood.*

I found him come into the Snare I laid for him as pliantly as I could wish: *Faith, Doctor, says he, I am satisfy'd there is nothing hid from your Knowledge in the Planetary World, and we poor Mortals are so many Machines in their Hands.*

HE told me enough for my Sagacity to work upon, tho' he was still in the Dark, how he could be the Aggressor in the Misfortune which befel him and his Loyal Spouse.

I laid those Minutes I took from him carefully together, dispatch'd him; and then address'd my self to Madam, who was for anticipating my Determination, by telling me, *She was sure the Stars, if there was any Justice in those Luminaries, had clear'd up her Innocence.*

NOT so fast, fair Lady, says I, for tho' your Sign be Pisces, and denotes Phlegm and Coldness in your Temperament, yet there is some Fickleness and Warmth

Warmth from its Influences, at certain Seasons, from the relation it has to the Sea. We'll suppose a little Levity. or a small Favour granted; not to make a Practice of, or —

UPO N my Honour, good Doctor, says she, that is all: A Garter, or so, taken between Consent, and faint Struggles at a Game of Romps, cannot be thought very Criminal, when it was committed by a Neighbour, and especially when Pious Bungey's Name was impress'd on the Riband.

THAT last Discovery cross'd all my favourable Sentiments of her Inadvertency, and prim'd my Enquiries much higher than I design'd to have carry'd them.

AND had you Bungey's Name stamp'd on your Garters, Madam, says I, with a Look which betray'd a consummate Knowledge of all her amorous Commerce; that Name comprizes all Mischief; There is a subtle Poyson in it, which first works upon the Imagination, debauches the Mind, and then inflames the Blood.

AT that, says she, with a more lively Tone, If I have done amiss, I hope Bungey is to answer for every Trepas beyond — a Garter.

I pity'd her Frailty; and it was not a Minute's Space before I came into the full Secret.

*THIS Neighbour of hers, it seems, had free Access to the House: The Familiarity was soon improv'd to a mutual Confidence, and frequent Toyings, as yet no ways Guilty: This drew on Playing at that innocent Game of Questions and Commands: The Hard Task was assign'd this good Neighbour of un-
tying*

tying the Lady's *Garter*, and he, proud of the *Trophy*, wears it for a *Watch-String*.

THE Husband, eying those devoted Spoils transplanted into his Neighbour's Pocket, and worn for Garniture at the Price of his Honour, forbore any publick Resentment; but, after his mean way of Revenge, commences an Intrigue with this Neighbour's Maid.

KINDLED at the Incident, he fell to *Marod*ing upon the first Suspicion he took, before any Action became Criminal on his Spouse's Side; and, in the Heat of the Chase, receiv'd a Wound.

HIS Neighbour being a very *continent Bachelor*, had taken the first Post in the Affections of his Hand-Maid before he became an Admirer, so that the Communication was kept open between them, and all the Favours the *chaste Husband* gain'd in his Rambles, were faithfully convey'd to his Friend at Second-Hand.

THE trusty Neighbour fail'd not to improve the Discoveries he made of this Intimacy to his Wife, and work'd upon her Passions to such a degree, that he gain'd the *Ascendant*, and gave her an unwholesome Share in the Prizes of this *Friendly Society*.

THERE needs not much Moralizing upon this Story; only, as a *Professor*, I must determine, That all Levities in a *Conjugal State* ought to be strictly guarded against: That *Fops* are not to be trusted with Favours, even of *Indifferency*: That *sullen Resentments* in a *Husband*, without the Gift of Prudence to check the smallest *Inadvertencies* in the Bud, are fatal to many an unwary Female: That mean Resent-

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ments

ents in that State turn upon the Head of the Avenger : And Jealousies sown between Man and Wife, are Trespasses of the largest Size.

SEVERAL unhappy Creatures, with desponding Faces, and swell'd Necks, having, alate, apply'd to me for Relief, I am oblig'd to let the World know, That those large *Tumours* in the Necks of the *Scaramouches*, proceed from fulness of Blood, and a constant *Rutting Season*, and that the *King's-Evil* of *Bar-le-duc*, in the rest of their poor deluded Followers, is to be cur'd in a short time, by cutting out the *Gland* entirely.

The High-German Doctor. N° 6.

From Tuesday, Novem. 9. to Friday, Nov. 12. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

WHEN the Plague rag'd at *Verona*, about the Beginning of the last Century, the ablest Physicians were consulted, and after all their Researches, perplex'd to assign a Reason for the Origin of this Malignity.

THE People droop'd and languish'd daily ; were under a total Oblivion of all the Favours they had receiv'd at the Hands of their Benefactors, the *Paluzzi* and *Piombini*; and during this Privation of Sense, gor'd and devour'd each other.

THE usual Symptom of an approaching Fit, was

a sort of *Watch Word*, pronounc'd in a ghosly Tone
 -- For thee, dear Rome, and France, *Revenge* There
 were so many *Contraindications* in the *Distemper*,
 that it was no ways derogatory to the Skill of the
 wisest Physicians, in not being able to give a proper
Diagnostick, and consequently apply a Remedy.

THEY well knew the People had suffer'd suffici-
 ently from the *Romans* and *French*, and so could not
 believe the *Imagination* could possibly be work'd up-
 on in their Favour. They hoping to wear off this
Malignity by gentle Methods, attempted to *Fiddle*
 it down, as is usual in Cases of the *Tarantula*. This
 enrag'd the Patients the more, being *Enemies* to *Har-*
mony.

YOU must imagine, That no Labour was spar'd,
 no History of Diseases left unrevolv'd, to find out a
 suitable Reason for so strange a *Phenomenon*. After
 the Bodies were emaciated to a Skeleton, and the
 Mind under the last Disorder, a skilful Naturalist ob-
 serv'd, That Swarms of *Black Insects* had cover'd the
 Ground for many Years, and Fly-blow'd each Ani-
 mal and Vegetable they rested on.

THIS Reason carry'd so much Weight, that
 all the *Regular Physicians* consented to it; and
 advis'd the People to sweep their Doors and Fields
 clean of such Vermin.

THE unhappy People were so infatuated, that
 they caress'd these *Insects* the more, and cherish'd
 this loathsome Brood, with such an obstinate Tender-
 ness, that they came into their Houses at last, and in-
 fected their whole Family.

BY this History, which you may depend upon is

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Authentick,

Authentick, we have just Reason to believe, That *Bungey*, and his Confederate *Scaramouches*, are of the same Species. They have brought this poor Nation to that Insensibility, and Forgetfulness of what they owe to the Great *President WILLIAM*, and their present *BENEFACTOR*, that whilst he is daily multiplying Blessings on the Heads of the most profligate *Quacks*, they slight the only Medicine that would bring them to their Senses, and run madding after these *Locusts*.

NAY, to such an Height is the Frenzy work'd, that whilst the Original is become Despicable, the Puppet of *Bungey* is held Venerable. Even a Past-Board Portraiture, or an Alabaster-Baby, with a Tallow Complection, and holding *Aristotle's* Problems in their two Hands, must not pass the Fire Ordeal, without raising a Ferment in the Bowels of the deluded Rabble of the *West*.

THIS must be an high Complement to *Bungey*, when he considers, that at the same Time they are affecting to pay him this false Homage, they use him no better than a *Witch*, who is always in Pain when the Wax-Work Resemblance is either prick'd or burn'd.

I speak it with more than ordinary Warmth, There cannot be such a foul Blot and Stain upon the Constitution, as to suffer that infamous *Quack* to run a Strowling about the Country, to poyson the Audience with his Packets, when the Practice of *Physick* is bringing under a Regulation.

HE that attends to the several Gradations of this wicked Impostor, and the Timing his pernicious Rambles,

bles, must be fill'd with Horror, and crush the Monster with a becoming Zeal, without waiting even the Forms allow'd to *common Malefactors*.

HE is a *Rebel* to Practice, thrice Proclaim'd, setting aside the *unforgiven Uproar* of Four Years past. He has watch'd all Opportunities to make a Commotion in Practice, and fly in the Face of the *Great President*.

BEFORE the Death of *Fontanelle*, when all things were running into Confusion, thro' the Mal-Dispensation of impious and illiterate *Quacks*, and *Tumblers*, he began his first Progress, to debauch the Remains of Honesty in the poor *Corydons* of the Country, and prepare them for the Reception of young *Jacob*.

THOSE Hopes being defeated, upon the *Great President's* arrival, he first harangues the Audience, upon his *Stage* at *St. Andrews*, about the nefarious Practices, Inhumanity, and base Compliances, that *Presidents* in all Ages have made use of, to gain the Chair of the *College*.

THIS wholesome Doctrine being left warm upon the Hearts of his unthinking Rabble, he proceeds upon a fresh Progress; and God knows what Mischief he might have done, if the *Speckled Horse* had not thrown him into a Horse-Pond, and a Justice had not threatned to Commit him, and Whip him for a *Vagrant*.

THIS Wretch, finding the *President* daily gain Ground, even upon the most desperate *Quacks*, by his amiable Qualities, and that paternal Regard he dispenses to all the *Children of Disobedience*, mounts

Sorrel upon a third Expedition, to put the People in Mind of a Health, he and his infernal Crew had so often often toasted ; and likewise to put himself in a Posture of Aiding and Assisting the *Western* Rabble, in the Quality of Trampeter to their Stage.

THE *Censors*, who are going down to explore those High Crimes, will soon unravel the Mystery of Iniquity, and make the black Conspiracy appear of a General Rising, in favour of *Quackery*, on the Day of the *President's* Inauguration ; a Day sacred to Joy and Peace, and not to be violated but by *Rebels* of the first Magnitude.

THAT solemn Affront of putting the May-Pole at *Bedford* in Mourning, on that auspicious Day ; and Assaulting a *Regular*, for wearing a Favour with the Great *President's* Inscription, with many more of the same Stamp, will lye throbbing upon every Loyal Heart, till Justice takes place.

WHETHER the Insolence, or Hypocrisy of these abandon'd Creatures is more Criminal, I will not determine. It's all Shocking, all Amazing ; and Lenity to such Judicial Offenders, would make the Authority of a *College* lose both it's Force and Signification?

CAN the Great *President* repose any Confidence in the Addressees of such *Quacks*, when they first raise Tumults against his Title and Power, and by that *Collective Scum* gather Hands to banter him the more solemnly, with an affected Proffer of unreserv'd Obedience :

GO on and flatter your selves with *Amnesty* ; persuade your selves in your wretched Way of thinking, that

that by these Methods you approve your Duty. The Great *President* is not to be shaken, neither to be flatter'd, or terrified. He has a long Diary of your Transactions in Defence of his Honour. He knows how well you supported old *Jacob* by your prostitute Cant of *Obedience*; embarrass'd the Great *William*; and how you would serve him, if ever, for our Sins, he should put it in your Power.

W H E R E A S, Two busy Animals, who have slept in a Cave, since the First of *August*, are fluttering about with their *Quack-Bills* of the Week, opposing the Great *President's* Practice, thro' the Sides of the faithful *Censors*, these are to give Notice, if any good People light on them in a Garret at *Wapping*, or *Kent-Street*, that they instantly Collar them, and confine them to a dark Hole, having long since forfeited all Civil Protection from the *College*, and been judg'd incapable of treading the Surface with Free-born *Regulars*.

The High-German Doctor. N^o 7.

From Friday, Novem. 12. to Tuesday, Nov. 16. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I F *Sapiens dominabitur Astris* holds true, I pronounce large Numbers of the People of Great Britain Fools of the first Rank, else they would not lye under such malevolent *Aspects*, or be influenci'd

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by

by so many unlucky Stars, which I see continually Rule them.

THE more the Great *President* endeavours to cultivate an Harmony in Practice, the more the Animals, who properly DELIGHT IN WAR, are busy in obstructing the Measures he is taking to bring Physick to a Certainty, and making it familiar to the meanest Constitution.

IMMORTAL Galen! says I, the other Day, upon this unhappy Reflection, *will the Sons of Violence be still in Conjunction with Mars? Must Scorpio and Sagittarius be always their familiar Signs? Cannot Libra take Place for once, and adjust the Differences of this Lower Orb?* From this Rapture I was naturally led to examine the Source of this Malignity amongst us, and am sorry that I am oblig'd, by Vertue of my *Second-Sight*, to lay it at the Door of the *Saramouches*.

BUNGEY's Triumphant Entry, the other Day, after a rebellious Progress, will not go off coolly from my Imagination till the *Censors* cite him before them; not in that pompous Way they did Four Years past, but by a shorter and humbler Prescription, — *To the Keeper of Bridewel*.

JUSTICE, to me, seems to have lost its Sword and Scales: Or, the *Censors*, by a disdainful Neglect of such a Viper, forget that the meanest Insect of Life is capable of doing Mischief with a Tongue without a Sting.

A Zeal for the Great *President* warms my Blood on this Occasion, and will not suffer me to pass by the solemn Impudence of those *Quacks* who usher'd
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in that rebellious *Scaramouch* with Drums and Trumpets, and other Demonstrations of illegal Joy, whilst the Lamps glimmer'd on the Birth-Night of the Great *Augustus*.

YET I cannot, with any Colour of Justice, give the full Credit of Mischief to this ignominious *Scaramouch*: There are some of the same Robe, moving in a higher Orb, concurring to the present Feuds and Disorders we labour under.

I receiv'd a very surprizing Letter from CAMBRIDGE, the last Post, which informs me of a dismal Fellow who writes himself, *Dr. of D. suppose Dunstable, Master of*. — Now let us fancy ourselves in *Trinity Quadrangle*. — With a damn'd ostentatious Subscription of *Priscianus Britannicus*.

IT is such a stupid Fellow, that he cannot see the Banter of the misapply'd Titles of *Humanist, Universal Librarian, Coriphee* of Literature, which some *Dutch Poets* gave him, by Accident, some Years since, upon his Writing a *Gothick Treatise* in Prose, about the Genuineness of *Phalaris's Epistles*.

I know his Pique is ground'd against me for Emulating him in his *abstruse Learning*. He swears, with submission to *Frank Stammony's Notes* in *Ela*, That the *Occult Sciences* are his Propriety, and will not permit me to interfere with him in his *Mysterious Way of Writing*.

THE Fellow would have been Horn-Mad if *Boylaus*, the Noble *Censor*, had not dock'd his Pedantry, and reduc'd him to Humiliation. I pity that Great Professor for undertaking the Drudgery of bringing

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that

that Wretch to an articulate Sound, and forming his Pen to an aukward Period.

THIS Creature finding no Encouragement in the *Common-Wealth of Literature*, sunk into low *Scandal*, and has lately joyn'd with the detested *Scaramouches*, in the Hackney Cant of a *Close-Stool* being in Danger. Leave off, poor Tool, contending for the Genuineness of *Phalaris's Epistles*. Thou art the *Brazen Ball*, and makest as disagreeable a Cry as the Patients under the Torture of that Machine.

• TO see this Animal swinging his Right Arm, puff the Air, and murdering a Thousand more inoffensive Insects than himself, who bask in the Sun, and have no Mischief in their Hearts, gives me a strong Idea of his Cruelty.

BUT when I consider him in another Situation, and find him disturbing the venerable Shade of *Horace*, I laugh at his *impotent Malice*, and congratulate the *Antients* upon being attack'd by so harmless a Foe.

ETERNIZE thy self by the Dregs of Learning, thou great Genius of *Expletives* and *Enclitics*, thou Broker of Adverbs, Noun-Grinder, and blind Antiquary.

TURN thy Eyes to *Lambeth*, thou ungrateful Pedant, and reflect on the venerable Physician there, who put thee in a possibility of being known in the World, even for thy *Insufficiency*. Without the Assistance of that *good Man*, thou hadst drudg'd in the Mine to this Day, and been a *Coal-Heaver* with the inferiour *Scaramouches*.

TO be at the Head of a Society of Gentlemen,
was

was an Honour unwarily conferr'd; but to be a wretched *Pedant* amongst the Polite, is a sufficient Revenge upon thy undeserv'd Promotion.

A M I D S T the Resentment I have for this Creatures Insensibility, I cannot forbear applauding him for an officious Lye he told of *Hermodactyl's* Understanding the *Chinese* Language perfectly well, tho' it's well known *Priscianus*, and the above-named Scholar, read all the *Oriental* Languages forward.

I shall conclude with a merry Passage between *Priscianus* and his Spouse, but there is so much of *Pun* in it, that I hope you will forgive me, and impute the Slip to the Impulse of the *Pedant* I am Dissecting.

T H I S Dr. *Priscianus*, you must understand, was Fancy-rid for some time, without any real Tokens of Health: *Hypocondria-Wind* and *Flatus* were the only Symptoms that gave him a Suspicion of wanting a Wife. The Swing of his Arm being one of *Horace's* Commentators, proving Two and Two makes Four, with the Accession of Black Robes, and a Rose in Front, admitted him first to Human Society, and, by degrees, to an Acquaintance with the Fair Sex. In short, a Match was huddled up: The Doctor poring over his *Ut's*, *At's*, and *Nec's*, forgot the Duty of the Night. Madam, in some Time, complain'd of Insufficiency, or Neglect. This becoming publick, you must imagine, the queer old Fellows were hard upon him. The Doctor parrying the Blows as well as he could, told them, *He was not at Leisure for, &c. Being wholly taken up in Grammar.* Replies an old dry Dog, *If you are a Grammarian, why don't you make her a Supine more frequently?*

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The High-German Doctor. N^o. 8.

From Tuesday, Nov. 16. to Friday, Nov. 19. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

MOST People, at this Juncture, being very intent upon Places, and Preferments, in the *College*, you cannot imagine, with what Address every little Vacancy is solicited; several notorious *Quacks* impudently mixing their feign'd Zeal with the faithful and steady Services of the *Regulars*, makes the Contention more than ordinary violent.

IT is with a sensible Regret, the *Galenists* behold the *Chymical Men* daring to place themselves on the same Level with them, in their Pretensions to Favour; or the Hopes of those, whose Conversion is highly Suspicious, indulg'd equally with theirs, who, in the worst of Times, supported the Interest of the *College*, and the Great *President's* Title to the Chair.

THE *Censors* will be very lucky in their Distributions, even amongst the *Regulars*, if they happen to size their Promotions to the Expectancies of each Competitor; that thing call'd *Merit* being never weigh'd to Satisfaction, but in Scales of our own making.

I never truly pity'd the Great, till I, who always thought my self secure from Importunities of this kind,

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kind, was attack'd the other Day, and almost seiz'd to Death for some Favours in my Gift.

HAVING never yet the Assurance to ask a Favour, and so much less in Power to grant one, was surpriz'd to see so many humble Petitions brought to me ; in the first Place setting forth their personal Merit, perfect Knowledge of their Business, the Goodness of their Commodities, and their Ability to give longer Credit than others.

THE last Article wonderfully pleas'd me, before I knew the respective Provinces of these worthy Petitioners: At last I found them, by the Subscriptions, to be *Druggists, Apothecaries, and Stationers*. The one to serve my *Dispensary* with Drugs. The other to find me in all the *Extractum Rudij*, and *Pilula Cochia*, &c. I should use. And the *Stationer* to serve me in Paper for the Bills of the Week.

GREAT *Æsculapius*, (says I, smiling at the false Show of Things) *how much has empty Name attracted, and the many Branches of Art specify'd in my Title? A Person of any Dexterity, thought I, may have a Levee whenever he pleases, and pass for a Great Man without Preferment.*

AMONGST the Candidates, there appear'd three of Eminence, who have really distinguish'd themselves, in a very remarkable manner from the rest of their Fellow-Creatures, and Brothers of the Trade. When I found *Camphire*, the *Druggist*, a few Paces remov'd from the *Monument*, in the List ; I congratulated my good Fortune, in being courted by one of such egregious Talents, and a Person who, of an irregular Wit, is not to be match'd in that fa-

mous.

mous Metropolis, and, perhaps, is the *Proprietor* of one of the most out of the way, and lively Expressions that has been heard of since the Days of *Pindar*.

IT will be lost upon you, if you have not a Taste for the *Sublime*. The Complement, I think, is the finest that was ever made to Woman, and his Good Will to the *President* is inimitable: Who but the *elevated Camphire* could have wish'd that *Fontanelle* might be brought to Bed, even of a Monkey, to defeat the Hopes of the Great President, and obstruct his Title to the Chair of the College.

PITY, thrice pity, that such excellent Parts should have been swallow'd up in the *Mechanick*. Such a Flower of *Rhetorick* is far more worth preserving than the famous Maxim Sir *Henry Wotton* was so fond of: But it may chance to be *Camphire's* Misfortune, that his will not be easily forgotten.

ANOTHER Petitioner for my Favour was honest *Hellebore* of the Bridge: As smart a Rogue as ever beat in a Mortar; and as sweet a Fellow as ever gave a *Glyster*. Those Excellencies of his proper Art which he has in common with other *Squirtillo's* of his Kidney, he judiciously conceals: But his Knack at *Hissing* is the finest in its kind, especially with that Array of Skins about his Head, when he acts upon one of his *Unlucky Days*, supposing such a one as the Return of the Illustrious *Mirabel*: Or the splendid Entry of the Great *President*. To see that sly Knave bolt forth with his dry'd *Rattle-Snakes* about his Ears, and his Lips rubb'd with *Indigo*, swallow a Toad, then Hiss without a Sting in his Tail; and after this Diverting Farce, knock'd down for over-

over-acting his Part, carries so much Entertainment along with it, that few besides *Hellebore* would give it, as he does, always at his own Expence.

BUT there is another *Candidate*, who humbly proposes, that he may be admitted to furnish Paper for the Bills of the Week, honest *Vellum*, in the same bright Corner of the Town, but an archer Wag than *Hellebore*. His is barely Dumb-Show; but this Fellow has got a knack of making design'd Blunders upon Names and Persons with such a dry Look, that you would fancy him a Fool at the first going off of his Wit, but when he laughs himself at it, some Time after, you plainly perceive he has more at his Heart than he cares to express, and that he is a merry Knave. Now if any Man alive, but such an extravagant Wit, could ever, from mentioning the Great President *William* the Third, have thought of such a Back-Door Jest as to put T---d for T'bird, I'll never more set up for a Judge, except you will say, *Vellum* always discharges his *Excrements* at his Mouth, and so this came up with the rest of the Draught.

BUT there is a further Specimen of *Vellum's* Wit behind, which I would communicate, if I thought the last was digested: I know your Ears will ake till you have it. Now form to your selves all the *Transformations*, *Changes*, *Transposals*, *Quibbles*, and the whole Train of *Witticisms* upon a single Word, and tell me if it is possible for your Invention to make *Broom-Stick* out of *Brunswick*.

TAKE Shame to your selves, O ye City Bards; and be confounded at such stupifying Wit, ye *Quacks* of High Renown. This was *Vellum's* pure Invention,
unassisted.

unassisted even by a Hint; and those who find fault with his being a whole Year upon such a Thought before it was brought to Perfection, had best try whether any alive but his *fertile Self*, could produce such another in Five.

BUT after the proper Merit allow'd to this Exubrance of Fancy, I should be wonderfully surpriz'd, if these great Genius's of *Grace-Church-Street*, and its Presinets, should suffer for their Wit, tho' to such keen Satyrists, all Pains of the Body and Purse are contemptible, in respect of gratifying their Fancies; but I am apt to think, that all the High Crimes and Misdemeanors of Wit and Sense committed by them, may be pass'd over, if their Insolence cannot be prov'd to be much greater.

A Friend of these bright Fellows, who is terribly concern'd for their Guilt of Wit, came to me *incognito* the other Day, to know what the Issue of it might be. Knowing the *Signatures* of that Class of Men, and considering the extensive Mercy of the Great *President*, I thought the *Druggist* might be doom'd to hang his Head over *Affa Fetida* Three Times a Week, at the Discretion of the *Censors*. *Hellebore* the *Apothecary's* Serous Humours of his Brain to be purg'd off with *Gambouge* and *Wild Cucumber* thrice a Week. And *Vellum* to find *Bungey* in *Sky-Rockets* and *Bog-Paper* Gratis.

The High-German Doctor. N° 9.

From Friday, Nov. 19. to Tuesday, Novem. 23. 1714.

Gentlemen, and Ladies,

I Being a profess'd *Galenist*, was strangely surpriz'd the other Day, at a Visit made me by a *Chymist* of this Town, (a Generation of Men I have the least Regard for) but the Man appearing with a cooler Head, and cleaner Tongue than any I have met with of that mad Enthusiastick *Species*, was admitted by me to a freer Conversation than usual.

I am come, good Doctor, says he, to retract some Errors imbib'd by a wrong Education, and too servile a Resignation of my self into the Hands of a few popular Scaramouches. You must understand, I was put into an Elaboratory very Young; and my Brain was in a manner Roasted by the Heat of the Furnaces.

PROMPTED by the Stokers in Black, I fancy'd that all Medicines prepar'd by Fire, would work most successfully upon the Constitutions of People: I heard them talk frequently upon the opening, penetrating, and purifying Qualities of that Element. To this End, I was very busy in Sublimations, and Calcinations, and torturing all Ingredients which fell under my Hand by Fire.

E

I had an extravagant Notion, that by putting different Metals of various Textures in Fusion, or Melting them down in a Crucible, would make them unite in one entire Body, without any visible Schism of Parts, and so forming a Regular Mass out of these Contrarieties.

THIS, your Sagacity knows, has been the Practice of the Scaramouches, and the Brothers of the Furnace, for an Hundred and Twelve Years past, even from the President JACOB's Time, and continu'd more or less, as the Presidents of the succeeding Times approv'd or discourag'd their Experiments.

UPON the whole, I find there are some English Principles which will not yield to Fire, and the more we attempt to work off stubborn Humours that Way, the more we confirm them. This has been often prov'd to the great Waste of Glasses, and putting the Elaboratory in such a Flame, that nothing but a Miracle could have quench'd; and I am now fully persuaded, that plain simple Ingredients put into Infusion, and digested by a kindly and temperate Heat, carry off any Malignities thro' the Pores insensibly, whilst the Chymical Preparations fix them.

I was pleas'd with the Ingenuity of the Man, and told him, I was glad that his Conviction proceeded from Experience, and so just an Observation upon the Complexions of Great Britain.

BUT, Reassuming the Discourse, this Preamble, (says he,) dear Doctor, was only to usher in a deplorable Case of Two unhappy Wretches in my Neighbourhood,

bourhood, who have been Stokers in the Furnace so long, that I think the best Part of their Brains is evaporated.

I am at a loss to describe them, or give you the proper Symptoms of their Distempers. They seem to be Sofia's in all their Actions, and pretend to be great Chymists, tho', by the Transparency of their Garments, I should rather take them for Heathen Philosophers. I can perceive nothing in the Place they call the Elaboratory, but a Quire of Brown-Paper, a few Pens, and an Ink Bottle, which I presume, is their portable Furnace.

THEY are observ'd to howl inwardly most part of the Week, resembling the hollow Sound of a Dog at Midnight; foam at the Mouth abundantly; their Fits return periodically; upon the one, Wednesdays and Saturdays; on the other, only on Fridays; and these go off with a little inoffensive Scribbling about Castles in the Air, the Emperor of the Moon's Title, the Lady of Loretto's Smock, and the Pope's Apostolical Slipper.

THEY tell me, they are of the Family of the SMUT's by the Half-Blood: If that be true, their Elder-Brother Smut is a sad Dog for not sending them an Irish Cob now and then from St. Patrick, out of the Superfluity of his Income.

I will say thus much for the poor Fellows, that they keep an exact Regimen, as to Diet, having seldom any Victuals to eat above once in three Days, and are generally in a cold Bath, drinking Pump-Water, and wearing a Shirt by Turns.

*THE Parish suspecting a Burden, you must think,
are*

are very inquisitive about their Method of Subsisting; They tell the Officers, They have Patrons, tho' a little obscure at present: And you may find several loose Papers about the Room, with a Design struck in Charcoal; In Reditum Jac — with a Dash; and the Device a Dove, with an Holly-Bush in his Mouth; the Hieroglyphick intimating, He is to scratch People where they don't itch.

THEY are really a merry Couple under this Disorder: They talk in private just as they write upon the Year Forty One, and tell you of some Laplanders that came over that Year with large Wings, and in their Flight brush'd down a tall Steeple, and that some of their Breed exist at present in this Island.

I was impos'd on for some time, and thought every Man that dissented from my wild Opinion, a Laplander, but judging for my self alate, I find those People the Scaramouches have prick'd down for those Monsters are none of the Blood, but Men of the best Figure, the coolest Heads, the most generous Hearts, and true English, without a Spice of Foreign Mixtures.

THEY have got a Box and Dice to divert their waste Time, and certainly the most fanciful Creatures in their Throws: Eighty-Four is the Main, says one. At you, says the other, Eighty-Eight, Plague on't, I am out, the Fourth of November was always fatal to my Cast. Then they are sullen for an Hour; read a Chapter out of the Tale of a Tüb; curse their Correspondent in Ireland, for not remitting their Salary; and cry, The Cause is dry!

THESE

THESE Fellows have some of the merriest Names in the World, for People of Character in their several Professions: If a Galenical Doctor Visits them purely out of Charity, and Reasons the Case soberly; D---n you, say they, You are a Free-Thinker, I'll have nothing to do with Reason: If another advises them to be quiet, and not disturb the Neighbourhood, the Rogues Storm louder, --- What a Plague, say they, Would you have us Passive in Contradiction to Principle: If you bid them prepare for another World, they call you Deist, or a Socinian, which are Chinese Words for disappointed Knaves and Mad-men.

SMUT the Elder, really to give him his due, setting aside his want of Grace, and a few Ornaments of Morality, was a bright Fellow to these poor Retailers of hard Names, and unintelligible Jargon: When Smut us'd to assert his Asses were Horses, his Monkies Men, the witty Knave had something of Farce in his Characters, that always made you Merry at the expence of those Great Professors he attempted to Recommend.

WHEN he stil'd Hermodactyl Just, and a Man of Penetration; Gambol Chaste, and the younger Cato; Codicil Upright, and Quickfighted; Rub, Profound, and one who knew his Ground admirably well, People were tickled with the Burlesque.

BUT these are such a stupid Brace, that they are constantly attacking inviolable Characters in their dull Ways, and such whom the best-turn'd Ridicule could never lessen in the Minds of all honest Britons.

FORGIVE

FORGIVE the Length, dear Doctor, and I beg your Opinion on the Case. —

I heard him with Attention, and finding him sincere, I was not long in Determining: *The Foam of these Fellows (says I) is a good Symptom, and would have indulg'd all Evacuations in such Cases, being of great Advantage to the Patient. As for the Use of Pen and Ink, tho' in most Nervous Cases I generally forbid them, yet considering they write much without any Pain, their Spirits cannot be in the least disorder'd that Way.*

WHEN they are sensibly insolent, Keepers will be appointed to restrain them; but in this State of Privation, it would be a sort of Inclemency to prescribe a greater Torture than they are to themselves.

WHEREAS several Scaramouches, at an Annual Feast, the last Week, were observ'd to have dock'd their Hanging-Sleeves, and joyn'd with the Regulars in the grave, and decent Tuck: These are to satisfy those who have so long pity'd their State of Childhood, that they are growing to be Men every Day; and the next Account we hope will be that they have left their Sucking-Bottles.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 10.

From Friday, Nov. 26. to Tuesday, Nov. 30. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I was in hopes that the inglorious Scars left upon the Constitution by the late *Errors in Practice*, might have wean'd the *Regulars* of Great Britain from harbouring so much as a Thought in favour of *Quackery*, or the vile Operators who have thrown us into the present Convulsions.

MEN who have suffer'd by the Ravage of a four Years Plague, one would think, should quit all Fellowship with the People that Infected them, and suspect each *Prescription* that comes from their Hands, as carrying Death in each Syllable.

THE tender Regard I have to the good Completion of my Country, makes me jealous even of their distant Approaches; and tho' some of these *Impostors* may be favour'd with enluring Looks, and awful Garbs, yet those Disguises are so far from inclining me to an Opinion of their Skill, or Integrity, that I still apprehend more Mischief, where there are so many Blinds made use of to prevent a naked View.

SOME of my Audience, I find, to my great surprise, are not of the same Opinion with me; and what heightens the Wonder, Men entirely devoted to the Great *Presidents* Title, who have been much
offended

offended alate at the Freedom I take in Detecting the Frauds of *Stage-Practice*, and the flagrant Impieties of the *Scaramouches*.

UNDER that Denomination, do think me too general in my Characters, that I brand all of the same *Robe*, without exception; and am not for suffering any one in *Hanging-Sleeves* to walk abroad without a Nurse at his Heels.

GIVE me leave to distinguish, and place this Controversy betwixt us in a true Light: I persuade my self, if you will hear me without Prejudice, that I shall be able to bring you over to my Sentiments, and make you entertain as mean an Opinion of the *Scaramouches*, properly so call'd, as I am represented to have of them at present.

YOU are deceiv'd by false Representations, Bigotted to Show and Appearances. You make the *Essentials* of *Physick* depend on the *Robe* of the Professor, and will not distinguish between the *Regulars* and *Quacks* who assume the same Garb.

TO clear up these Mistakes, I must be oblig'd to trace this Affair to the Source, and give you a full and succinct Account of the Original and Progress of *Scaramouchery*, as it is a Corruption of *Regular Practice*.

THE Creation was scarce finish'd, when Human Nature sunk into a Degeneracy, and Simplicity was put out of Countenance by the over-bearing Impudence of Cheats and Pretenders. The plain and easy Practice by Simples, which Nature had made obvious to the meanest Capacities by proper Signatures, was soon confounded by these *Scaramouches*. Knowledge

ledge was too much upon a Level at that Time, and there was too free and open a Communication between Mankind, without embarrassing good Sense with *Quiddities* or *Terms* of *Art*.

THIS the ambitious *Scaramouches* saw with envy, and began to form some Chimerical Notions, first to amuse Mankind, and fill their Brains with Novelties, and, by degrees, enforce a necessity of reducing those Schemes to Practice.

HENCE they talk of such and such Simples being under the Dominion of particular Signs and Planets; introduc'd a new Doctrine of gathering them at certain Times and Seasons of the Year; with many Invocations, Ceremonies, and other ridiculous Rites.

WHEN they had once adulterated plain Reason in the Minds of People, and wrought them up to a certain degree of Superstition, not a Plant could be gather'd without a previous Consultation had with the Stars; and you may be sure the *Scaramouches* were well paid for each Journey.

DURING this obscurity of Mind, there were not wanting several Doctors of Eminence, such as *Plato*, *Socrates*, *Epictetus*, and others of less Figure, who pity'd the Peoples Subjection under the Tyranny of the *Scaramouches*, and endeavour'd to correct the flavish Notions they had imbib'd.

THOSE great Lights being remov'd, the Delusion work'd much stronger; from that implicit Obedience paid to the *Scaramouches*, the People came at last to adore them, as we now-a-days Reverence *Blockheads* of Figure.

C

A.T

A T last the learnedst *Philosoppher*, and gteatest *Phyiscian*, appear'd in the World, who, by an uner-ring Method of Practice, dispell'd the Clouds from the Brains of the People, and cur'd the most desperate Suffusions of the Eyes : That great Benefactor of Mankind, the bloodthursty *Scaramouches* murder'd.

THE noble Prescriptions and Example of this sublime Person, reform'd the Errors of *Stage-Practice* in most Parts of the World ; and many venerable Philosophers, his Contemporaries, and Successors, kept Mankind under an excellent Regimen, and Decency for some Ages, till some, who crept into the *College* with sham 'Credentials, and affecting the Characterstick of that great Physician, wickedly deviated from his Practice, and reviv'd *Scaramouchery* in the World.

THE first celebrated *Scaramouch* that arose in the Wor'd, and who pretended to have the Depositem of that great Physician's Prescriptions, was the grand Quack and Impostor of *Rome*, a few Centuries after the Death of that inimitable Man.

THIS *Roman Scaramouch*, and his Confederates, for many Ages, kept the World Blind, Deaf, and Dumb, till the first Symptom of Recovery appear'd in *England* about two hundred Years since.

A T that Time many who had been profess'd *Scaramouches*, sincerely turn'd *Regular Physicians*, renouncing the *Roman Scaramouches* Authority, and all Dependencies upon that *Stage*.

OTHERS, tho' differing from him in some Points, were mightily pleas'd with the Dominion and Power of the *Stage*, and deny'd the *Roman Scaramouches*

mouches that Authority, only to set it up, as Unlimited in *Great Britain*.

THE *Scaramouch*, and *Regular Physician* of the same Robe and Order, differ widely.

THE *Scaramouch* is never Dutiful to the Great *President*, without he Governs exclusive of any Competitors for Favour.

THE *Regulars* follow the gentle and rational Prescriptions of the *President*, without arraigning his Practice.

THE *Scaramouches* have always been Enemies to that *Revolution in Practice* in 88. The *Regulars* glory in that Blessing. The *Scaramouches* have always oppos'd the present *President's* Title. The *Regulars*, in the same Robe, have vigorously maintain'd it: The *Scaramouches* have fir'd the Audience with the Noise of a *Warming-Pan*: The *Regulars* have ever Prescrib'd peaceable Draughts: I need not tell you that *Lambeth*, *Ely*, *Sarum*, *Oxford*, and *Norwich*, furnish out Venerable and Honest *Physicians*: That *Roucheſter* mourns under the influence of a pert *Quack*.

TAKE it in short, Old *Satan* is a *Scaramouch*, and the Father of them: You all know the Disguise he put on, when he plaid his first Prank upon our credulous Mother.

IN *England*, the archest *Scaramouch* is *Frank Scanmony*: The most clumsy is *Bungey*.

The High-German Doctor. N^o II.

From Friday, Nov. 26. to Tuesday, Nov. 30. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Am sorry that I was not so present to my self, upon the Publication of my Bills, as to conceal one Mystery of my Art, which entitles me to a competent Knowledge of Futurity, and has laid me under a Thousand Necessities of answering every forward Petitioner about the several Claims he has upon the *College*, from a redundancy of Merit.

THE distributions of the *College* Favours going on in a proper Chanel, are lost to the Ignorant: And some taking Advantage of the great Humanity, and winning Deportment of the *Censors*, think that Condescension paid to the most distant Retainers of the *College*, is a Pledge of being Registered for immediate Salaries.

BUT it's my Province to let these Intruders know, that Men and Women are oblig'd to bring their proper *Credentials*. Each Woman that wears *Bungey's* Patch in her Forehead, is to be receiv'd with a Coolness suitable to the Cause she represents. The Man who carries an assuming Emptiness, and has no Refuge but in the declining Interest and low Recommendation of the late *Censors*, is to be his'd out of the Apartments.

I am not insensible of the warm Hopes some have entertain'd of keeping their *Stations* in the *College*, by the plausible Interest of some in play.

THE *Scaramouches* think they have, in their Cant, an *Indefeasable Right*, and, buoy'd up by too much Indulgence, grow malapert upon the *Dispensary*.

BUT after I have declar'd that some *Quacks* of Eminence, who us'd to act thrice a Year at solemn Seasons, within a few Paces of *Westminster-Hall*, have been discarded, I think it may fall under the Debate of the *Censors* in some Time, Whether so many *Scaramouches* should be permitted to infest the Great *President* with their *Parasitical Cant*, who have oppos'd his Title with the bluest Venom.

I could wish I was wrong in my Notions of their great Patron: I will believe well of him as long as it is possible: But my Soulresents his Conduct, when I think there are some employ'd about the Great *President*, Carrying a single Article about them, which must always be deem'd repugnant to his Sovereign Title.

THERE is a *Scaramouch* at *Reading*, much below the Dignity of this Paper, who owes the deepest Gratitude to a noble *Censor*, for allowing him *Chin-Stays* and *Blankets*, during the Tribulation of a Month's Lying-in: If the Fellow had common Sense, I should be in hopes that he would Repent, but being lewd and stupid, I despair of his Recovery, either as to Morals, or a sound Constitution.

WHEN such a *Quack* lies so open to Discovery, and can secure himself only by Ruffling and Insolence,

it becomes him to be tame. It he has a Mind to look over the Bills upon the File of.

Repetatur Calomelam Gr. xv.

Craffino mane Decoct, Senn. Gereon.

WITH Emulfions *pro re nata*, they are still extant to his View.

I pass over his neglect of *Solemnizing*, in Person, the Day when the large Dose of *Sulphur* was to be administred to all true *British Galenists*, on the Fifth of *November*. The Pangs he was under for the disappointment of the Grand *Scaramouch* at *Rome*, could not permit him to attend the proper Office of his Burial.

FORGIVE me for dwelling so long on such a contemptible Subject. Be assur'd I shall enlarge your Knowledge on some more important Cases, before you expect them.

SHALL I involve you in Mysteries? Perhaps I may tell you, by my *Second Sight*, that some of the most ardent Friends of the *Scaramouches* have resign'd them up entirely to the Dispensation of the College: That others, who have been Favourites of the *Galenists*, are thought not averse to Chymical Practice, that the *Chymical Preparations* may mix with the Natural Infusions and Expressions of *English Simples*.

I could even go further with you, and let you know, that if a certain Great *Censor* leaves his Prescriptions upon his Table, and suffers them to be perus'd by a *Roman Doctor*, for the use of *Baglivi* at *Rome*, that he will not be long a *Star* of the first Magnitude.

THE

THE Honour I bear to the *Great President*, and his faithful *Censors*, will not allow me to sleep, even over a Jealousy of the Service: I shall never trust *Domesticks* implicitly of any kind, since the time that a Servant of mine top'd a Potion of *Buckthorn* upon me for Syrup of *Cloves*, and when I reason'd the Case with him, he Swore it was *Transubstantiation*.

I need not lavish my *Second-Sight* upon the Noble *Celsus*, he is acknowledg'd the *Great President's* Friend on all sides; --- The Treasury of the *College* is safe in his Hands, and the Voice of the People applauds the Choice, with a peculiar Accent.

HAPPY had it been for the impious *Hermodactyl*, if so great a Genius had not taken place, and by his matchless Perspicuity and Probity detected the Frauds of his past Practice, and prevented any further Encroachments upon the *Physical Chest*.

IT would astonish you to hear the Expences of *Hermodactyl*, laid out for Poysoning the Constitution, and the cheap Harvest he made of some.

FORTY Four *Packets* sent to *Cornwall*, Carriage paid at a dear Rate, Six return'd.

TO *Devon* the greater part work'd successfully, 500*l.* each Packet prime Cost.

SOMMERSETSHIRE, by the Mediation of *Will Wildfire*, and half the Excise of Drugs sunk, submitting to *Quackery*.

WILTSHIRE made tractable out of the Surplusage of the *South Sea Dispensary*.

HAMPSHIRE warp'd from their ancient Completion for two fat Hogs.

C 4

MIDDLESEX.

MIDDLESEX brought over by a dread of the Vicinity of the Stage.

LONDON a vast Drain upon the *Chest* for illegal Votes and Bankrupts in *Physick*.

THE Bills upon *Essex* answer'd by Two *Calvse*.
ST. Albans doubly supply'd with *Packets* in Opposition to the Illustrious *Mirabel*.

THE Domesticks of the Stage, in the mean Time, paid out of the Filings of Tin. Cripples mortify'd for want of a proper Balm: And all the Commerce of *Physick* sunk by the Monopolies of *Hermodactyl*.

NOW form to your selves, my dear Britons, what the Issue of this Practice would have been. Whether you must not have been Sick at Heart in a few Months? And when you had been under that Circumstance, Whether you had been Masters of one Fee to have gratify'd your *Physician*?

I heartily congratulate you upon your Escape. I see your Complexions mending Daily for the better; a more vigorous Pulse; a florid Look; and know your Hearts inclinable to the Methods of *College Practice*. Nothing seems wanting but Abandoning the *Martingal* the *Scaramouches* ride you in.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 12.

From Tuesday, Nov. 30. to Friday, Decem. 3. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

ALL the Intervals I could fairly borrow from the Exigencies of Practice this Week, have been taken up in Fortune-Telling : It's the Honey-Moon of Preferment, which makes every Creature turn Solicitor, who was never bred that way; with all the Lumber of Merit that has lain upon his Hands for some Years.

YOU cannot imagine what a Benefit I reap from the several Impertinencies which are Daily offer'd to me : Tho' the Pleas are generally frivolous, and most of the Pretensions vain, yet in this low Life, I have a compleat History of the Passions : I see all the Springs of Desire, the several Impulses of the Soul, the secret Wheels and Machinery of Human Nature in this *Paradise of Fools*.

THE other Day I was fully resolv'd to give Audience to the *Seekers*, in their several Demands and Capacities; and to prevent the Fatigue of being ask'd a fresh Question after Judgment once pronounc'd, I secur'd my self in a Desk, with the same Advantage a Professor does in a more elevated Degree.

I must promise this to you, that there was not a

C. S.

Patience

Patient appear'd, but with a Countenance prim'd with the warmest Expectancies, and seem'd, by his Assurance, to consult the Stars as People do the *Scaramouches*, only for Form-sake, having determin'd with himself before he came to the Doctor.

IN such Cases, no Man is able to gain any Advantage upon me, because it is Religion with me to disappoint the Forward, and exceed the Wishes of the Modest.

AT the Head of the first Rank appear'd a *Discarded Courtier*; I forbear Stinging your Imagination with the Name of him: I'll do him the Justice to say, he had not the Impudence to think of being restor'd, But in a suppliant way demanded, if the big Sound of *Inviolable Attach* to the *Great President*, would not work upon some Ductile Fancies, and incline the People to think as well of him as those who never approv'd themselves such *Civil Hypocrits*.

I knew the Man perfectly, and, for that Reason, forbore worrying a Star out of his Orb, to determine on his Fate; and made a due Pause to compose my Countenance, before I could deliver my plain Sentiments: The little Space I gain'd, was employ'd in Discussing the *Regular Impudence* of this Fellow, who, after being mortify'd so often, yet Addresses with the same Uniformity of Look as if he had the present Direction of the *Physical Chest*, and was Guiltless.

I told him, with an Air of Fierceness, That his Days were numbred, and God knows how the Thought struck upon my Fancy, but instead of calling to one of my *Shell-Grinders*, to dismiss him, I blurted out, *Take him: Jaylour*; This unlucky Judgment has dwell'd

dwell'd upon my Mind every since, because I seldom say any thing of this kind but by a proper Genius, and it has always presag'd an untimely Death.

THE next in view, was his Cousin *Poplin*: I expected she would have brib'd the Stars in her Favour out of the Plunder of a Plumb, *Sterling*, but by the Question, I perceiv'd for what end she reserv'd her Money.

SHE told me, ' I could not be a Stranger to the Resolutions of the *Censors* Six Years ago, to remove her from the Presence of *Fontanelle*, for Debauching her Mind, and Introducing *French Practice* into the *College of Great Britain*, and upon that, ask'd me a short Question, Whether that Desperate Experiment would be forgot in the next Assembly ?

I turn'd over a Leaf or two for Fashion sake, but had her Fate prompt upon my Mind long before: A Solemn Decision I thought might have more weight upon an harden'd Sinner, than a Sportive way of Handling the Matter: *You, says I, would do well to go for Montpellier, under the Colour of Change of Air, and buy an Annuity for Life: In all the 24 Stars I have consulted, you have but Five of your side, and those of Malignant Aspect:*

THE *Mischief* you have done to Great Britain, are not to be number'd or atton'd for. The Deluded Creature you had under your Hands for some time, should have been treated with more Regard; neither ought you to have made a Property of her Weakness: As she had a large Family, so you should have consider'd, that a Freck in the Head influenc'd the remotest Branches; and tho' you confin'd her, it's true
like

like a Mad-Woman, from the Sight of all her Faithful Friends, and the Regular Physicians, yet you are chargeable with all the Mistakes, as being House-Keeper, and giving out all her Orders.

SHE Laugh'd at the Award of the Celestial Signs, But pinning up her *Manteau* with the same Air she us'd, when she work'd at Low Prizes, *Ab Doctor*, says she, *You and the Stars are in the Dark, I tell you, the Transactions of Great Britain puzzle all the Regions above and below; and no Person that is worth my Fortune can be Criminal.*

Amongst the Crowd of *Supplicants*, I spy'd a Venerable Old Man, who seem'd to carry Anxiety in his Bront, and willing to relieve him, ask'd his Demand, *Doctor*, says he, *will the Bill of Schism be repeal'd?* I pity'd the Good-Man for the Question, as coming from his Heart, and told him, *I plac'd that, with many others amongst the Occult Sciencies*, but told him withal, *There was a propitious Star on his Side, and that the Great President was averse to all Oppression of Mind and Body.*

A Tragi-Comick Face appear'd next, with a dock'd Neck-Cloth, a sleek Hat, and Coat without Plaits, *Prithee, Friend Mezereon*, says he, *will our Affirmation stand good as it were?* You must know I reserve all such Momentous Questions to a nicer Scrutiny; and told him, *If his Yea was sincere, not one honest Censor would say Nay.*

THREE of very honourable *Professions* advancing next, a pert Chamber-Maid breaking the Ranks, said, *She had a Warrant to be heard first in Right of Poplin.* My Spleen wrought so strong in me,

me, that I could not turn the Incident to Ridicule, and therefore told her, *That in Poplin's Right, she might come to be a Manteau-Maker first, and afterwards a Nurse to an Invalid.*

THE Regular Divine step'd forth with all the Charms of Goodness and Behaviour, so necessary to that Profession, and told me, He had lost many a *Pig, Pidgeon, and Goose*, for his Attach to the House of *Brunswick*: A benevolent Star appear'd, and I instantly directed him to the most Venerable *Cyprianus of Lambeth*, or the Noble *Hortensius*.

THE Lawyer advanc'd with a Pertness, peculiar to *Young Motions*, Pray Doctor, says he, *what may I expect for having Sneer'd a Scaramouch at a Country Court Feast, for talking unintelligibly of Unalienable, Indefeasable, and Hereditary?* I could not find a place for him amongst the Stars readily, the Noble *Hortensius* having receiv'd 800 Petitions for 32 Places in the College.

A T last a Gallant Soldier approach'd with a *Steel Hand*: I always pay a Veneration to that Corps, especially those who have bled for *Liberty*; I waiting for his Plea, he pointed still with that awful Stump, till he corrected my Enquiries with. — *What would you have me say?* There was an Air in his Countenance so resolv'd, and yet so Modest; the *Artificial Hand* carry'd so much Elegance in it, from a Reflection I made on his Sufferings; so much mute Eloquence in his Mien; in fine, such unblemish'd Merit, that I search'd narrowly for him; *Mars* was propitious and bid me direct him to the Great *Mirabel*: If those Compassionate Hands were full, he might depend

60 *The High-German Doctor.* N^o 12.

pend upon a Majorship that was of *Hermodactyl's* unlucky Appointment in *Chelsea College*.

The High-German Doctor. N^o. 13.

From Friday, Decem. 3. to Tuesday, Decem. 7. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Trials of *Merit* not being ended the other Day, and several *Pretenders* waiting for the *Award* of the *Stars*, I should, in Course, have given my Patients their *Prizes* or *Blanks* by this Time, if a certain *Buzz* of the *Chymists* and *Fire-Men* last Week had not broken the Thread of my Decisions.

IT seems these merry Fellows without Sense, are strangely transported at the Acquittal of some Riotous *Quacks* of *Bristol*, who rose in Defiance of the Great *President's* Title on the solemn Day of his Inauguration, and tell the *Galenists*, with the utmost Dilatation of *Face-Muscles*, That all Processes carry'd on against the *Chymists* Friends will end as *Bungey's*, in a Mock-Punishment.

SOME well-meaning People have been incessant with me, to know from whence this *Triumph*, or rather *Insult*, proceeds, and give me some broad Hints, as if the *Censors* had been either a little too Tender in their Charge, or did not give a Dose strong enough, and suitable to the Malignity of the Case.

A Great Professor, you know, ought to be very Cautious in reasoning with the *Vulgar*; upon this

Scorc.

Score I endeavour'd to dismiss them, without satisfying their Importunity: But finding a growing Impatience, I was forc'd to tell them; That the Great *President's* Religious Regard to Justice, had made him rather incline to the Choice of such *Consors*, who had never been thought averse to *Chymical-Preparations*, to examine the Merits of that Outrage against the *Galenical* Practice of the *President*: But several flaming Cases of this nature still lying under Debate, it's possible there might be a fresh Set of *Consors* appointed to Consult and Determine upon them.

WHEN I speak for my self, I am constrain'd to own, that in so inveterate a Case, I never heard of such gentle Physick being prescrib'd. Turning over the *British Ephemeris* of Diseases in 1685, under the Administration of *Old Jacob*, I find the Learned Doctor *Jeffreys*, and his Co-*Adjutor* in the *West*, judg'd every Man in the same Circumstance, to be affected with a *Pleurisy*, and very often order'd a Doze, without hearing, to be Bled to Death.

THIS was so far from being damn'd as *Mala Praxis* in those Times, that the *Scaramouches* were full in their *Panegyrics* upon the wholesome Severity of that Prescription. But Times are alter'd; and not making the least breach in Charity, we may believe those *Incendiaries* in the Secret, therefore cannot, without as much violence upon their Minds as taking an Oath to the *President*, inveigh against a Practice they have always abetted.

THIS, with many other Transactions of this kind, gives me no manner of Surprise, when I consider how we are at present Circumstantiated. Let the *Galenists* take

take all imaginable Care to administer pure and wholesome *Simples* of our own Growth, either by *Infusion*, *Decoction*, or *Expression*, yet it shall be always an inviolable Maxim with me, that if but one *Chymist*, or *Stoker* is suffer'd to be present at the Dispensation of a *Simple Medicine*, he will privately drop in some *French Tartar*, *Spanish Flies*, or some *Volatile*, repugnant to our Constitutions, into it, and confound the good Intentions of the most Regular Physician; and, which is very pleasant, stand to the Cheat when he is detected, and tell you, It was for the Benefit of his Holy Mother.

THERE is an Amphibious Set of Creatures in this Climate, who have taken up a pretty Distinction for some Years past, and, under that Disguise, flatter'd the Great President *William*, into almost fatal Mistakes. They own'd, it's true, in legal Form, his Right to the Chair of the *College*, *afide* in a *de Facto* Capacity, came under his Protection, and were nourish'd by his Favour. Their Zeal for his Interest was colourably warm; but their Anxiety for the *Sanctum Sanctorum* of the *College* was still more ardent; and the Interest of the latter always preferr'd to the Good of the *President* and the *Publick*.

SOME of these pretty Gentlemen, I fear, have taken Sanctuary where they Merit no Protection, and give too great a Handle to the Furnace-Breed to insult the *President* and his Faithful *Consorts*.

IT shall always provoke a Contemptuous Smile in me, when I hear a dismal *Stoker*, with a Countenance rann'd by the Heat of the Furnace, tell the *President* with a compos'd Air, ——— Sir, you may depend
upon

upon me for being a strict Galenist, and entirely in your Judgment, as to Methods of Practice of the Elaboratory; but permit me to be a Chymist, and rigidly so in the Elaboratory, amongst the Furnaces and the Fire-Men as most conducive, to your Service; Galenical Practice and Chymical being like to Blend so well together. — *Risum teneatis Amici?* —

I wish the Noble *Fuscus* would be persuaded to an equal Method of Galenical Practice from his solid Judgment, and the Injuries his Family receiv'd by a Chymical Prescription in a publick Bill of the Week, under the late Dispensation, and the rage of clamorous and distracted Practitioners.

I should be proud if *Patebnius* would not be so busy with his *Roman Treacle*, but show himself less compell'd in his Practice here, than he was in *Italy*.

FROM the Connivance, I will not say Indulgence of these *Censors*, it's more then probable that some have re-assum'd an Insolence of Examining, and others of Controlling, the unerring Practice of the Great *President*.

I will be short, and never depart from my Principle, that mix'd Practice, and the influence of the *Scaramouches*, will set you back Twenty Six Years in the honest Account of *Great Britain*; so I leave my Toast with you.

HEAVENS preserve the Spiritualities of the College, in spite of the *Scaramouches*.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 14.

From Tuesday, Decem. 7. to Friday, Decem. 10. 1714.

Gentlemen, and Ladies,

I Begin almost to repent of proclaiming my self a *Fortune-Teller* : I found a mighty Satisfaction at Spare-Hours from the several Appeals made to the Stars ; but the Crowd of Petitioners daily thickening upon me, I must be oblig'd hereafter to publish my *stated Days* for determining all Questions, *Astrological, Physical, and Anatomical*. I bar all those relating to Government, *Political Cases* being above mine and the *Scaramouches* Sphere ; and consequently exposing either our Ignorance, or Persons, by such an irregular Attempt.

THESE I am to present you with to Day are of a merry Species. My Servants in the lower Offices giving Notice of a publick Audience last *Wednesday*, an Ark of Solicitors flock'd in upon me : Some very florid in bespeaking a favourable Report from the *Signs* ; others making a dumb Show ; and a third Sort bringing their Necessities in Written-Hand.

YOU must know I always pay a due Regard to the Size and Qualifications of Mankind, who approach me in the way of Question ; so giving a loose to my Eyes, who should I spy, mingled with the Crowd, but honest

honest *Parnassus Bernard*, of *Fleet-street*: He having been a Retainer to the Muses for some Years, I distinguish'd him from the rest in his Poetical Capacity.

HE seem'd more pensive than usual, with a Book under his Arm: I, to draw on the Question, without Concern, ask'd him, in a merry Vein, — *What News from Helicon? The Book under thy Arm looks something like the Father of the Poets; Venerable Homer, I'll warrant. Fetching a profound Sigh, You have bit right upon the Author, says Banny, but they are my Iliads.*

THO' the Expression was very *Figurative*, as you perceive; yet, by the help of my good Genius, I presently fell into the Secret of this Complaint; but passing by his Wit, *Come, Prithee let's see a Specimen of the Translation; you know I am a Subscriber. — The last Sheet is ready for the Press, says I, by this Time.*

DO N'T banter your *bumble Trivet*, says Banny, you must understand, *Great Mezercon*, that we have been Nine Months debating about the first Word of the Book, whether we should express *MNVN* by the English Word *Rage*, or *Wrath*: The last Letters from *St. Omers* say, it should be rather *Zeal*, because *Achilles* took *Pet* at his being disappointed of a *Wench*.

THE Learned *Priscianus* of Cambridge, with his singular Humanity, has oblig'd us with various Readings upon the Word: He has collated several Manuscripts, and upon the Result, gives it as his Opinion, that a *Honey-Pot* will come nearest to *Homer's Sense*. THE

THE Sons of Isis have likewise debated upon this Word in their Apodyterium, Anglice an Ice-House; and after many twists and tortures of this Dyssyllable, determine just as wisely as they did in Eighty Three, and Decree Homer's Intention was to signify the Absolute Will and Pleasure of Prince Achilles, by that emphatical Word.

A M I D S T this Confusion of Tongues and Interpretations, says my Poetical Solicitor, I am come to impore your Assistance, and am resolv'd to stand to the Decision of your Familiar.

I had it once in my Mind to dismiss him with the frank Confession of honest Accursius, *Græcum est & non legitur*.

B U T recollecting my self, I thought it would be a lasting Stain upon the other Branches of my Art, if I was not able to get over so obvious a Qcestion; So I roundly told him, *That it was of no manner of importance to the Translation to strike of Homer's Meaning in the Word, but that if he would take my Opinion, he should express it by a Term very much in Vogue, and call it Church, which would please abundance of People, without any manner of Signification.*

Y O U cannot imagine how this Son of the *Muses*, by the Half-Blood, was surpriz'd at my Solution of the Difficulty, but recovering the Disorder, he began to think better of the Proposal, and told me, *He fancy'd the Author would jump at the Thought, if the Epithet High would stand well in the Verse.*

R U T, prithee, Friend Banny, to be Serious, how in the Name of Wonder, camest thou to suppose a
Lion

Lion could translate Homer: Go to Button's, and ask that fierce Piece of Sculpture in the Corner, if he knows any thing of an Epilode? Just as much does the living one.

BUT I don't blame thee, a Prologue writ with an old Roman Spirit, and as much modern Roman, Bigottry conceal'd, first deceiv'd a noted Bard about this Town, and well may'st thou be impos'd on in such good Company.

BUT, I remember the Time, when a Fee of two Thousand Guineas was given for a Ballad in Embryo, when the Constitution was at stake; and likewise have made another Remark in my Journal, that a High-German Doctor starv'd at the same time in the Support of it.

THESE Contrarities I will not pretend to account for, even with all the Knowledge of the Stars about me: Only that some are propitious from the Day of a Man's Birth, and others lowering to the last Period of Life, from the Lord of the Horescope.

GENTLE Banny was no sooner dismiss'd, but a Fellow advances, who call'd himself an Assistant to Nature: I will own to you, I was not present to his Style and Dignity at first; he told me, He had been very laborious in his Calling, and settled many a Love Correspondence between Persons, that were meer Stangers to each other, and therefore hop'd the Stars would assign him a proper Reward.

YOU know, Doctors, says he, that a Pimp in old Rowley's Time, would not readily give way to a Knight, and was a Post of Honour in the College at that time.

I was astonish'd at the Impudence of the Fellow, to expect any Favour under the Administration of the present *Censors*, and therefore order'd him to be a Waiter: The forward Dog misconstruing my Intentions, turn'd short, *I thank you, Doctor*, says he, ——— *At some Good Port I hope*, --- and so prevented a further Mortification.

A N O T H E R thinking to disguise himself, had left his Shoulder-Knot, and other Badges of Servitude at Home, and accosted me, in a Lac'd Shirt, to know his Lot: I knew him to be in his Master's Linnen, and an arrogant Pretender: *Your Lot Friend*, says I, *is soon determin'd, just as you was before, to cleaning of Shooes, and waiting at a Chairs Back*. The Fellow sheer'd my blunt Award, and told me, *I was no Judge of his Merit, and that he expected a Post of an Hundred Pounds per Annum*. This, you may be sure, enrag'd me more, and his Reason most, when the Knave assur'd me, he was his Master's Favourite Footman, and always attended the Hackney-Chair whenever any Duty was paid *incognito* to a Fair Lady.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 15.

From Friday, Decem. 10. to Tuesday, Dec. 14. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

MY Soul has not been agitated for some Time by two such contrary Passions as rose upon me the other Day, in Reading young *Jacob's* Protest against the Rightful and Lawful Title of the Great *President*.

THE Preamble, really, is very entertaining, and I cannot conceal the Diversion he gave me in the assumption of those Titles which never belong'd to him: To hear a poor raw Creature, who has been *Le Grand Petit's* Puppet, and play'd (with as many artful Wires as ever *Robert Powel*, of merry Mention, danc'd his Machines with in the little *Piazza*) for Twenty Six Years running, take upon him the sublime Title of *President*, must dissipate all your Vapours in a Moment,

Take it in his own Style,

I *Jacob*, by the Grace of a Consecrated Smock brought from the Shrine of Loretto; by the swinging Abilities of Count Dada, his Holiness's chief Carnal Broker; and the spacious Cover of a Warm-
ing-

ing Pan; *President of Albion, Caledonia, Lilly-Land, and the Island of Saints: To all the Scaramouches, Quacks, Tumblers, Rope-Dancers, Desperadoes, Catholick Dear-Joys, French Cut-Throats, and De Facto Swearers, and all those who have strong Antipathies to Brunswick Mum, send Greeting.*

MORE especially to our Trusty and Well-beloved Hermodaetyl, who first open'd to us a lively Prospect of Recovery: To our Right Trusty and Well-beloved Harry Gambol, who paid Homage to Le Grand Petit's Closet: To our most Trusty and Right Well-beloved Censor Codicil, who sent us, a Seal'd Packet of Orvietans, and deny'd young Augustus one Salutary Medicine: To honest Rub of the Green; The insipid Cæsius; and Atty Brogue, Livery-Man.

TO the most faithful and vigilant Frank Scammony: To the auricular George Smallage, Overseer of the College Charity-Money: Not forgetting the Rump of my faithful Followers, Trumpeter Bungey of Holbourn, with all the lesser Fry who have drank Confusion to the President William, and curs'd the Legacy.

WHEREAS my Hereditary, Unalienable, Indefeasable, Divine, and Paradoxical Right to the Chair of the College, (some Time since fully explain'd by a Scaramouch now in Durance Vile on Southwark Side) has been long controverted, and I fear will be to the Day of the Resurrection, by all People who know the Faith of my Family: This is to let you know, that after all the fruitless Attempts of honest Bungey's Eye-Water, to open your Eyes, and all the
Chair,

Insurrections rais'd Four Years past, and lately in several Parts of Albion, for placing me in the Chair, if you will depend upon my Inviolable Word, there shall be no manner of Alteration made in the College Charter, Methods of Prescriptions, or any Fundamental Immunities you can lay Claim to; still with a Reserve to that Unlimited and Absolute Power invested in me by Immemorial Right, the use of which, you must take no manner of Cognizance, tho' Originally given me by your selves: But if any Debate should arise between you and me in that Affair, the Roman Scaramouch shall settle it by his Broker Frank Scammony.

THIS, you'll readily agree, is Fanciful, and pleasant enough, and, 'Faith; I can't blame the young Fellow for Writing in so ludicrous a Manner, upon such a Serious Subject; for, after you have been so palpably bit for Five Years since, by a Discourse about the great and imminent Danger of a *Christmas* Minc'd-Pye, whilst *Bungey* eat up all the Meat, and left you to knock one another's Brains out about the Coffin, what Absurdity can be rejected by you?

BUT this *Farce* being over, I am oblig'd to set my *Passions* to a graver Key.

WE were formerly told, and I am sure, to the Astonishment of all honest *Britons*, who have a Freehold of Forty Shillings a Year, or breathe the least Spark of Liberty, That the Lady *Fontanelle* was in the Bottom of this Secret, and underhand assisted young *Jacob's* Pretensions to the *Chair* of the *College*.

THE *Naturalists* tell you of a Fish, which if it

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but

but nibbles at the Bait of your Hook, affects the Hand with Numbness. I am sure the distant Sound of this must give all the Horror and Stupor to the Mind that is possible.

WHAT Waste of solemn Oaths and Vows is made by this Discovery? How often has Heaven been Mock'd by the sham Pretence of an *Inviolable Attach* to the House of the Illustrious *Hanno*? How often have we been flatter'd into a Belief of *Regular Practice* from the Chair, whilst the Train was laying to Defeat the Great President *George's* Title, and blow up the *Noble Censors*, and with that all *Rule and Method*?

GREAT *Æsculapius*, and thou much Greater *Apollo*, who presidest over all the *Salutary* and *Malignant Spirits*, that Govern us poor Mortals, reconcile these mysterious Arts of *Fontanelle* to the repeated Declarations and Edicts in Favour of our present *Illustrious President*.

HOW willing should I be to go over the Ashes of the Dead with a silent Veneration, but my Devotion to the Great Man in the Chair, obliges me to think the *Urn* of *Fontanelle* would have been more Venerable, if these *desperate Truths* had not been confirm'd out of the Mouth of the Chief Actor.

BUT spreading a shade over *Feminine Weakness*: Could so great an Enterprize as this be ripen'd to a Pitch of Execution, without concurrent Hands? Could an easy Woman, helpless and unactive, carry on such an Undertaking, without the Knowledge of some *Cabinet Quacks*?

NO, nothing less than a Jury of Stars will satisfy

fy the Rational Part of my Audience, that there have not been *Many*, too *Many* in this black Conspiracy : Consider how *Fontanelle* was Circumstantiated ; consider her in the Hands of *Bankrupts*, *Desperadoes*, profligate *Debauchees*, who were building their Glory and Luxury upon the Ruins of the *College*, and draining your last Penny to support their Midnight Revels ; and tell me, if you can believe a single Woman capable of Projecting such an Affair ; tell me, if your Breasts don't glow at the Sight of those Stains and Blemishes these Wretches have thrown upon their Great Benefact'ers ?

THE crude *Vindications* of one STAFF, which the Hirelings have prophan'd with the Name of Histories, were never, I am sure, of any greater Weight with you, Gentlemen and Ladies, than to convince you there was some intricate Roguery carrying on against the *College* for Four Years past, which the late *Protest* of young *Jacob* has fully confirm'd.

THE False Colourings laid upon *Hermodattyl's* resigning the *Conjuring-Wand*, will be easily wip'd off, and he will appear Blacker without Shades : The bandying *Wands* against *Mitres* and *Purses*, and *Purses* and *Mitres* against *Wands*, might be *Morally*, tho' not *Logically* true, I believe, from the Consternation the whole black Fraternity were in upon the Disappointment ; but I shall never believe the Historian present at the Quarrel, when he assigns so poor an Oath to *Frank Scammony*, as *By G——d*.

BUNGEY, upon a less Occasion, could have been deeper Mouth'd : The loss of a Pinch of *Plain Spanish*, has made that *Delphick Oracle* Swear more Sonorous ;

and after so much Squeaking and Impeaching on all sides, I believe Gentle *Gambel* for going on without remorse, will, at the general Hearing of the Court of *Censors*, be allow'd the Priviledge of *Tower-Hill*, whilst the rest mount in the bleak Climate of *Padington High Way*.

The High-German Doctor. N^o. 16.

From Tuesday, Decem. 14. to Tuesday, Dec. 21. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THERE is as much Clamour follows a Great *Practitioner* if he happens to intermit a Day of Advice to his *Patients*, as a wealthy Merchant when he is not seen upon the *Exchange*, and for the same Reason in not being punctual to his Bills.

MY *Privilege* being superior to the *Quacks of the Week*, I thought I might have dy'd for one Day with as good a Grace others have been interr'd for Two Months; but I pardon your good-natur'd Anxiety for my Departure, and am risen again upon the Call of the *Publick*.

I T cannot agree with your usual Candour to think that the small Interval I have borrow'd from the Fatigue of Business has been wasted in Trifles: No; the Importance of the Question sent to me the last Week will soon determine the Lapse of last *Friday* to my Advantage.

The College of *Virtuoso's* assembled at *Button's*
Coffee-

Coffee-House; being strangely alarm'd at the wonderful Atchievements of *Robin Powel* of *Axe-Yard*, *Professor* of *Machinary*, have left to my Decision, whether *Hermodactyl*, or the said *Robin Powel*, have merited most of the *Publick* in the noble Art and Mystery of Showing *Tricks*, Playing *Puppets*, *Rope-Dancing*, *Juggling*, and *Tumbling*?

TH O' I knew the Authority of my *Second-Sight* would instantly have pacify'd all further Enquiries, yet, in making a Comparison of Great Men in the same Faculty, a Doctor of the least Conduct should take some Time to examine the specifick Beauties and Deformities of each, in order to form a right Judgment.

THE *Province* I have undertaken you must allow to be Arduous, and the Question, I fear, Ensnaring: These two Great Masters, by the Consent of the World, being confess'd to have topp'd their Parts: What shall I say? They are both *Robins*: In Genealogy, I believe, there will be no Dispute: The illustrious *Powel* still preserves the *Welch* Relative *Ap*: The celebrated *Hermodactyl* has sunk the Characteristick of his Family, and writes in private after the *French* manner, *Dr. Hermodactyl*, especially to Monsieur *Matthews*, alias *Rummer*. Thus the Right of Antiquity is plainly on *Powel's* side.

THIS being settled, we must proceed to their respective Merits, in the several Branches of Art-Genius, and a proper Education for Tricks, you'll grant me, must have a vast Superiority over any acquir'd Parts, and those, perhaps, attain'd out of the determin'd Rule of Life: In this Situation we must

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conceed

concede to *Robin Hermodactyl* great Advantages over the other *Robin of Axe-Yard*

BUT the Latter having never been formally brought up to Tricks, his Acquirements are stupendious in their Way: Their *Prices* for showing, indeed, have been vastly different: Honest *Powel*, perhaps, never propos'd any greater Gain than Five Pounds of a Night: *Hermodactyl* seldom show'd a Trick under a Thousand, and always cheated the *Spectators*.

SOME have thought the *Puppets* and *Images* of the one, not so Easy and Tractable as those of the other; but, alas! there was a great Disproportion in the *Machines* which fell under these two Great Masters Hands: *Powel* always play'd *Wooden*, or *Paste-Board Puppets*, with the bare Assistance of Cat-Gut, whilst *Hermodactyl* had still the Choice of three Hundred living Puppets, at least, to play with *Silver-Wire* at Discretion.

WHEN the illustrious *Powel* appear'd on the Stage in Person, all Men allow'd his Mien and Figure superiour to *Hermodactyl*; that Excelcity in the Back of the one being fully balanc'd by the monstrous Protrusion of the *Caput Mortuum* in the other. 'If *Powel* could have been perswaded to Act with a *Staff* in his Hand, as the other did, there had been no Comparison: The *Debonair* Looks of *Powel* far exceeding the *Tragi-Comick* Phiz of *Hermodactyl*.

IN *Rope-Dancing* your Criticks affirm, that the Great *Powel* was somewhat Distanc'd, but then I beg you to consider, *Gentlemen* and *Ladies*, his *Puppets* were brought upon the *Rope* at an Hours warning, without any manner of Discipline: *Hermodactyl's* had

had been us'd to *Capers* and *Curvets* from their Cradles; *Gambol* had been upon the Active Strain, and ready for a Jigg from the Age of Sixteen: *Atty Brogue* had been experienc'd in the Art of Skipping, Capering, and Twisting his Body, to avoid a little due Correction, from a Boy: *Matt. Rummer* has been kick'd down a pair of Stairs in his former Vocation, and learn'd to light upon his Legs; and *Bungey* took a Fancy to Mounting ever since Twenty, always Liquoring his Joynts, for the greater Dexterity.

ONLY in the Size of the *Puppets*, the celebrated *Powel* came behind his Rival: They being equally gifted on both Sides, and one spake as much to the Purpose as the other; *Hermodactyl*, indeed, was a little more ostentatious in his Management: *Powel's* Puppets barely squeak'd, whilst *Hermodactyl's* were taught to Laugh very loud, and Roar with a full Voice.

BESIDES, *Hermodactyl's* Stage being larger than his Competitors, every thing was dispos'd to greater Advantage; and having the sole Command of the *Stage-Chest*, no Decorations were wanting to Bribe the Eyes of the Spectators.

HERMODACTYL had one Knack that *Powel* was not so compleat a Master of, which was, never to admit of any Interval between *Rope-Dancing* and *Tumbling*, but kept the Imagination warm: He always took care to place some *Sca-ramouches* in the Front of the *Stage* to prepare the *Audience*.

FAITH, give him his due, he had got a Sett of as daring *Higb-Flyers* together, as one could wish for;

they never made one *Regular Step*, or kept Time; *Bungey* frequently Mounted without Chalking his *Pumps* or a *Guiding-Staff* in his Hand; the Rabble were strangely transported to see him Mount in that desperate manner, and oblige them at the Price of his Neck: *Now for a Frisk and a Bound*, says *Bungey*, *there's for you*; *Now as high as a Church-Steeple*, *Huzza*; *Bungey* was made so like a Baboon in the Posteriors, that it detracted very much from the Grace of his Motion; but, for all that Defect, the *Puppet* kept the vogue some time.

Gambol was always upon the *Carpet*, and generally Tumbling in *Gemini*: *Atty Brogue* brought a damnable Slur upon the *Stage* by a *South Sea* *Cap*: They were all taught to come over for *Young Jacob*, and squat for the *President* and *Dutch*. In *Juggling*, I give the Preference to *Hermodactyl*, for Coaxing the *Hen* so artfully for Four Years; as to the Departure of these two Heroes, I think *Powel* went off with a better Grace than the other.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 17.

From Tuesday, Decem. 21. to Friday, Dec. 24. 1714.

Gentlemen, and Ladies,

I was in hopes the *Great President* had been so well fix'd in the *Chair* of the *College*, that no little *Zany* of the *Stage* would have presum'd to levy a *Posse* of *Quacks* against his *Title*, in behalf of *Bungey* and his *Vagabond Crew* of *Scaramouches*.

BUT, to the great surprize of the *Regulars*, were are told in last *Tuesday's Quack Bill*, by a dismal Fellow who heads his *Packets* with *Viresque acquirite cundo*, that the *Scaramouches* were order'd to meet, *Alamode Drum Ecclesiastical*, on last *Thursday*, at a *Coffee Elaboratory*, under an *Arch* adjoining to *St. Pauls*, to Consult of Ways and Means how to oppose the *Great President*, and his *Faithful Censors*.

I Congratulate the Fellow upon his honest Discovery; *Rogues*, I find sometimes, will Blunder upon *Truth*, and impeach a *wicked Confederacy*; I wish for his own sake, that he may be able to maintain the *Flagrancy* of the Charge before a *Committee of Censors*.

IF such a villanous *Defiance* of all *College Prescriptions* is past over by the *Censors*, I expect too see

Dr.

Censor

Cabals of the same colour adjourn'd to St. *James's* with equal Insolence: You have the Draught of this *Irregular Practice* only in Miniature, permit me to explain it to you like a *Seventh Son*, and guide you to this Traitor's Meaning.

IT is in the nature of a Proclamation for raising all the Enemies of the *Great President* at a certain Day; it is to revive the *Riots*, the *Plunders*, and *Eclonies* of five Years past; it was design'd to lay open the Scars and Wounds of the Constitution, which are not perfectly Cicatriz'd to this Hour: In fine, it was a Consult projected to Undermine the *College*, and Blow up the *Great President*.

PARDON the Warmth: Can any thing less be suppos'd, when a Legion of *Quacks* are Summon'd to meet in a Riotous manner, under the Banner of *Bungey*, to consider of proper Methods?

WHAT are the Methods? To Poyson the *President* is not too Harsh a Thought of those Miscreants; let the *Villain* who gave out the *Black Advertisement* clear himself: If by Consent, the Laws of the *College* bring them all under a Premunire. *Bungey* is a Prostitute to *Learning* and *Manners*, every Man in the same Interest is no ways Inferior to him in Disloyalty: Is this a Juncture to Plead in behalf of a condemn'd Wretch, who had no hopes of Resort, but from the lavish Tears of a *misguided Woman*, and a few *French Pensioners*?

BUT turning all their projected Roguery to a Smile, I find the *Great President* is to be attack'd with White Wigs. Ye Men of *Scarlet*, that have always stood fast to the *President*, lower the Colour of

of your Hair for some Time, that the *Scaramouches* may be left forlorn, and become a Mark of Infamy to the World by their *Flaxen Borders*.

BUT I must beg you, Gentlemen of the *Red*, to be upon your Guard, for the Great *President* is threaten'd with Fellows of Six Foot high to appear at *St. Paul's*: fizeable I don't doubt, being all match'd and train'd for Young *Jacob's* Cause before the First of *August*.

IT looks something like a Counterpart of the *Dear Joys* Plundering us in Old *Jacob's* Time — Six Foot high. — I vow I must champ upon that Word, and consider how many of the *Scaramouches* of that Size are encumbering the Earth. I am satisfy'd the Leaders of them are not of that *Procerity*: If *Scammony*, by his Height, could have made a *Grenadier*, he had never been a *B* — — — — — *George Smallage* is a Squab. *Biscus* was within two Inches, but got into better Quarters before he was ask'd to Lift.

—AS to the inferiour *Scaramouches*, the Secret lies under our Thumb, I believe, considering the Rabble of these Six Foot Men, when the *Scaramouches* are Crop-sick, the *Grenadiers* do their Duty; but let them take Care they are not caught with the *Lobster* unboil'd.

BUT if I am not short in my Conjecture, a distinct Army of *Scaramouches* prognosticates great Damage to the Constitution: It seems harsh to a *British* Soul, that so many brave Men who have fought in Defence of the Great *President's* Title, should be laid aside, and the *Scaramouches*, who are always Sapping

Sapping his Right, should be kept in full Pay: It looks too much like a Standing Army in Time of Peace.

BUT to give a different Turn to this wretched Advertisement, I am of Opinion it was design'd for some Ladies of the two *Exchanges*, *Cannon Street*, and *Pater-Noster-Row*. From the *White Wig* without Brains, and Six Foot high, with proportionable Brawn, I conclude *Bungey* sprinkled Salt upon all their Tails, and they met at the Arch upon an Assignment.

I must own I like that part of the Charge given in this roguish Advertisement, wherein the *Scaramouches* are desir'd to distinguish themselves from *Bungey*: I should joy them upon such a Distinction, but then I expect this Reformation should not be wholly figur'd by the Colour of the Locks, but likewise by Loyalty and strict Obedience to the Great *President*.

IF I could be heard amidst this awkward Crew of *White Wigs*, with a Consumption of four Tun of Powder laid out Yearly to make their *Tallow Comlections* look more formidable, I would ask them in the Name and Behalf of the honest *Black Wigs*, *Whether they have not made an unreasonable Schism in the Order of Scaramouchery?* Who but proud conceited Fellows, with *Sorrel* Hair and pale Countenances, could have made such a Breach of Unity in the manner of Dress, and put the poor *Blackings* to an unavoidable Necessity of Breaking with them, purely because they would not admit one sad-colour'd Hair into their *pale Wigs?*

Q H! The dismal Sin of *Schism*: That the different Colour

Colour of a Hair should make such a Clamour in the World :: Let no Man hereafter approach that venerable Arch near St. Paul's with a *Black Whig*, without a *Prohibition* in his Pocket, for fear of being put in *Partibus Infidelium*.

TO conclude, as their *Zany* does, with something very remarkable, I desire, with him, that the *Scaramouches* may alter the Colour of their Whiggs, lest *Bungey* should be Murder'd by Proxy; God forbid any Man shou'd be Knock'd down for him, and I judge him a Criminal who dares at the Acts; for I am under the warmest hopes that the Wretch will Atone for all these frolicksome Acts in *propria Persona*, by the Hand of *Justicia*.

The High-German Doctor. N^o 18.

From Friday, Dec. 24. to Tuesday, Dec. 28. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I cannot easily remove my Finger from that scandalous Advertisement in a Paper of last *Tuesday*, wherein the Gentlemen of about Six Foot High, with white Wigs, were order'd to Rendezvouz at the Arch near St. Paul's.

I am sorry a Remark of that Moment came to Hand after my Bill for *Friday* last was work'd off: The precipitate run of the Pen, joyn'd to an excess of Resentment, against any thing that looks even like

a distant Slur upon the great President's Interest, carries a Justification along with it: For that Reason my Pulse beats quick, when I hear the honest Warmth of my last Paper arraign'd by some profess'd Regulars.

GIVE in, if you please, to the present sham Moderation of the late *Quacks*, who have been driven off from the *Stage*: Suffer them to graft on your Weakness by their Cant of Unity in *Practice*: Decry, in concert with the *Firemen* and *Stokers*, all the *searching Medicines* your faithful *Practitioners* of the Week prescribe, till they gain a Majority of *Censors* on their side, and then stupidly bewail your Fate.

RAIL at the *Eye-Water* we offer you *Gratis*, and take *Bungey's* at the Price of *Eighteen Millions*.

—— A cheap exchange. —— Cry down your own People for Writing warm, and set *Bungey's* pacifick Harangue at *St. Paul's* before your Eyes as a Lesson of Temper and Forbearance.

IT grieves me to my Soul, that I must still be renewing a Confidence with you, that by the *Scaramouches*, I mean no other Persons but those Miscreants in *Bungey's* Interest: My Respect rises even to Idolatry for the *Peaceable Regulars* of the same Robe. After this Declaration, expect no more Confession, or Warning from *Orlando*.

BUT now, *Gentlemen and Ladies*, the Scene opens to Comedy, and I present you with a Body of Men *Six-Foot High*, with nice *White Wigs*, cut exactly to the two upper *Vertebra* of the Back.

YOU must imagine there is a *Plot* in this Comedy, as in all others: Suppose it such a one as the
Double-

Double-Dealer, and Vill—*ny* for the top-part of the Character.

YOUR *Passions* have been rais'd, your *Spirits* disorder'd with many *Plots*, under the late Dispensation. Within your Memory, you have heard of a terrible *Screw-Plot*, to bring the Roof of St. Paul's about your Ears. You cannot forget how many Mis-carriages happen'd upon the News of the *Band-Box Plot*, when *Hermodactyl* was in danger of being Kill'd with a *Pot-Gun* and two Pellets. The Alarm, I am sure, is strong upon your Imagination, when the *Past-Board Puppet-Plot*, in *Angel Court Drury-Lane*, was discover'd, and those three Advocates of Morality, the *Pope*, the *Devil*, and the *Pretender*, were going to be most inhumanly tortur'd in Effigy.

I almost blush to recapitulate what has given you so much Horrour: How many *Fits* of the *Mother*, *Epilepsies*, and other Disorders of the Nerves, have seiz'd the People of *Great Britain*; and how many Tertian Agues have been driven away by these terrible Commotions, I leave the Learned to pronounce.

THIS Plot I am going to speak of, should, upon second Thoughts, be call'd a *Tragi-Comedy*: For tho' the Design of Summoning such a formidable Body of *Six-Foot High*, with *white Wigs*, without the Authority of the *President*, bears an unlucky Aspect; yet I think the Call and Discipline of these *Tories* very Comical.

FIRST, there is no *Colonel* nam'd, to signify to what *Corps* they belong. Secondly, we have not heard

heard of any Commissions lately given out, to raise new Forces. Thirdly, these are only Summon'd by their Agent *Abel Ramp*, and in a riotous manner: they pretend, I know, to be of the *Royal Regiment*.

BUT a full Regiment of *Grenadiers* is somewhat preposterous; there must, as I take it, be some to *Attack*, and others to *Sustain*: But, when I think of it, these Body of Men, never consulted *Disciplina*; always went upon *furious Attacks*, without Order, and so seldom carry'd their Point.

IT stretches my Curiosity to know, under what Denomination these *Scaramouches* are plac'd in the *Military List*; I fancy the *Corps de Tonaire*, or *Regiment of Thunder*, would best suit their Inclination.

BUT the Plague of it is, they will never come under any Government; always make their own Articles of Peace and War; will still Govern, by a distinct *Court-Martial of Fire and Faggot*, against all the usual Punishment inflicted: for which Reason, I am fully persuaded, their Aim is to be an *Independent Company*.

THESE Fellows, once Regimented, would make a diverting Figure; there are so many *Breviats* amongst them with *Scarfs*, that it would be a difficult Point to fix the *Measures of Obedience* amongst them: And all wearing Sashes to a Man, it would be a hard Task to distinguish between the *Officers* and private Centinels.

THE Vibrations of the Eye would still be more pleasantly engag'd, to see these Six Foot *Scaramouches* march Rank and File, in Sable Vests, Wigs, *Rose and Crown*, with Firelocks on their Shoulders; the

the poor unthinking Rabble would take them by their Habits, to be *Greeks*, tho' I am of opinion, they are *Romans* to a Man.

THESE Tall Men have been so often aspiring to have a Finger in the State, that, I begin to be of Opinion, they wou'd sooner turn Soldiers, than not have an humble share in a Concern out of their Way and Genius.

I would have that sawcy *Zany* of theirs, *Abel Rump*, take care that the Muster-Master of the City does not lay him by the Heels, for Summoning a Rabble of *White Wigs* to meet without the Warrant of the Lieutenancy, to do Mischief, instead of Duty, at *St. Paul's*.

T O, the Loyal Prætor of this famous Metropolis, I appeal, whether this Miscreant comes not within the Intention of that Letter directed to him, for keeping a Watch upon all Malignants, and suppressing Riots, and Tumults; the Fellow, upon enquiry, will soon discover from what Motive that wicked Advertisment came; if he has a mind to be seditiously dull, the Prætor and his Venerable Court have a College appropriated to the Correction of such Tools.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 19.

From Tuesday, Dec. 28. to Friday, Jan. 4. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Am wonderfully diverted at Spare-Hours to find how impatiently the little *Scribblers of the Week* wait for my Departure; and how others pride themselves in the Assurance of my Decease.

THE sole Inconvenience I labour under from this envious Report is, that the *Men-Cooks*, and *Undertakers* at *Exeter Change*, have been a little familiar with the Knocker of my Door alate, and Rap in the Key of a *Passing-Bell*.

I can readily forgive the *Officiousness* of the one, and the *impotent Malice* of the others, not being determin'd to Dye at present. I think my self pretty secure from the Temptation of *Hanging* my self, these *Witty Gentlemen* not being much skill'd in *Iambicks*.

THE Drift of these *unlucky Creatures*, I am satisfy'd, by my *Second-Sight*, is to unsettle me with my *Patients*, and by representing me in a *languishing Condition*, to derogate from the Authority of my Practice; but their Attempts are vain, for when I rise, these *Insects* dye.

THOSE who cannot give into so gross an Absurdity, as to believe I am Dying in such a glorious Con-
juncture

junction as this, would insinuate, that by the few *Feints* I have made, the true *High-German Doctor* is gone off from the *Stage*, and the *Weekly Advertisements* under that Title are altogether spurious.

I am above entering a Plea against that idle Conception: There may be many *Roman Quacks* of the *Week*, and in Clubs may transfer their Nonsense from one to the other: But there can be but one *High-German Doctor*, he being as much above Imitation by any *Pretenders* as these poor Idiots are below Notice, except for their Dulness, Improprieties, and joyning of Syllables without any Meaning.

UPON second Thoughts, I pity these Animals who are oblig'd to Write for a *Sop in the Pan*, and a *Litter of fresh Straw Weekly*: They, I know, go against their Conscience when they rail at so Great a *Practitioner*; and am sorry they trust to so weak an Absolution as *Bungey's*.

BUT to disengage my self from these low Considerations, I am to acquaint the World that I have not been Idle in my *Recess*.

I have been putting several *Ingredients* in *Digestion*, which I hope, by a gentle Heat, will work some Good to Great Britain, by the end of sixty Days.

THESE Speculations are too big for common Capacities; so I shall leave them upon the *Drag*, till we come to reduce them to *Practice*: These momentous Affairs carry me out from the mean Regards of Life, and put me upon the last struggle of Art

Art and Industry, for the Defence of this Glorious Constitution.

MY unalterable Love to the Great President will not suffer me to *Slumber*; I am by Duty oblig'd to be upon the *Watch* when the least Glimpse of Danger bends to St. James's.

THE *Prodigious Impiety* of last Week astonishes me; Dr. *Pouffin* is lately Arriv'd from *France*, and dispenses his *Packets* and *Pills* full charg'd with *Spanish Leaf Gold*.

IT's *Racking* to an Englishman to see the old abandon'd Practice reviv'd; and that French Gold should get the better of true British Steel: *Rouse* to a Sense of your Danger before it is too late, and let not the French Poppy, mix'd with the Aurum Fulminans, drown all your Faculties.

IS Britain grown so poor, that it wants Aids From the French Dispensary? Certainly the Four Millions which were sent from that Slavish Country, by way of Fee for that Damnable Composition of the Pacifick Electuary, cannot be fairly run out by this time, even in the most lavish Hands. But I stand Corrected, when I consider these Parricides who receiv'd the Money, never having been Blest with a Shilling for many Years before, may for a Novelty keep Counting of it over privately, and so obstruct the Circulation.

MUST Britain, so fam'd for Liberty of Prescription, bow meanly down to French Practice? Must we that have Bled those Slaves, and Loaded them with a Million of Scars, suffer our selves to be Cupp'd

Cupp'd and Blister'd for the sake of a little shining Dirt?

S H A L L a French Practitioner, under a Publick Character, slide into every Packet he sends down to some Corporations of England, 500 Pound, by way of Mortgage upon the Votes, Franchises, Body, and Souls of those Unwary People, and shall not an Honest Briton tremble at the pernicious Consequence?

I S that execrable Cry of the Danger of Holy Mother-Stage of the same Importance with you, as your Health, Estates, and Liberty?

C U J Beno? For whom is it you toil, you struggle, and you fight? For your dear Friends the French Surgeons, who are setting their Launcets to prick your Arteries, divide your Tendons, and who will not loosen the Ligature till you are past Recovery.

F O R whom do you make this violent Contest at Home? Even for the Vile, the Impious, the accursed Race of Six Foot high, who clad in soft Down, are every day dispensing Roman Treacle to you, under the disguise of innocent Solutive Syrup of Roses, and you will not credit your Taste or Smell, but resign up all your Senses to those who are sworn in Blood to Betray you to the Grand Scaramouch at Rome.

D O not these Impious Quacks daily take their Topicks of Harangue from that Vile Impostor's Stage-Speech at Plombiers? And whilst they receive Bread and Protection from the Great President,

fidant, are they not obliquely Darting at his Majesty?

A T your Doors, ye adopted Sons of Rome, I lay all our present Distractions, and an Entail of Curses upon the Posterity of Great-Britain: In all these Irregular Practices I cannot say you are Unnatural, Britain is not your proper Soil.

T O Rome, to the Lavinian Shore you are devoted: You thirst for Blood to dye the Scarlet Whore in a deeper Grain, and fill up the bloody Cup with the largest Veins of true British Patriots.

I N Compassion to the poor Wittals of the Week, I generously lent them an Hand to be widdy in their own Way, by an Omission or two; but having allow'd them once in their Lives to be merry with a Jest I laid for them, I henceforth commit them to their Primitive Dulness upon the dry Foot of their own Invention.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 20.

From Tuesday, Jan. 4. to Friday, Jan. 7. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

A Pleasant Fellow came to my Apartment the other Day, complaining he was never the better for my *Prescriptions*, and told me, “ He could almost Swear “ *Hermodactyl* and I were nearly Related, whatever “ I might pretend to the contrary. And so gave me “ a Story to *Moralize* on, which runs thus.

A noted *Bard* of this Town had long been in Expectation of Bettering his Fortune by the Interest of *Hermodactyl*; he sends for him, at last, and with a Look of Business, asks him, if he understood *Spanish*; the *Bard* modestly reply’d, *He did not, but made no doubt of being Master of that Tongue in a few Months*; he Address’d himself to it, and became perfect in all the Proprieties.

THE least thing a Man could have given the *Bard* Joy of, was an *Embassy*, or some considerable Trust Abroad: The Result was, after having given Proof of his Ability, *Hermodactyl* very coldly told him, *There were such Beauties in that Language, as would fully Recompence his Pains; and he grudg’d him the Felicity of reading Don Quixot in the Original.*

I was sensibly touch’d with the Reproof which lay conceal’d under the *Tricking Part Hermodactyl*
Acted

acted ; and it has given me such a lasting Caution against Trifling with my *Patients* for the future, that I am determin'd to let them know the good or bad Symptoms of the Case at first, and not keep them in suspense so many Months, as several great *Practitioners* about this Town too frequently do, and some e'en near St. *James's*.

N O Man could have blam'd this *arch Wag* for such a *satyrical Scratch* ; I richly deserv'd it, having serv'd him much after the same manner. He had been often soliciting me to enter him into a Course of *Physick* , I was not so very forward in parting with my *Medicines* upon such *Security*, but talk'd at a distance of *Cold Bathing* : *Can you Swim, honest Friend?* says I to him, on a sudden, with a solemn Air. *Swim ! Swim ! What à Plague is the Doctor a conjuring about now ?* Says my Patient (aside) *Is he going to make a Drake of me ? To be plain with you, Doctor, I can't swim, but if there is any Necessity for it, I don't question learning in a few Weeks.*

T H E honest Fellow, by great Industry, became a perfect Otter in four Months : And coming to me for further Instructions about his *Diet and Regimen*, I sneer'd him with, — *The Thames is a charming River : You cannot imagine what Pleasure you will receive by swimming in that River : I envy you the Happiness of swimming in the full Current of the Thames.*

I Have rav'd at my Stars a Thousand Times since for determining me to an Imitation of the most awkward Buffoon, and most notorious Trifler in Nature :

This

This Story began to be whisper'd warmly amongst my Patients; and if I had went on in that Tricking Way, I should, by this Time, have secur'd to my self just as many Friends in the Kingdom of *Great Britain* as *Hermodactyl*, which are easily counted.

N.O sooner was this *Wag* dismiss'd, but I fell to Opening the *Packet of the Week*, *Wednesday* being the stated Day for answering all lawful Questions; and you will readily believe, amidst the *Motley Tribe* I deal with, there must be the *Serious*, the *Comical*, and *Insipid*.

I shall give you the Questions as they came to me in Course.

THE first *Query* was from *Cambridge*, to know, Why the Sons of *Isis* suffer'd *Bungey* and *Trapstick* to steal a Congregation, in order to make *Precipitate*, the *Irish* Operator, *Graduate*, on that very particular Day of the Great *President's* Inauguration.

THE Second was to be resolv'd, Why the *Scaramouches* alate are generally troubled with large Swellings in their Necks, and Scrophulous Tumours?

THE Third, a plain and simple Question, Why all the Women of the Town are in *Bungey's*, and his black Confederates Interest?

THE Fourth, Whether a *Six Foot* Measure is to be the Standard of a *Scaramouch* for the future? And if so, what the Family of the *Dappers* must do, with good Brains, but an unsizeable Stature?

THE Fifth, Whether the *Grenadiers* of the Guards are to take Post of Honour, over these tall Men in *Sable*, upon Action?

THE Sixth, Whether having Listed so Formally,
E and

and appearing at their Rendezvouz, near *St. Pauls*, is it not high time to reduce them to Discipline?

THE Seventh, Whether the *Six Foot high Black-Guards*, which were Summon'd by their *Adjutant*, had not a Design upon the *Guards* in another Colour?

THE Eighth, Whether a distinct Body-Corporate of *Scaramouches*, practicing in the Name and by the Authority of the *Grand Scaramouch* at *Rome*, does not Derogate from our *Great President's* Power and Dignity?

THE Ninth, Whether their pretended Exemption from the Jurisdiction of the *Great President*, has not an Eye to their darling Wish of *Imperium in Imperio*?

THE Tenth, a very serious one, from whence comes a Report of Misunderstandings amongst the *Venerable Censors*, now they are upon so Just and so Regular a Foot, when the *Quacks*, *Tumblers*, and *Desperadoes* of the last Four Years, maintain'd a wicked Harmony amongst themselves, till they were broke by a remarkable Judgment from Above?

THE Eleventh, Which of the *Scaramouches* Penn'd *Young Jacob's* Protest? And whether *Frank Scammony* has *French* enough to Write any thing Mischievous with Propriety?

THE Twelfth, Whether the famous *Black Trumpeter* of *Reading* may, without the Danger of a Canker, exchange his Silver *Quail-Pipe* for a *Brazen* one?

THE Thirteenth, Whether *Bungey's* Lid of his Snuff-Box, with a *Venetian Courtezian* perching upon a Branch of *Myrtle*, has not very much improv'd all *Ovid's* *Idæa's* of *Forbidden Love* in his Book *De Arte Amandi*?

THE

THE Fourteenth, Whether the lewd Region of *Bungey's Thorax* was ever anointed with the *Un-
guentum Apostolorum*?

THE Fifteenth, Whether the White Locks of the *Grenadiers* in *Black*, has not made a scarcity of pale Hair, and introduc'd that heinous Sin of Bleaching?

THE Sixteenth, Whether Gentlemen have not a fair Opportunity of improving the Value of their Lands, at this Juncture, by sowing of *Hemp Seed*, since 'tis like to be as good a Manufacture next *Summer*, as our *Woollen Trade*, when the Satisfaction due to the Imperial College at *Vienna* comes to be awarded?

HERE is such a miscellany of Questions, and so unmethodically given in to me, that I shall take a Day or two to consider which of them are fit to be Answer'd; in my Opinion, most of them Answer themselves, but if a Difficulty should start up in any Mind, I am ready to explain it, I being allow'd to be more Infalible in my Judgment than the old *Scaramouch* at *Rome*.

The High-German Doctor. N^o 21.

From Friday, Jan. 7. to Tuesday, Jan. 11. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Want Words to express how much I am pleas'd with the humble and chearful Deference the *Venerable Regulars in Black* pay to the late Injunctions of the Great *President*, and am no less perplex'd to find out a Propriety of Resentment against the disloyal Constructions of that wicked Tribe of *Scaramouches*, in open Defiance of those Orders.

I am no ways surpriz'd at their Practices, having thoroughly weigh'd their Principles: Whenever I hear a Buzz of *Passive Obedience* to the Rules of the College, I expect to be alarm'd by *Fire, Broom-Sticks, Free-Quarter*, and many other Perquisites of *Stage-Impudence*: They are always conjuring up some little *Puppet* or *Idol*, and then make the poor unthinking Rabble fervilely bow down to the Work of their Hands.

I tenderly commiserate my Audience upon their Delusion: By this Time, methinks, you should discover the false Colours that have been laid on every Story, Action, or Circumstance, for Four Years past, and resent the scandalous Imposition.

I well remember the Time when it was next to Blasphemy to arraign the Conduct of *Fontanelle*: Without the Aid of *Casuistry*, I affirm it more Transcendent

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cent Wickedness even to think amiss of any single Branch of our Great *President's* Administration, he having a double Right to the Chair of the *College*, first by the Voice of the *Consors*, and then confirm'd from Heaven both by *Judgment* and *Mercy*.

BUT to draw off from a Theme I could eternally dwell on, I am at present dispos'd to be *Ludicrous*, and vow to you, upon second Thoughts, that the *Scaramouches* are very injuriously treated.

I beg you, *Gentlemen and Ladies*, to consider the *Scaramouches* have tender Consciences : And tender Stomachs you all know by the repeated *Ditto's* for the Doctor in your Weekly Accounts from the *Steward* and *Butler*; and to cram down such a severe Test as Acknowledging and Proclaiming the Great *President's* Title in every Stage-Speech, was not the fairest Specimen of *Penitency*.

: POOR Tits! To be so abruptly wean'd from Sucking the Breasts, of *Holy Roman Mother*, would move Compassion even in an Adamant ; and whatever jealous Thoughts the *Scaramouches* may have of me, had I been upon the Consult, I should have modestly oppos'd such a terrible Pill, for fear of choaking them.

YOU see, in spite of *Parties*, and different Methods of Dispensation in *Physick*, I have more *Charity* than falls to the Share of Fifty *Scaramouches* ; and if I had been to suffer both against *Conscience* and *Stomach*, I question whether I should have been honour'd with so much as a *Pax Tecum* from such unhallow'd Lips.

THIS large Pill, and order'd to be taken without

any Vehicle of *French* Fig or Prune to qualify the Bitter, has occasion'd those large Swellings alate in the Necks of the *Scaramouches*.

THE *Quibbling* *Knaves* are for chewing it, not considering that by this slow way of taking the *Pill*, it insinuates many of its *pungent* *Particles* into the adjacent Glands, and meeting with *Heterogeneous* parts, Ferments.

I would many times, if it had been possible, given any Price to have secur'd my *Midriff* from bursting, to see a *Scaramouch* Mount, since the new Injunction of the *Great President*: The wriggle of his Body before he comes to that dreadful Acknowledgment of our *Great President's* Title, is monstrously Entertaining, having a near Resemblance to the *French* *Propets* Agitations.

BUT when the Name and Style is rehears'd, grateful, ever grateful to all *True Britons*; the Eyes rowl, a thousand Sighs fetch'd up, Young *Jacob* at Bottom; strange Contradictions between Tongue and Heart; the Spleen oppress'd to the last Degree; and what really detracts from the graceful manner of Playing their *Puppets*, they appear *Crop-sick*, which is not very fashionable upon a *Stage*.

FAITH I pity the poor Fellows, having been so long us'd to the Dissyllable of *Jacob*, they cannot readily mouthe the Monosyllable of *George*: I gad if I was one of the *Lower Form* of *Scaramouches*, I'd quit the *Old Bites*, and come over entirely to the *Great President's* Interest, and make my Fortunes, as they have done. A Thousand Pounds a Year, with the dry Pronunciation of *Nob*, &c. is a pretty Importance,

portance, since we cannot have our *Beads*, our *Charms*, our *Crosses*, and *Agnus Dei's*.

A Grenadier is always a *Soldier of Fortune*, what a *Plague* have you *Scaramouches* of Six Foot high to mind but your Interest? You must consider your selves as Younger Brothers of the *Stage*: Your Old Father at *Rome* cannot assist you, *Le Grand Petit* is growing Old, and will not be very forward to enter upon a new Quarrel for your sakes, after he has been so often bubbled with your false Cries of *Numbers* and *Unity*.

COME, let me Conjure you to Act seemingly against *Principle*; always talk of *Conscience aside*, for that will be the most difficult part to persuade your *Audience* to a *Belief* of, especially when there is a Report of Twenty *Young English Scaramouches* going three times a Week to a *Roman Scaramouch*, to be initiated in the *Principles* of *Roman Practice*, some Time before the Death of *Fontanelle*.

THE Project was well laid; and we had the Privilege granted us for destroying our selves: It would have been too great a Shock upon the Eye to see the *Roman Dispensary* open'd, and the *Practice* carry'd on by *Profess'd Roman Operators*. Therefore to colour the matter, a few young Slips were order'd to be Train'd up in all the *Puppet Show Cant*, and playing the Wires dexterously to make the Transition from good Instructive Morals to Farce the easier.

ONE of these Young *Probationers* having a *Molly* at Heart, had pasted her Billet into his *Breviary*, and whilst the Old *Roman Scaramouch* was bawling out, *Hoc est Corpus*, he was kissing the luscious Lines of

his *Fair One*, and warbling out *Ava Maria*, and so was dismiss'd for being unseasonably Lewd.

The High-German Doctor. N^o 22.

From Tuesday, Jan. 11. to Friday, Jan. 14. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

MY Passions glow, and I am always strangely affected when I run over the Letters of my *Country Patients* : Never was such a Complication of Distempers, such a Variety of Symptoms, in fine, such a providential Recovery ever heard of, so that I am under a necessity of giving the Publick the State of the Case as it came to my Hands.

A B O U T Four Years since, these poor People were seiz'd with a tumultuous Joy at the Sight of *Bungey*, a Strowler, who made his Progress thro' *England*, with a Parcel of *Morris-Dancers* and *Ban-ditti* : These Transports being over, they sunk by degrees, into a perfect Stupefaction of Mind ; their Eyes were strangely affected, so that they car'd to look on no other Colour but *Black* ; they had a continual Tingling in their Ears ; their Noses were stopp'd, attended with a constant Swimming in their Heads, as the Vulgar call it.

T H E Y slept pretty sound under this Disorder, but frequently dream'd of the great Advantage accruing to *England* from *French Operators*, *French Cooks*, *French Masquerades*, *French Wh——es*, and the delicate Finch of *French Wooden-Shoes*.

T H E Y

THEY were destitute of Assistance, and had no Person to apply themselves to, except a *Parish Scaramouch*, who always heighten'd the Distemper, having much about the same Skill as a *Dry Nurse*, or a *Midwife*.

THUS they continu'd, with a few lucid Intervals, for about four Years, and many of them, who were very punctual in setting down the Minute of their Recovery, found a visible Change for the better on the First of *August*, at Three in the Afternoon.

THIS *Epidemical Case* being transmitted to me, I am desir'd in behalf of my poor Countrymen, to account for the Strangeness of the premention'd Symptoms, and give my Advice, as to *Physick* and *Regimen* towards Absolving the Cure, they fancying to a Man, that they have been under an ill Tongue.

I will freely own, 'tis a Case so much without the Compass of my Knowledge, that we have not one which resembles it in the voluminous History of Diseases; nay, I have turn'd over several Books of *Incantation*, *Magick*, *Sorcery*, and *Witchcraft*; I have read over many Cases of *Demoniacks*, and Men possess'd by the most furious Spirits of Darkness, and nothing reaches up to this before you.

THAT which comes nearest to it, is the Case of the *German Piper*, or *Rat-Catcher*, who carry'd away several poor innocent Children after his Pipe, till they were swallow'd up in a Cave; and the Fellow who seduc'd these Children, in *Portraiture* very much resembles our *Bungeo*, if the Pictures of him are genuine.

BUT to the Point, a tumultuous Joy always pre-
cedes

ceeds a *Coma* in *Nervous Cases*: Thus it was with these distemper'd People, their Spirits were so extravagantly dilated with the Sight of *Bungey*, the *English Piper*, and the Cry of his poor Motner, that they could not recover so great a *Waste* and *Diffipation* of them for some time, and so sunk into this *Stupefaction*.

AS to their Eyes being chiefly delighted with the sight of *Black*, the *Scaramouches* kept continually stroaking them, persuading the poor deluded People that their *Touch* was as Efficacious as that of a *Seventb Son*; and being so much us'd to *Black*, any bright or glaring Colour play'd too strong upon the *Retina*.

THE Cause of that Symptom of the Ear-tingling is evident: *Bungey's Drum* and *Bag-pipes* beat so strong upon the *Membrane*, or *Tympanum*, that the Tone of it is not quite recover'd yet.

A S to the Stoppage of the Nose, that proceed, plainly from their having taken so much *Powder* of *Lillies*, and *Spanish Snuff* mix'd together, in the room of good wholesome *English Herb Snuff*, which would have kept the *Emunctories* open, and cleans'd the Brain.

THE Swimming in their Heads, or *Vertige*, took its Original from the *Zany's* and *Andrew's* of the Stage, perpetually buzzing in their Ears, *Demolition of Dunkirk*, *South-Sea Trade*, *French Bona Fide*, and those two famous Words of *Lasting* and *Honourable*, before *Great Britain* knew a single Article of what they had thank'd for: All Terms of equal Signification, are harsh enough to make a sober
Man

Man turn'd Mad, much more those whose Brains had been turn'd with seeing *Bungey's* vaulting the As, leap thro' six Hoops for *Le Grand Petit*, and come over a Stick for the *Grand Scaramouch* at *Rome*, and tumbling for *Young Jacob*.

AS to their Dreams of *French* Operators, &c. How could they do otherwise, when they had been told such merry Tales of their Dexterity of Shaving and Paring close, which Dexterity, however, would go to the Quick of an *Englishman* in his right Senses: But this took under the general Stupefaction: The Impression wrought strong upon their Fancies in the Night, talking of nothing all the Day but *French* Masquerades; and seeing *Englishmen* making themselves *Apes* and *Buffoons* to please a Pack of *French* *Asses*.

UNDER this Stupefaction, a *French* or *Roman* Whore was more agreeable than the finest *English* Bloom: A Ragoust of Frogs better than a Fricassee of Home-bred Chickens: And a Wooden-Shoe softer than Calves-Leather, lin'd with Ermine.

DEPLORABLE indeed was the Case of these poor Patients, who having no Person to apply to for Relief, but one tall Black *Grenadier* in every Village, could not expect to be remedied by their Prescriptions, it being their Interest to keep them Deaf, Blind, and Deliriant; and being more likely to prove Executioners than Assistants to those distemper'd People.

THE Lucid Intervals were owing to the Report of our Trade, being entirely lost in *Spain* by the Management of the wicked Triumvirate of Liberty

berty in the Ruin of the Brave *Barcelonians*; and the making a new Harbour at *Mardyke*.

THEIR Recovery on the first of *August* is very remarkable but there may be a natural Reason assign'd: The *Scaramouches* falling Sick on that very Day, and not repeating their usual Doses, Nature found a Way to discharge herself of the Load.

THE Conclusion of the Case would have forc'd a Smile from me in the last Agonies of Life, where they have been under an *Ill Tongue*: A most religious Truth, for no *Good Tongue* can belong to a *Scaramouch*.

BUT the greatest Curse which can happen to any innocent People, is to be Deluded without being Enchanted, or Possess'd without any Magick of the Tongue or Address, and be rid to Death by a parcel of little *Usurping Priests*. Ye must all expect the same who come under the Dominion of that prevaricating Tribe of *six Foot high in White Wigs*.

I have not time left at present to advise them in the Progress of the Cure, but one *Specifick* is, to avoid a *Scaramouch* as much as possible, and to distrust them even upon their *Stages*, with good store of Alteratives plentifully thrown in, and trust to the Paternal Care of the Great *President*, who is always intent on the Preservation of your Bodies more than those who watch for your Souls and Bodies in a destructive Sense.

The High-German Doctor. N^o 23.

From Friday, Jan. 14. to Tuesday, Jan. 18: 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

FOR this Week, I banish all the aukward Enquiries of Love-sick Maids, the petulant Importunity of baffled Sollicitors at Court; in fine, the many artful Addresses I have receiv'd from *Hermodactyl*, *Codicil*, and *Gambol*, to put them out of their Pain, and assign them the *Specifick Exits* that their Crimes have brought upon their Heads.

I am not, cannot, nay, will not be at Leisure, according to the laudable Precedent of the old heavy *Exeter* Doctor, to answer common Questions of Life, when the Importance of the Week calls for a Discharge of these Trifles.

THE happy Day approaching, *Sacred*, ever *Sacred* to all *Galenical Britons*, which, without the Sanction of Authority, must raise a noble Ardour in the Soul, and inspire the coolest Heart with Thanks equal to the bless'd Occasion, furnishes me with an Handle of pointing out the Danger you have so narrowly escap'd, and preparing you to reconcile the Providence to the Exigencies you lay under at the Death of *Fontanella*.

WHEN I speak of the Terrors the Constitution.

tion lay under some Time before the Death of that unhappy Lady; an Allarm would be mispent upon your Imagination, to tell you that the present Mercies of Providence have exceeded the Judgment of the last Dispensation.

Y O U have always depended upon my Veracity: I cannot mislead your Judgments, when I tell you ~~the last Four Invidious Years were laid out in the~~ Subversion of the Constitution, Property, and Liberty of chusing your True, Stanch *British Physicians*.

T O the mighty *PÆAN* we give up our Thanks, and to a more sacred Name, in a Regular Dialect, for the Great *President's* quiet Accession to the Chair of the *College*.

SINCERELY for his Safety should your Vows be paid, when I open a Scene to you of such transcendent Wickedness that shall make a *Stoick* renounce his *Apathy*, and become a Patriot in the Cause of Honour, and Right National Practice.

I T's a Position as Sacred as God made Man from the Dust of the Earth, that the Constitution of *Great Britain* was to be dissolv'd in a few Months after the First of *August*: I pass over the flagrant Approaches towards its Ruin; many Treasons against the *College* were carry'd on by specious Pretences; in order to make us our own *Murderers*.

L E Grand Petit having finish'd the Liberty of Practice in *Europe*, had nothing left upon his aspiring Mind, but to compleat a Cure upon a certain *German Patient* at *Baden*, and that *Hans Skipper* must have been inevitably devour'd upon the *Alternative*.

THIS

THIS Circumstance, *Gentlemen and Ladies*, does not so entirely reach you in an *English* Capacity as I could wish, therefore I must unbosom a Secret, that, for the sake of some *Ashes*, commonly call'd *Sacred*, I should, according to my innate Modesty, have held Venerable to the last *Period* of Life, if my Judgment had not been rectify'd.

THE weak, but adorable *Fontanelle*, you all know had, for some Years, been under a very ill Habit of Body: Her Attach to *Le Grand Petit's* and *Jacob's* Interest, were the sole Assuagement of her Pains: In this Conflict, the *Parricides* about her were at a loss how to adjust her Complaints to the Completion of *Great Britain*.

AT last, a *Leach* of the Family, entirely devoted to *Le Grand Petit's* Interest, propos'd an Expedient, when all means had fail'd, to send her to the *Bath*, those Waters being formerly Propitious to her, before she came under those calamitous Circumstances.

I must, in this Case, do Honour to *Skadellius*, from a Conversation with the Minutes of her Case, that she decently dispatch'd: Horror to all *Britans*, that she should have been pass'd out of the World with so little Humanity!

BUT her Cure was the least part of their Anxiety; there was a remote Devotion to be paid at *Bar-le-duc*; and thus was the Prescription to be administered.

THOSE who had bask'd under *Fontanelle's* Protection, had liv'd on her Bread, and whose Interest
it

it was to have pray'd for a Perpetuity of Years, in order to have screen'd themselves from *Tyburn*, gave her up into Hands that had been only conversant in Grinding *Scotch Snuff* in a *Box-Mill*.

BUT to recover my Digression; when all the common *Alexipharmicks* had, with a Struggle of Advice, been dispens'd, the Plot and all the *Shallow Depths* of it were soon discover'd.

A Resolution was instantly form'd to send poor *Fontanelle* to the *Bath*: I appeal to all the Sons of *Æsculapius*, whether, in such a *Chronical Case* as hers, any Patient was ever sent to those *Bituminous Waters*. No! Those who advis'd her knew better, but there was a Secret, not yet unfolded, to take place: The *Bath* was destructive, but the *Empirick* having, in the Eye of the Vulgar, given the last Effort of his Skill, she was to be recall'd, and play'd according to the Wires and Machines of *Le Grand Petit*.

THE *Bath*, as was whisper'd, in Ridicule amongst *Fontanelle's* Attendance, not being able to take place from the Complication of Distempers, these celebrated *Operators* thought upon one of the merriest and never to be forgotten Experiments, of sending the distressed *Fontanelle* to *Montpelier* in France.

THE *Chaise* and *Go-Cart* were preparing; and you may be sure she would have been as happy Abroad as all honest *Britons* would have been miserable at Home with her Absence: When instead of an Impostor *President*, the Almighty dissolv'd the ill-concerted *Spell*, and by a miraculous Hand fix'd the immortal *George* in the Chair of the College.

THE

The High-German Doctor. N° 24.

From Tuesday, Jan. 18. to Friday, Jan. 21. 1714.

Gentlemen, and Ladies,

THE approaching Terrors from a *Tribunal* of true *British* and unbiass'd *Censors*, have, at length, awaken'd the hardy *Quacks* and *Impostors* of the Four last Years, and to skreen themselves from the just Indignation of their Country, have advanc'd so ridiculous, so abject, and impious a Plea in Justification of their *felonious Practices*, as to arm both Friend and Foe against them.

O H unhappy Fate of *Fontanelle*! The lifeless and forsaken *Fontanelle's* Ashes are disturb'd, after Four Months repose, by these irreligious *Quacks*, and the whole Load of Guilt thrown upon her venerable Remains.

I long since presag'd this would be the precarious Refuge of these *Parricides*, when the Constitution came to be rescu'd out of their Hands by the *Regular Physicians*: The Terms they put into that deluded Lady's Mouth, of calling that fatal Composition of the *Pacifick Draught*, which has laid waste the Liberty of *Europe*, her own *Preparation*; and laying the
Election

Election of all the mischievous Ingredients at her Door, in the several Speeches she made to the *Censors*, look'd Ominous to every Thing that wears the Character of *Rational*.

THE Prerogative of the *College Chair*, you all remember, was the amusing Cry at that Juncture: You acquiesc'd implicitly, and plac'd such a Confidence in the Weak but Sacred Intellects of a Woman, that no *Englishman* could be heard upon that important Topick without a Stain of Disloyalty and Irreverence to the fallible Chair.

YOU had quite forgot the Time when the Great President *William* was charg'd with Felony to the *College*, for Assenting to a *Compofing Draught* for *Europe*, thro' the Necessity of his Affairs; and his faithful *Censors* Impeach'd, tho' an open Commerce with *Spain* for their *Drugs* and *Gold* was secur'd to us at that Pinch.

BUT the Reason of that Partiality lyes open to the most common Enquirer: He was a *Enemy* to *French Practice*, and strenuously oppos'd *Old Jacob's Furnace-Breed*, which was a sufficient Warrant to these humble and *Passive Practitioners* to Rebel against his Authority, and enflame their Country at the Call of *Le Grand Petit*.

WHEN a Prerogative so well guarded as that of the Great President *William's*, could not secure, nay, was declin'd by the noble *Censors*, who were manfully arraign'd for their Struggles in Defence of the languishing State of *Regular Practice* thro' *Europe*, Vain must the Hopes of these Wretches and Amathe-matiz'd *Quacks* be, who think to screen themselves from

from the pointed Justice of their injur'd Country by so weak a Subterfuge.

W H A T *British* Heart does not glow with Resentment, when he hears these Betrayers of a Free People resolve all our Miseries into the Complaints and Tears of an infirm Woman? When he reads the fictitious Harangues and formal Speeches these *Parricides* have made for her, since her Decease? ——— Could her Ghost arise, it would abjure the Fraud and blast the Actors for their Perfidy.

Y E Sons of Cruelty! Was it not a sufficient Load of Guilt upon your Heads to break her Heart, as she complain'd to the Attendants in her dying Accents; But to run your Crimes up to the highest Pitch of Vengeance, must stab her Memory?

I F she was so weak, as you represent her; if her Acclivity to *French* Modes and Practice was so strong, your Judgment should still have been stronger, and oppos'd the least Tendency that Way: For what End were you plac'd about her? For what End did you receive your Fees and your Perquisites? Was it not sufficient to plunder us at Home, but Barter away this flourishing Soil for a few paltry Presents of *Burgundy*, &c.

T H E vast Effusion of Blood thro' *Europe*, you say, was the prime Motive, never was such obvious Hypocrisy to God and Man. ——— The Cant and Imposture, of past Ages cannot reach it: After that Blessed, and never to be forgiven *Cessation*, let us examine how the Blood of *Europe* was staunch'd; how the Wounds were Cicatriz'd; in fine, how the Completion was Mended.

NOT

NOT to mention the black Conspiracy, which was form'd by the *French Surgeons*, to have Blooded Friend and Foe to Death, could the intended Separation from the Confederate *Practitioners* have been compass'd, let us see what Blood was preserv'd by this glorious *Pacifick Draught*:

A T *Denain* about 10000 Bled to Death.

A T *Doway* as many.

A T *Quesnoy* Two Thousand.

A T *Bouchain*, 1000, or 1200.

A T *Landau*, next Year about 10000.

A T *Friburgh*, as many.

IN fine, the whole Province of *Catalonia* laid waste, and the utter extinction of a Free People.

ALL these in open violation of the most Sacred Vows of *Great Britain*, literally Murder'd, and a Triumph ever Inglorious to our Country, given up to mortal Enemies.

BY this, Gentlemen and Ladies, you see the Fruits of Tendernefs, and Compassion: Wretched Pity! All these the Stains of cold Blood, to make it more dreadful to a *British-Eye*.

NOT the illustrious *Mirabel*, in the nine Glorious Courses he put the vapouring *Gascoons* under, drew off more Blood, when Blessings came flowing in upon you every Month, and circled with the Year, and you all look'd Florid, and Healthy at Home.

THESE have been your kind *Operators*; these, I hope, will be ever Recorded by you, for their Humanity; when your Wounds break out afresh, you will Bless these compassionate *Quacks* for Skinning the Sore.

AND

AND here I cannot but with Indignation take Notice of an Allarm which has warm'd every true *Briton's* Ear, viz. That some of the Noble *Censors* had given into a Compromise with *Hermodactyl*, and the rest of these tender *Operators*: Canker'd bethe Tongue that ever rais'd a Report so injurious to their spotless Characters.

THE improbability of the Story confutes the Credit of it: It is not in the Power of many *Censors* to skreen them, if we suppose that ever such an Overture was made, besides the Justice of the Nation makes such loud Demands for the Blood they have so precipitately spilt, that Pity shown to them would allarm *Great Britain* more than their Inhumanity has astonish'd all *Europe* abroad.

THE Great *President*, you know, has publickly declar'd what Opposition has been made to his Succession to the Chair of the *College* by evil-minded Men: The humble Fry of Mankind could not, nay, were too well affected to his Rightful Title, ever to meditate a Disloyal Thought: It's possible we may find this, with many more of the same Stamp, laid at the Doors of these tender-hearted *Quacks*, who never DELIGHTED in WAR, or SHEDDING of HUMAN BLOOD.

The

The High-German Doctor. N°. 25.

From Friday, Jan. 21. to Tuesday, Jan. 25. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Had just resolv'd my self into a very serious Mood when a Patient (whether fanciful, or really Distress'd, I leave to your Judgment) came to my Apartment the other Day, with his Hair erect, his Eyes starting, and a wildness of Aspect, to ask Advice upon a very particular Case.

I observ'd the Lineaments of his Face at the first entrance, and almost persuaded my self, that he was possess'd with a *Devil*, before I ask'd him a single Question; but to personate a real Concern, I desir'd to know how he was affected, the Origin and Progress of his Distemper, with a Thousand more grave Impertinencies we are forc'd to make use of in fanciful Cases.

AFTER a short Pause, he told me, He eat and drank with an Appetite, that his Digestion was good, and he thriv'd with it, but his Nights were dreadful; no sooner were his Eyes shut, but his first Slumber was interrupted with frightful Dreams of the gilded Cross falling down from the Pinnacle of *St. Paul's*; other Steeples about Town tottering; and that the Bells were melting into *Skellerts*.

THESE

THESE were such moving Circumstances, that I was forc'd to support all my Resolution to sustain the Impression ; but knowing these turbulent Images are conjur'd up in the Night from what we are most conversant with in the Day, I ask'd him roundly, If he was not a little too familiar with some *Scaramouches* about this Town?

HE told me frankly, That one of them lodg'd in his House. Having once got hold of the Clue, you may be sure, I was not long before I enter'd into the very Core of his Distemper. *Be open to me, honest Friend,* says I, *don't you observe that your Dreams are most troublesome, when the Scaramouch of your Family comes Home with a strange and dismal Account of Steeples being pull'd down by a Band of Tartars and Chinese, who ride many Hundred Miles by Night upon an enchanted Broomstick, to do all this Mischief, and so return to their own Country by Morning?*

THE Attention of this credulous Fool had near put my Countenance out of its proper Plaits: *Ay, Doctor,* says he, *these must be the People who are demolishing our Spires, but my Scaramouch calls them by another hard Name — Schismatics — I think I am right.*

VERY right, replies I, *the same as your Saracens ; they live at the Foot of Mount Hæmus, and are almost as ravenous as your Fellows of Six Foot high in Black.*

I might have travers'd this *Idiot* thro' the *Globe*, with the Cant of imaginary Danger, but thought my Time wretchedly expended to talk to a Fool without the

Double Fees, so I drew into a very serious Air: Now to the Point Friend, says I; are you come prepar'd to follow my Prescriptions?

HE acquiesc'd after some inward Struggle but enjoy'd me Secrecy, For when I am complaining of these Disorders, says he, my Scaramouch threatens me with Censures and Bulls, as he calls them, if I ever apply to you: Besides, I have a damn'd Termagant of a Wife, who Chimes in with the Scaramouch upon all proper Occasions, and he has work'd up her Fears to such an Height, that if a Brick falls from the Chimney, she faints and cries out, Oh the Steeple! Poor Sanctify'd Steeple! And what is more surprizing, she Vows the Brick is the Steeple after she is recover'd: So strong is the Possession of our Black Brawn at Home over her.

I stopp'd him short, and bid him trust me with the Cautionary Part, ordering him to take my Cephalick or Head Pill, on Mondays, and Thursdays: I found his Countenance visibly chang'd, and returning to the first Disorder: Not on those Days, I beg you good Doctor, for some Reasons.

I that never yield a Precedence to one Day in the Six above another, could not Account for that Distinction, but his Looks promising a Discovery, I took the Freedom to railly the Secret out of him.

THOSE Days, says he, are reckon'd unfortunate amongst our Class of People: My Scaramouch always bids me remember that fatal Day of the Great President's Entry; that of his Inauguration, and going to St. Paul's, and never undertake anything on those Days; but last Thursday particular-ly,

ly, works violently on my Brain : Ob the 20th of January !

THAT Day having always, in my Opinion, made as handsome a Figure in the Kalendar as any of the Fraternity, and now made more Illustrious by the Great *President's* appointing it for a Day of *Thanksgiving*, I could not imagine from whence this Nicety arose.

AH, Doctor, (says he) had you heard the Powerful and pacifick Bungey open on that Day, he would have convinc'd the most obdurate Heart, That the 20th of January was not proper for a Day of Triumph.

YOU may be sure, I laid a proper Stress on the Authority of Bungey, knowing what a profound Casuist, and how great a Chronologer he is ; but happening at that Time to be somewhat officious in my Enquiries, found that poor Bungey, ever fated to Mistakes, had committed such a wretched Blunder in his Stage-Speech on Thursday last, as has entirely ruin'd his Credit with all but the Bawds and Cracks of his Audience.

WHETHER Bungey was so Learned as to know the Difference between the *Julian* and *Gegorian* Account, I will not determine ; I endeavour, as near as possible, to be on the charitable Side with him, and place a great many Things he is charg'd with, to his Ignorance, tho' some People would have it, he is as Wicked as Ignorant.

BUNGEY, you all know, is a *Roman Doctor*, and whether his dear Patron *Lucifer* ow'd him an ill Turn, or out of a pious Affection to the Memory of the Grand *Scaramouch* at *Rome*, who reform'd
F the

the Kalendar, he addresses his Audience after this manner :

GOOD People, the 20th of January, N. S. is a Day of Horror to all us of the Tribe of Jacob : The Day calls more for Humiliation than Triumph.

WHAT strange Judgments have befallen us upon the Account of this Day, before it was thought on ? Vast Flakes of Soot have fallen down several Chimnies ; and Cows have given less Milk by a Quart ; but the most deplorable Circumstance of all, is, my Stage-Offerings are sunk a Third.

THE few sensible People of his Audience bit their Nails out of Vexation, he having, thro' a blind Zeal to the *Roman* Account, made it but the Ninth of *January*, after our manner of Reckoning, and spoil'd the Design which had been laid to raise his Friends of the Rabble, and incense them against the Great *President* : Those who knew *Bungey* well, were satisfy'd that no Grievance could be compar'd with him, and that he was the greatest Judgment that could befall this deluded Nation.

The

The High-German Doctor. N°. 26.

From Tuesday, Jan. 25. to Friday, Jan. 28. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THERE is not a Physician of eminence, or one who understands the Sympathies and Antipathies of Human Nature, but is oblig'd to alter his Medicines sometimes, tho' never so well appropriated to the Distemper.

IN long Courses, the Patient is fatigu'd with the monstrous repetition of testaceous Powders, and with a Throat half-bak'd, calls out for the Vinegar-Bottle; *Acids, Acids, good Doctor; a Broad Piece for a slice of Lemon.*

DON'T be surpriz'd, *de se* — *Fabula narratur*, it's your own Case. There is not one of my Audience, but is pleas'd with Variety; I hear you frequently whisper, *What is the Doctor upon to Day? We had Bungey last time; I hope we shall not have him again to Day.* Some say, *never*; just as I have seen some fickle People surfeited with two excellent Discourses running, upon a moral Topick.

THO' a Detail of *Bungey's* impious Practice would be more Instructive to you than a Monthly Paper from the Ordinary of a certain College, where

F 2.

Venio

Venio ut fur is impress'd on the Dial, and might fill your Posterity with an Abhorrence of such a profligate *Quack*; yet because this blessed *Eye-Doctor* makes some of you to Smart to this Day, and because, perhaps, he may lie heavy upon some of your Stomachs, grate upon others Ears; and, in general, offend my Audience, I drop the Doctor, as honest *Daniel B---s* threaten'd to do by those that trusted to his Button and Loop.

I take such Pleasure in an Audience so well purg'd, and so refin'd from the Dregs and Impurities of *Quackery*, that I cannot deny any Thing: I will endeavour to order the pleasantest Vehicles for my Medicines.

YOU have acquitted your selves so honestly, and so bravely in your late Election of *Censors*: You have gone so resolv'd up to the Teeth of the *Homicides* of the last Four Years, and declar'd against *French Pensioners*, *bloody Operators*, and *Shelterers* of *Affassines*, that I am resolv'd to Sacrifice to your Delight.

IF I turn a sort of *Gambol* for once, and divert you with a merry Tale, I may presume on your Forgiveness: The Levity of *Jingle* may not occasionally be inconsistent with the awful Figure of a Professor's Cap and Hood.

DON'T be prepossess'd, I beg you, with thinking it is *The Tale of a Tub*: One such lewd Tale, and Written by lewd *Smut*, and some Undertakers of his Fraternity, is sufficient for an Age.

I am oblig'd to Caution some of my unwary Patients, that they do not swallow the Tale as a poor
Fellow

Fellow did the Doctor's Bill; or apply that to the Mouth which is design'd for another Place, as another Ignoramus did a certain *Bum-Poffet*. — But not to keep you in suspence, take it as I found it amongst the *Archives* of old *Par*.

A Tale of a Doct'ress and her Mad-Patients.

THERE dwell'd, if we may trust Report,
A Doct'ress near St. James's Court,
Fam'd for her Touch, and Sage Advice,
By which she'd attracted Hearts and Eyes:
Her Patients fated to believe
She would to each Assistance give.
With winning Practice she began,
With proper Dose for every Man
Her Bills promiscuously invite
All Parties, Sot, or Rechabite;
And prompted well to top her Part,
Entirely English was her Heart.
High in her Patients Love she stood,
Three Moons ador'd by Bad and Good,
Yet some saw much of Fathers Blood.
The Cool were pleas'd, displeas'd the Mad,
Whilst both of them Indulgence had:
She early to the Mad inclin'd,
With languid Heart, but heated Mind:

3

*The tender Fit abated soon ;
 The Doct'ress too was brought to own,
 She had more Business on her Hand
 Than she could dext'rously command :
 Her general Practice was too great,
 And she must leave one Branch to Fate,
 Thanks to the Doct'ess, cry'd the Wife,
 We save our Fees, she sinks Advice :
 And may she, and her Mad-men try,
 How they can Yearly want supply,
 With Mortgag'd Lands, and Beggary.
 Next rumour brought Intelligence
 A Bill was put upon the House of Sense ;
 And Mad-men from each Quarter came
 Nobly to rescue English Name :
 These Mad-men could not long conceal
 Their Enmity to publick Weal :
 Madam's fine House was soon inflam'd ;
 And Mad-men by the Crazy-brain'd ;
 So quench'd, by sad Experiment,
 That Flame she might with ease prevent :
 The Mad-men chain'd, she took some Rest ;
 But they Repining at the best,
 She Sympathiz'd to bear the Chain,
 Their just Confinement was her Pain.
 Her Chamber-Maid, the Mad-men's Friend,
 Could weep to see them all confin'd,
 And told the Doct'ress, She must be
 Captive, unless those Slaves were free.
 The Doct'ress by this Bunter led,
 Order'd they should at once be freed.*

*The Sequel was, they once releas'd,
 Ran wild, and Fir'd as they pleas'd;
 Burn'd Houses, roar'd against all Trade,
 And would have made this City mad.
 The Doct'ress prov'd their Gratitude,
 And Tory Insolence was writ in Blood.*

The High-German Doctor. N^o 27.

From Friday, Jan. 28. to Tuesday, Feb. 1. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

YOU are not insensible what wicked Industry has been us'd, alate, by the *Quacks* and *Rebels* of the *Roman College*, to give a wrong Turn to the innocent and undesign'd Appointment of a Day of Triumph by a true *Protestant President*; and likewise how busily the *Andrews* and *Scaramouches* of a broken Faction, have been in Edging both Tongue and Pen to insinuate with unwary People, That the Festival of the **TWENTIETH** of last Month was design'd by way of Contempt to the Tragedy of the **THIRTIETH**.

IF we were not fully acquainted with this Cast of People, with the Anatomy of their Parts, their nefarious Practices, and Double-Dealing, with their viperous Bosom, and their serpentine Tongues, some Charity might be offer'd up to a mistaken Zeal: But it would be the highest Afront to our Judgment to

pass over both the malicious and weak Contrivance of this Scheme, and not expose so barbarous a Project to the deepest Resentment of my Audience.

THE Malice lies so open to your View, that there wants no Train of Words to prepare your Imagination : In short, it was to depreciate the Character of our present Great *President*, and by a Side Reflection, to fix a Charge on him of Impiety and Ingratitude to the Memory of his blessed and adorable Ancestor, whose Ashes he reveres more than those vile Sycophants would the living Majesty of that Great Man.

BUT the Weakness of their Design, in the terrible Representations they have made of this late Tragedy, some Time before the Approach of the Day, should make some Excuses for the Malice of the Contrivance : As the first Part they acted, was to persuade you, that there was a Violation offer'd to the Solemnity of the TWENTIETH; so from the frequent Allarms they made, by Implication you were to believe, that no Observance would be paid by the *President* to the THIRTIETH; and that the Venerable *Regulars* would have strenuously oppos'd the Keeping it.

STUPID Wretches! Where will such crude indigested Notions go down? Where will such impotent Malice find Refuge at last? A wild *American* would think juster, speak more to the Purpose, and by the Light of Nature, act with more Duty and Honour; for we are well assur'd these mock Supporters of the Great *George's* Title would not have scrupled ushering in Young *Jacob* with Triumphs even upon a *Good Friday*.

NEVER was such an Abstract of Folly and
Madness:

Madness: Could the Great *President* be suppos'd to be in a Conspiracy against himself, his Honour, and High Station? Is it not his Interest to keep up the Majesty of the *Chair* as Inviolable as any of his Predecessors? Can he give Countenance to the least Blemish upon the Memory of that Sacred Head now in the Dust, and not wound his own Dignity? Or would not the insolent Proposer sink under the Wounds of his Displeasure, Prodigies of Inconsistency?

CAN the Venerable *Censors* and *Regulars*, who made that noble Stand against the Encroachments of those *Quacks*, and devouring *Leaches* of the last Four Years, and brought him safe to the *Chair*, can they, I say, be suspected of the least Abatement of Duty to the *President*, or the sacred Rights of the *College*? And are they not too wise, not to know that Parity of Circumstance and Condition, would breed the utmost Confusion? But you have confess'd their Sagacity: Vain are the Struggles of these *French* Emissaries to blast the Honour of the Great *President*: Vain their Attempts to create a Jealousy between him and his Faithful *Censors*: As Fruitless their last Efforts to work the Nation up into Flame and Blood.

WE believe them well inclin'd, but they are prevented, and the design'd Execution will soon reach themselves.

THUS disappointed Mad-Men rattle with their Chains awhile, but observ'd by vigilant Keepers, at last spend the malignant Foam and Frenzy on themselves, tho' we are in Hopes Justice will do her Part to

some, which Despair might tempt them to execute on themselves.

BUT, to be a little pleasant with these abandon'd Quacks: In some late Elections for *Consors*, they had laid their Plot somewhat unluckily: — For a Stratagem, commend me to a *Scaramouab*, or an *Andrew*: — They had taught the Beast of the Rabble to cry out, *No Killers of Presidents*: When an arch Dog step'd up to the Leaders of them, and whisper'd Captain Tom in the Ear, 'S Death! you'll spoil all. — You are turning your own Artillery upon your selves: — What a Plague have you no Regard to the worshipful Ancestors of our late Triumvirate, to abuse their Memory so publicly? Or don't you know who broke Fontanelle's Heart?

The Tale of the Mad-Men continu'd.

THE Doctor's, press'd by bad Advice,
To Madmen fell a Sacrifice.
Shock'd at her unrelenting Fate,
Cool Fits succeed their frantick Heat,
Not for the Guilt concern'd, but bow
They should escape the Vengeance due.
Hermo — that rightly weigh'd each Dose,
And knew which would her Eye-lids close,
Abstain'd the Consult, and resign'd
His Magick Wand, by way of Blind.
Gambol at Greenwich Hunting lay,
And made warm Flesh and Blood his Prey;

Coursing

Courfing o'er Lawns the panting Maid;

But Nymph was never fo Betray'd,

Whilst she was fully bent to Dye,

He Purr'd, she Liv'd, tell Gambol, Why!

Poor-Godicil was only left

To make the Will, of Friends bereft.

This sudden Shock all Parties drew.

Old Trusty Friends, and Treacherous New.

The Plague increafing, moft agreed,

To call in Galen, with all fpeed.

Big with large Hopes, they him Proclaim,

Moft fway'd by Love, the reft by Shame.

The Brunfwick Galen foon arrives;

His Prefence ftrait new Vigour gives;

The College then diforder'd lay,

What left? when Mad-Men bore the Sway.

This learn'd Phyfician, refolute,

To turn thefe Quacks, and Mad-Men out,

To cure ill Symptoms, and reftore

The Blood, drawn wantonly before.

Thefe Mad-Men mount the Stage again

And at approaching Health complain,

Trap-fick and Ferret lead the Van.

Till Pole-Cat Bungey's ftronger Breath,

Stinks Catchpoles and old Bawds to Death.

Go on, and obftinately try.

The Prefident's laft Clemency:

By Clamours think your felves fecure,

And Pardons by frefh Rage procure.

This Tryal paft, expect no more,

But lavifh Bleeding, and black Hellebore.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 28.

From Tuesday, Feb. 1. to Friday, Feb. 4. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I am confident you will all joyn with me in Applauding the Wit and Brightness of the *Fire-Men* and *Scaramouches*, so eminently display'd last *Saturday* at the *Theatre Royal*, in Presence of the Great *Augustus*, and his Illustrious Consort.

THEY are certainly the merriest Fellows in Nature; and can be very pleasant at what makes other People sad: Nay, whilst less Ridiculous Animals can find Entertainment only in sheer Wit, these will raise you a Horse-Laugh out of the dry Number of Forty-One.

THE Play of *Sir Courtly Nice* is in every Hand, and you are all familiar with the Dialogue between *Hot-Head* and *Testimony*, where the Government of Forty-one is said to be at the Door: These witty Knaves, it seems, had reserv'd their whole Stock of Applause for that facetious Conceit.

NOW it's possible you might not, under a Day's Meditation, find out the Jest, so in Order to make you full as Wise, but not quite so Arch as they, I will unfold the Mystery.

SINCE

SINCE these Wits have been dismiss'd from their Employment, as not qualify'd for the weighty Charge of attending the Constitutions of People, or, in short, any Affair of Moment; you must understand, they will have no Rule or Order observ'd, but destroy all *Regular Practice*, and endeavour to bring the Venerable *Censors* and *Regulars* into Contempt, by amusing the World with one of the best concerted Stories you ever heard of.

THE *Regular Physicians*, say they, are at this Time raising a prodigious Army, never to be number'd, and disposing them in the same Quarters as the fantastick Forces were in the *Rehearsal*: This being successfully atchiev'd, the *President* is to Head these Forces against himself, and turn himself out of the *College*, and so the *Regulars* are to bring Forty-One into Play again.

DON'T Smile at the Incongruity of this Story; you have believ'd more Ridiculous; and if you ever expect a better from a Brain-sick *Chymist*, I am strangely mistaken; but perhaps there might be another Reason assign'd for these *Fire-Men* raising such a Broad Laugh upon the mention of Forty One, which strictly comports with their Charity, and that is the Massacre of 200000 *Galenists* that Year.

BUT passing by the good Breeding of these merry People, and the Box to which the Laugh was devoted, I am strangely alarm'd at a Letter sent me from the *Theatre in Drury-Lane*, upon the Appearance of some *Scaramouches* in their Habits that Night, and keeping time to the Laugh of their Younger
 Brothers.

Brothers. Take it in *Puris Naturalibus*, — But you must suppose him in his *Bushins* when he writ it.

Most Sagacious Mezereon,

DEPENDING on your Generosity, and that Sympathetick Alliance between the Sons of *Paan*, but much more upon your Penetration, I send this to be satisfy'd by your *Second Sight*, how long we shall subsist in the Quality of *Actors*?

WE were, to our great Surprise, barbarously invaded last *Saturday* Night by a Sett of *Scaramouches*, who, as we conjecture, came to take our Parts out of our Hands, steal our Mannour, and not content with the Profits of their respective Stages, aim at *Pluralities* in ours.

I think, great Master of the Sciences, that the *Scaramouches* do not act upon the Square with us, in appearing so puklickly at our Representations, when I dare say, in *Verbo Mimi*, that not one of our Fraternity has been at any of their *Stage-Speeches* since they have a rriv'd to Years of Discretion.

REALLY, Doctor, as an Actor, I am mightily concern'd for the Scandal, so publick an Appearance of the *Scaramouches* will bring upon Morality.

PERHAPS this may raise a Smile in you, as stepping out of my proper Station, but I will maintain it *Inviolably*, that the Zeal we express in our several Parts against Vice, and coming up so near to Truth, surpasses all the cool Speeches of the *Scaramouches*,

‘ *ramousher*, render’d still more flat with an easy Look,
 ‘ and wandering Eye.

‘ I am sensible we have many of that Tribe every
 ‘ Night in Disguise, but these Fellows that defil’d
 ‘ the House on *Saturday* Night, came in their Sashes,
 ‘ as upon Duty, and of a right sizeable Stature, for
 ‘ Mischief: Every Man would have pass’d Muster.

‘ COMMEND me to a very wicked ingenious
 ‘ *Scaramouch*, who Translated *Ovid*’s luscious
 ‘ *Corinna*; he still maintain’d a decent Regard to the
 ‘ Clan he belong’d, and really, not exorbitantly Lewd,
 ‘ considering he was a *Scaramouch*.

‘ BEING importun’d to go to the *Play-House*
 ‘ one Night, he dress’d himself *a la Cavalier*, and
 ‘ really became the Dress, having a great deal more of
 ‘ Flesh than Spirit about him, but unluckily forgot to
 ‘ change his Hat.

‘ A N Arch Wag in the Rear of him, ‘spying
 ‘ the Sign of the *Rose and Crown*, whispers him
 ‘ in the Ear, *Doctor*, ‘Faith you are handsomely dis-
 ‘ guis’d, and I should not know you to be a *Scara-*
 ‘ mouch but by the large Cable in your Hat.

‘ THE Doctor, present to himself, took off his
 ‘ Hat with a good ranting Air, — P— of these
 ‘ *Scaramouches*, (says he) *one ought to be as can-*
 ‘ *tious of them, as of Pick-Pockets: I was in Com-*
 ‘ *pany last Night with a Covey of them, and they*
 ‘ *have been so kind to swap Hats with me. —*
 ‘ With that he canted the *Rose* upon the Stage in
 ‘ Disdain.

SIR,

‘ *SIR*, I must beg you to caution these dismal
 ‘ Fellows, against coveting our Perquisites ; and like-
 ‘ wise shew the Heinousness of interfering with our
 ‘ Practice, and drawing off the Spectators Eyes from
 ‘ us, to look at them.

‘ *IT* has been a popular Cry among the *Scara-*
 ‘ *mouches*, *That their Stage is in Danger* : I am
 ‘ satisfy’d our Stage at the *Play-House* will be in
 ‘ real Danger, if they are seen there any more, up-
 ‘ on a double Account, both to corrupt the Au-
 ‘ dience, and set the House on Fire.

‘ *I am Yours,*

Dignissime-Doctor,

In Sock, or Buskin,

MIMUS.

I Could not give an easy Credit to this Letter,
 upon many Accounts, therefore dispers’d one of my
Soaramouch-Catchers, who is a Person I employ to
 succour them, when they are reeling at Midnight,
 to the Rendezvouz near St. *Paul*’s, to learn the Truth
 of this Story, and, upon a nice *Scrutiny*, I found
 that a Covey of them had slipp’d their Collars on
Saturday-Night, without leaving Word at the Bar,
 at what Tavern they might be sent for in the last
 Article of Life.

BEING

BEING upon this *Topick*, I cannot forbear doing *Bungey* the Justice to say, he behav'd himself very well on the *Thirtieth* of the last Month : It seems there was a Person taking some short Notes of his *Stage-Speech*, from an Eminence : The Rabble smoaking the Design, Voted him to Martyrdom that very Minute they heard it : But *Bungey* took the Cause into his own Hand, and ask'd him, how he durst, with his unhallow'd Pen, copy the Words which drop'd from his Mouth : The Man, not wanting Presence of Mind, told him, *It was a Mistake ; for he was only sorting his Cards, which the foolish People took for a Paper-Book.* *Bungey*, upon that, generously acquitted him, and swore he was a true Son of the ———

The High-German Doctor. N^o 29.

From Friday, 1 Feb. 4. to Tuesday, Feb. 8. 1714.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Am credibly assur'd from those whom I depute to pry into the Infirmities of human Nature, and bring me an Account of the several Maladies of poor People, in order to their Relief, that many Inhabitants of both Sexes, in the Hundreds of *St. Andrew*, have gone a *Madding* ever since they heard *Bungey's* Stage-Speech on the *Thirtieth* of last Month.

THE

THE Men, abandoning their honest Vocations, are never at quiet; but run in Bodies from one Tavern to another, roaring, belching, fuming, stamping, and venting a sort of Gibberish, of, *Cloaks and Bands*. — *The old Game reviving*, — *Triumphant Round-Head*. — *Depress'd Cavalier*. Terms of no more Signification in our Climate, at this happy Juncture, than a Gipsy's Cant, or the *Hixins Daxius* of a *Moor-Fields* Conjuror.

THE Women, neglecting their chaste Occupations, have frisk'd about as if they had been stung by a *Gad Fly*, gossiping from one Tea-Table to another, beginning with a Game at *Romps*, then languishing over the pious Instructions of *Bungey*, whilst one fainting, wishes him in the midst of them *To be roasted* ? says a Second. *No, to be squeez'd and melted*, says a Third.

THESE have been joyn'd by a lower Form of Ladies, being the collective Scum of the *Seven Diab*, and *St. Drury*, who have been upon the *Flop* ever since that instructive Speech; and in humble *Juniper*, have chanted out the Praises of the pious *passive*, and self-denying *Bungey*.

I Protest to you, I never was more at a loss in the *Diagnostick* Part of my Profession; the Symptoms gave me a painful Research, as most of them do which are receiv'd by my She-Patients from the worshipful Doctor: There is, besides the proper Symptoms, a *Jewish* Rankness darts from every Part of them a Blast on every good Feature, communicated to them from the clammy Sweats of his Countenance,

tenance, besides a malignant Spot in Front, the peculiar Badge of his strowling Disciples.

BUT To return : After having paus'd awhile upon *Bungey's* Character, the Credulity and De-lusion of his Audience, and the restless Motions of the People affected, I fell directly upon the Distemper, and found it bore the nearest Resemblance to what the Learned call, *Chorea Sancti Viti*; or the Dance of *St. Vitus*.

THAT I may render my self intelligible to the weakest of my Patients, you must understand the Distemper which we call by the Name of, *The Dance of St. Vitus*, is a sort of Madness, formerly very familiar amongst a peculiar Sett of People, wherein the Persons affected, took no manner of Rest, but ran to and fro skipping, flouncing, and roaring to the last Gasps, if they were not forcibly prevented.

HORSTIUS, A celebrated Physician, reports, That he had personally conversed with some bigotted Women, and weak Men, who thronging with a blind Zeal to pay a Visit to the Chappel of *St. Vitus*, situated near the City of *Ulme*, in *Swedland*, have been seiz'd with such a violent Fit of frisking, dancing, and hooping Night and Day, attended with such a Frenzy of Mind, that they fall into ungovernable Transports, and are sensible of little or nothing for a Year together after it, till the next *May*, about which Time they perceive themselves tormented with such a Restlessness in their Limbs, that they repair to the same Place on *St. Vitus's* Day, to dance and frisk again.

SAINT

SAINT *Vitus*, you will readily imagine, was a Roman Saint, and therefore could not fail of having romantick Votaries; and it's a Moot Point whether you don't believe *Bungey* as great a Saint, and as good a Roman; if so, then you will not wonder at his Audience being as Frantick: And I think there will be no great Impropriety, when People run a hooping, frisking, and madding, on a solemn Day, with such immortal Gestures, to call it a frantick Distemper, and by the Name of *Bungey's Dance*.

IT must be own'd, to the immortal Credit of *Bungey*, that he has introduc'd more Instruments into his mad Dance, than were ever us'd in St. *Vitus's*; for he has added the sonorous Twang of the *Broom-Stick*, the sharp Key of the *Quarter-Staff*, with the wholesome Severities of knocking People down, and breaking Windows; together with the Decoration of a consecrated Drum, that beats to Arms in *passive Hands*, and a Fiddle, which plays that most excellent Tune of, *The King shall enjoy his own again*.

BUT Tho' *Bungey* is turn'd Dancing-Master, yet I am perswaded there are some Dances behind, which how apprehensive soever he may be of learning, yet is not at present acquainted with; one is, *Death's Dance*; and another, perhaps, he does not much care to learn, and that is, a Dance at the end of a Cart.

IT

IT Is fresh in your Memories, when that venerable and *regular Physician*, Dr. Johnson, was degraded, and forc'd to sustain the Discipline of that *Dance*, for opposing *Roman Errors*, and *French Operators*, in defence of Reform'd Practice, and true *English Liberty* : Then how can such an Impostor hope to escape, who is a Rebel upon *Record*, and daily multiplying his past Impieties against the *President* ?

NOW To be a little good Humour'd with harden'd *Bungey* at the close ; I do assure him, That the only Way to make a consummate *Scaramouch* is to learn this Dance : The *Riggle* of his Body, by that means, will become so pliant, that no Feat of Activity will come amiss to him ; and I am almost confident after that, he will *Tumble* as cleverly for our *President*, as he does now for *Young Jacob*.

BUT Then the *Grimace*, and transposing the Features, so necessary to a *Scaramouch*, will be so perfectly learn'd by the various Twistings and Tor-sion of the Muscles on that Occasion, that *Jeworn*, or *Nokes*, were they now alive, would envy him the several Dispositions of his Countenance.

The High-German Doctor. N° 30.

From Tuesday, Feb. 8. to Friday, Feb. 11. 1714.

Gentlemen, and Ladies,

TH O' I pay a becoming Deference to the *Physicians* of Great Britain, particularly to Brother Garth, whom I take to be Absolute in the Science of *Natural Philosophy*, *Philology*, and *Physick*, generally so call'd ; and tho' I pay a Thousand *Devoirs* to his *Canto's*, yet I am constrain'd to say, That so great a Genius should, by this Time, have brought the *Dispensary* under a better Regulation ; and not only oblig'd the *College* to have given us a true Representation of all the Disasters of this *Metropolis*, in their proper Characters, but likewise propos'd a *Scheme* for bringing in all the remote Diseases and Casualties to the Centre of *Warwick-Lane*.

A S The *Parish-Clerks* are impower'd to Print the *Casualties of the Week*, and those from the uncertain Opinions of the *Searchers*, it's impossible to distinguish betwixt a mellow *P-x*, and *Consumption*, the *Symptoms* being generally equal, and those weak People inclining to the most favourable Report.

T H I S Neglect I affirm to be of unhappy Consequence to many unwary People, who blinded with the

the tender *Remarks* upon that prevailing Distemper, are often led into Mistakes, and by the seeming Paucity of *Sufferers*, are induc'd to think they are beyond the Reach of any Malignity.

BUT to close this Remark, which regards the Constitutions of *Great Britain*, there are some other *Casualties* deplorable in their kind, which the *College* never think themselves concern'd in.

THE *Sufferings* of the late *Quacks*, are never taken notice of : Their *Disasters* and *Casualties* are pass'd by without an edifying Remark ; and tho' every honest *Briton* might take both Warning and Comfort from proper Animadversions on their present Agonies, yet no Man, as I see, will furnish us with the History.

IS It of no Importance to your Welfare, to be acquainted that honest *Harry Gambel* is in the List of *Invalids* ? Because you have fix'd an Opinion of his soft Courses in *Greenwich-Park*, you think such an impetuous Hunter is never to be mortify'd by a Leap.

TO His Shame be it spoken, he has been *Hunting*, whilst he should have been *Thinking* on his latter End ; and has gotten a plaguy Fall, with the Death of his *Courser*, by running Wild over People's *Corn* ; but Heav'n's be prais'd, not yet an untimely End : It had been happy for the Beast if it could have made the same Distinction as *Balaam's Ass*, considering it had as mad a Rider, and then the poor *Steed* might in all Probability have surviv'd his Master.

THERE

THERE are other *Casualties* the *Searchers* never take Notice of : *Cochineal*, the Picture of *Hermodastyl*, has lost the Benefit of a Return to the College of *Censors*, in the stanch and orthodox Town of *Radnor*.

P O O R *Hermodastyl*, whither wilt thou fly at last, when thy adopted Town affords no Refuge to thy forsaken Family ? When the very Corners of the Land, form'd to implicit Belief and Credulity, spaw out thy Offspring as contagious ?

H E R E Pity should take Place, if *English* Bowels could afford it, but thy *bleeding Country* refuses that Compassion which *Felons* could demand with greater Assurance.

B U T *Casualties* crowd thick upon us, and we are told from the District of *St. Ann's Westminster*, That Church was to be set on Fire. Poor Church ! Wilt thou never be out of Danger, either by Fire, or Perils amongst False Brothers ? An unhappy *Sho-Tender* of the Fire of the *Vestry*, willing to save the Ashes, had convey'd the Embers under the *Rostrum*, which having some Vent, sent out a *Smoke*. This alarm'd the *Scaramouch*, who instantly recollecting the *Screw-Plot* at *St. Paul's*, cry'd out, She was a *Galenist*, and had form'd a *Conspiracy* against his Holy Mother.

I Wish the poor Woman Luck upon this Adventure, and hope the Curse will be favourable : There is yet some room to hope she will escape with a moderate Penalty, because I hear that *Bungey* will not resign the Power of the *Brass-Keys* he, so impudently assum'd Four Years since.

STILL

STILL there are other *Casualties* attend the *Fire-Men* : Many incorrigible Rebels taken up for their Breach of Allegiance to the *PRESIDENT*, committed for poysoning the Constitution, and to be releas'd, upon Condition that by the Consent of Twelve honest Men they shall take an wholesome Airing between Heaven and Earth.

BUT There is one *Casualty* which has even pierc'd the Hearts of the *Scaramouches*, and their *Furnace-Breed*, viz. That their dear Friend, *Le Grand Petit*, has miscarry'd in his lavish Attempt upon *Great Britain*.

PITY ! Monstrous Pity ! that twenty Thousand *Packets*, cover'd with *Leaf-Gold*, and distributed thro' all the Counties of *England*, should not be able to prevail upon the honest and antient Temper of the Inhabitants, to make themselves a Province of *France*, or wear wooden *Shoes*, and a Peck of *strung Beads*.

I Am pleas'd, my dear *Britons*, upon your Recovery. I rejoyce to think you have so carefully examin'd *Bungey's* pernicious *Eye-Water*, and are at last convinc'd that so much out of his *Urinal* would have prov'd as good.

THE Reproach inconsiderately fix'd upon your Country, is going to be wip'd off : The Stains of a *contemptible Fashion*, will soon be wash'd out : *Rome* and *Great Britain* must be at eternal *Variance* : The pitiful Shifts and Subterfuges of Traytors will be speedily unravel'd : The last Efforts of a dying *French*, and *Popish* Party, will sink under

der the aspiring Genius of Liberty ; and *Jacob* must and shall give Way to the commanding Arm and Soul of the Illustrious *GEORGE*, whom Heavens long preserve.

I Had almost forgot one *Casualty* of the last Week, for which I ought, in Manners, to ask *Hermodactyl's* Pardon. —

THIS Good Man being retir'd from the Inclemency of St. *James's* Air, having made his Will, and commended his Body to the Chappel in the Tower, has, in order to his Interment, left a *Diamond Star* in a *Jeweller's* Hands near *Tork* Buildings, to be dispos'd of. He would willingly receive the Value in *Louis D'Ors*, being the Coin of the Country from whence the *Star* came.

The High-German Doctor. N° 31.

From Friday, Feb. 11. to Tuesday, Feb. 15. 1715.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

AS my Personal Charity extends it self to every Individual of *Great Britain*, so I make it my Business to search all the Infirmities about Town, to know what are the prevailing Distempers of this Climate; and so long as I find them come under the proper Demands of my Profession, I give a suitable Attendance, and tender Advice.

BUT I must own ingenuously, that I have been desperately perplex'd alate about some Symptoms, till, upon a mature Reflection, I found there could be no Physical Causes assign'd for them. I have observ'd a violent Ferment in the Blood for some Time, a great disorder in the Spirits, an unusual *Flatus*, and *Hyp*, upon every wholesome Order that has been issued out from the Great *President*, and his Venerable *Consors*; and upon the whole, I take the Disease to be entirely Political.

HERE my Charity ceases; and my Duty to the *President*, and the Common-wealth of Physick, obliges me to restrain that Tendernefs I exercise upon other Occasions, and apply *Corrosives* instead of *Qualifying Medicines*.

I was in hopes that after so many impotent Struggles made for the Recovery of that little Ape of Royalty at *Bar-le-duc*, the *Scaramouches* would have acquiesc'd, and comforted themselves with a *formal Perjury*, considering their Aims are generally pretty Secure, and their Heaven Centres in a good Benefice.

A M I D S T the just Indignation I am fir'd with, at their insolent Attempts, I cannot forbear inclining to Pity, or rather Contempt, by Intervals, to see a barefac'd Rebellion carry'd on by these very Miscreants, who have Sworn, Subscrib'd, Abjur'd, nay, Sworn afresh to maintain the Honour and Dignity of Great G E O R G E's Chair.

B U T that you may not think this a fiery Declaration, I shall open my Packet, and give you such an astonishing Instance of their Folly and Impudence, and withal acquaint you with such a comical Revenge upon themselves, that will raise both Horror and Smiles alternatively in the Face of my Audience.

T H E Letter comes from *Kent*, subscrib'd by vast Numbers of True *Britons*; and that I may not detract from the Spirit and Humour of it, take the Contents in its primitive Dress.

Maidston.

Faithful Mezereon,

T H E Victory we have gain'd last Week, over the *Roman Quacks* in this rich and plentiful Country, is not to be pass'd by without a solemn Thanksgiving to that good Providence which inspir'd both

both Hearts and Tongues with a becoming Zeal at this critical Juncture.

Y O U, by your deep Penetration, know we never could wander judicially from the true Interest of the *British College*; and you must likewise know, that we could not have been so blind to our Interest the last Four Years, unless the Poyson sent us from St. *James's* had stupify'd all our Senses.

J U S T upon our Recovery, when we were almost assur'd, that all Degrees of Practitioners would have contributed their warmest Endeavours towards the Election of true *Protestant Censors*, we found our selves, not to our great Surprise, interrupted by the malignant Opposition of the *Scaramouches*.

I T would be too great a *Waste* of your Minutes to dwell upon the Rancour and Malice of their Plot, that lying so open to your View; but the part they Acted was one of the merriest *Farces* of this Age, and exceeds even the *Cheats* of *Scapin*.

T H I S, you must imagine, was the last Effort of the *Roman College*, upon which account, all the Pope's *Houshold Troops* of several Sizes, were kept in Discipline by General *Belphegor* of *Deptford*, for some Months past, and order'd to their *Rendezvous* on the day of Election.

T H E S E *Scaramouches* being under some Apprehensions of a Defeat, and trusting to the Credulity of the Rabble in their last Extremities, had prepar'd a *Puppet*, in case of need, to Play with *Holy Wires*, which they Christen'd by the formidable Name of *Church*.

T H I S was made out of the Fragments of six

Band-Boxes, which they collected together from the Contribution of some piously-dispos'd *Sempstresses*; and out of these they vamp'd up something in the Shape of a *Steeple*, a *Body*, and a *Chancel*.

THE Day being come, and all things prepar'd for the *Cavalcade*, *Belphegor* marshal'd his Men: The *Junior Scaramouch* had the Care of the *Passe-board Puppet* assign'd him, which was tack'd carelessly down to a Velvet Cushion, and contriv'd to Nod and Totter in the March, that it might seem to be in Danger.

UPON every Sally the *Passe-board Machine* made, the *Scaramouches*, who had their *Cue* given them before, broke their Ranks, and roar'd out, *The Church was in Danger*.

BELPHEGOR, upon the *Warning-Piece*, fir'd from the *Scaramouches*, acted the part of a vigilant *Aid du Camp*, and travers'd the Field with a great deal of false Spirit; and tho' he labour'd under a *Palfie* in his Tongue sometime since, yet he could bawl when his *Mother* was in no Danger.

THIS Frenzy, you will readily conceive, gave a general Alarm to the whole Body, and made every one curious to examine the Reasons of this Commotion; when one more inquisitive than ordinary, coming up to the *Pontificalia* which the *Scaramouch* carry'd, was rudely driven off, being told it was their *Ark*; the honest Yeoman was not at a loss for a Reply, and told him, *If it was the Ark, he wondred that such a prophane Fellow, as he was, dare touch it*.

THIS slight Rencounter drew more into the Quarrel

Quarrel, and had lik'd to have rais'd as great a Commotion as the *Lutrin* of *Boileau*; when an acute Rogue of a *Player*, who was throughly acquainted with the *Secret of Wires* and *Puppets* of all kinds, stepp'd up to the *Scaramouch*, and ask'd him, *What Machine that was which he carry'd before him? Machine! You prophane Dog, it's the Church. I ask your Pardon, good Doctor, says he, it may be so; I have seen the Sign of the Castle and Elephant, and by the same Reason there may be a Church on Horseback.*

IMPERTINENT Queries, you must think now thicken'd upon the Young Doctor, when a dry Farmer advanc'd to him with this Question, *If you Signier Scaramouch, have an Establish'd Church, how comes it to be a Marching Church? Pyatt, says a second, I believe he is a Jesuit, and is carrying the Host in Procession.*

A T this the Multitude took Fire, and demolishing the *Paste-board Church*, they found some *Wafers* in the bottom of it, and a String of *Beads*, at which the *Scaramouch* scow'd off with his *Black Fraternity*, and left their poor Mother in the Lurch.

The High-German Doctor. N° 30.

From Tuesday, Feb. 15. to Friday, Feb. 19. 1715.

Gentlemen; and Ladies,

TH O' the Publication, or Non-Publication of these *Weekly Bills*, is the undoubted Prerogative of *Mexerpon*, yet such is the Confidence I have in my Audience, that I make no Scruple of acquainting them with the Reasons of Yesterday's Neglect; and I am perswaded they will readily forgive the Omission, when I tell them that the Accounts I receiv'd from my *Present* Patients in *Worcestershire*, of the late irregular Proceedings of the *Quacks* against a true *British* *Valenical* *Censor*, and an Orator of the first Rank; have been superseded by another Hand, so that the Illustrations from my Pen would be little more than *Actum agere*.

BUT I cannot remove my Finger from this flagrant Insolence, without calling loud for the Indignation of all true *Britons* against a noble *Censor*, for permitting a Creature in the sworn Interest of Young *Jacob*, to lead 800 Men into the Field, whilst this hopeful Leader, upon a Demand, refus'd the *Abjuration Oath*.

NEITHER can I pass by the Insolence of those

Four

Four *Roman Doctors*, who came together in a Coach to the Poll, in open Violation of the Laws of the *British College*: I have hitherto restrain'd my Pen and Tongue from Oppressing any Man of a different Opinion, who is willing to be quiet, and pay Obedience to the Great *President's* Authority; but if these shaven Crowns appear so publickly, for the future, in any Affairs relating to *British Practice*, I shall forthwith publish the Expediency of putting them to the *Swedish Circumcision*, and prefer it to the *College of Censors*.

PERHAPS, in some Time, my Familiar may acquaint me by whose Authority they appear'd in so daring a manner; I have them partly in my Eye already, and it's Forty to One if I don't find them at last amongst the Domesticks of a Great Man; or a Foreign Lady, which will be very consistent with another Part those two Great Persons act daily behind the Curtain.

BUT the united Force of *Hell* and *Rome*, joyn'd with the motley Spawn of the *Scaramouches*, will never be able to bend *Great Britain* to Servitude, or make her pass by her faithful Sons, and intrepid Patriots; she remembers how bravely they rescu'd her, when the last Operation was going to be made upon her Vitals seven Months ago, and proves her Gratitude by the daily Choice she makes of *Protestant Censors*.

THE Days of these rebellious *Quacks* decline apace: Nature is in a manner spent, and their Convulsions are not near so strong upon them as at *Bristol*, *Coventry*, *Chichester*, &c. tho' I cannot say they are

G. 2.

are

are much resign'd: But they are oblig'd to dissemble it handsomely.

THEIR fierce Opposition to the *Regular Prescriptions* of the *College*; their repeated Insults offer'd to the Chair, nay even Threatning the Person of the Great *President*, have at last awaken'd the most stupid *Briton*, and fill'd each Loyal Heart with a just Abhorrence of their impious *Practices*.

YE T, after all these Outrages, you are to believe them *Peaceable* after all their Acts of Hostility, *Passively Obedient*: Nay, after such a notorious Burlesque put upon the *Venerable Church*, in making a *Puppet-show* of it at the *Kentish Election of Censors*, you are, if you please, to Rank them amongst the Best of Christians, and the most strenuous Defenders of it.

WHEN I run over the various Stratagems these *Roman Quacks* have made use of, for the support of their *Stage* in the last Elections of *Censors*, I am forc'd to applaud their Invention, tho' I do not rightly like the Disposition of the Parts.

HOW weak were the Antients in their Contrivances, in having recourse only to Prayers and Tears when the *College* was in Danger? Our modern *Roman Scaramouches* despising these old unfashionable Weapons, have found a thousand merry Ways to Succour their *Stage*, which they impudently call by the Name of *Church*; as demolishing a Man, or an House, Roaring Damning and Burning, another pretty Stratagem, lately practis'd on the Sheriff of *Leicester-shire*.

THEN for raising the Passions, and moving Pity in

in the Rabble, they can vamp you up a *Paste-board Church*, which carries many significant Emblems about it of *Holy Mother's Danger*.

THEY generally judge at the Purity of their *Church*, or *Stage*, by the Number of Packers taken off from their Hands; guess at the Strength and Flourishing Condition of their *Stage*, by a Match at Foot-ball, as well as examining of Principles; Bait a Bull or a Bear, for the Honour and Dignity of it; and Declaim, in a wooden Conveniency, a full Hour for a black Beaver and Rose, to show the Power and Efficacy of their *Stage-Camp*.

NOW, for the more certain and indubitate Marks of their *Stage Patrons* in the late Elections, they have perch'd a Brace of Owls upon two Banners, to march just before the worshipful Candidates; witness that memorable Contrivance at *Leicester*, for which some quiet and reserv'd Gentlemen may ere long with themselves in an Ivy-Bush.

BUT setting aside the heroick Exploits, and Chivalry of these *Stage-Adventures*, commend me to my trusty and loving Friend *Hermodactyl* for a Stratagem. You all thought he was wandering like *Cain* about the Earth; but my Familiar has trac'd him at *Bishop's Castle* in *Shropshire*, and brought me two Original Letters of his curious Pen.

HERMODACTYL designing his Son *Cochin* for a Candidate of that Town, recommends him to both sides, by two Letters; one directed to a leading *Scaramouch* of the Town, the other to a Brother of the Order of *Short-Cloaks*.

THE

That to the *Scaramouch* runs thus.

Most Venerable Doctor,

I Am under no manner of Doubt of your Interest for my Son *Cochineal*, in such a trying Con- juncture, when all the *Regulars* are bending their utmost Force against the *Roman College*: My in- violable Attach to that Interest cannot be disputed, after such an ardent Zeal shew'd for the Promoti- on of *Frank Scammony*, and paving the Way for Young *Jacob*. You plainly see the Fence is break- ing down, at which Gap all the Dissenters from our Practice, are crowding in. The Dangers, I assure you, are no longer Visionary, I having a better Light into these Affairs, by the Intercourse which is maintain'd between some Branches of my Family, and these execrable and encroaching Monsters. Take this from a sincere Friend, and make a right use of it,

Yours,

Hermodastyl.

The

The other to Dr. Buckram runs thus.

Dear Brother in the Lord,

RECIVE a Backslider: Open your Arms to a self-accusing Penitent, who, in the Outward-Man, has stray'd for some time from the Congregation of the Faithful, but in the Inward-Man, was always with you. Oh! did you but know the Conflicts I suffer'd when I was forc'd to go In and Out with the Sons of Babel, the Children of the Scarlet-Whore; How I loath'd the Cup of Abomination in private, you would rejoice that I keep such a Sin-free Conscience in the Tents of Wickedness. Oh! That Nation Saving Day, the first of August, the bitter Bill had soon been the Portion of us Elect. But let us not now lye down in Carnal Security; for the Scaramouches have now'd our Destruction. To avert this Evil, as much as in me lyes, I recommend Cochineal to the Congregation of Saints; for their Vote. Put on the whole Armour of Assurance; our Cause is the Lord's, and must prevail.

Yours,

Hermodactyl.

A Plot you see hopefully laid, but Murder will out; both the Letters happen'd to be produc'd on the Day of Election, when both Sides deserted poor Cochineal, and left him an Independent.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 33

From Saturday, Feb. 19. to Tuesday, Feb. 22. 1799.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THERE is not a common Juggler in *Great Britain*, but has more Honour, Integrity, and good Manners than a modern *Scaramouch*: Grant a Juggler the Privilege of Talking in his proper Cant, and Bubbling you out of a few Pence, he'll fairly confess to you afterwards, that there was nothing extraordinary in all his Performances, but entirely owing to slight of Hand, and a graceful Dexterity.

HE never reflects upon his Superiors; never arraigns the wise Dispensations of the *College*, or disputes the rightful and lawful Title of the *Great President*: He knows all these Matters are above his Reach and Capacity, and therefore treats them, as holy Things with Awe and Reverence.

BUT these pretty sufficient Gentlemen in Hanging-Sleeves, who know less of these high Concerns than a common Juggler, will ever be stepping out of the beaten Tracks of *Aristotle*, or *Cartesius*, and be importunately busy with the Professors of this World, and their learned Schemes, when all their Pedantry serves

serves only to prove themselves *Asses* of an erect Figure.

STILL what's most provoking to Men of Arts, is, that these *Saramouches*, who are paid large Wages for a Cast of their Office once a Week, and that generally stolen out of the Remains of the Venerable *Tillotson* and *Barrow*, cannot sit down quietly, and own themselves *Plagiaries*, but must run in full Cry against the Authority of the *College*, and melt the Great *President's* Title down to their own fantastick Humour.

I have waited some Time, in hopes the Ferment would have abated, and that every pragmatistical Fop, touch'd with a suitable Remorse, would have awaken'd to a Sense of *Allegiance*; but Silence I find, like Impunity, hardening them in their Errors, I am oblig'd in Duty to the Great *President*, to publish the Memoirs of their Insolence.

THESE Miscreants, perhaps, will not thank me for my Tenderness in conniving at their Faults so long: I can't say my Pity for them is so strong as their Wishes for Young *Jacob*, but full as much as they deserve: I'll swear, when all is said and done, the Disappointment was insupportable, when every Thing was put into so good a Posture, and the Scheme ripe for Execution: Therefore it becomes Men in our Physical Capacity to be very Cautious of giving any violent Shock to such tender Complexions, or Weaning them on a Surprise from a favourite Passion.

BUT that Compassion being frustrated by the daring Impudence of these *Roman Quacks*, I think it full

full Time to unseal my Packet, and let their creditous Admirers see, that all their pretended Devotion to the President *George*, is no more than a saving Regard to their Benefices, and their cordial Wishes are directed to Dr. *Pope*, and his Cub the *Pretender*.

WHEN you have seriously reflected upon the manner of these *Black Sycophants* praying for the undoubted Title of our *Present Deliverer*, I shall be dispens'd with from urging their defect of Duty home upon your Passions, and you must rise with a true *British* Zeal to the Condemnation of these Rebels.

THE first Traitor which presents himself to my View, is a well-flesh'd Lubber from *Dublin*, who contents himself with Praying for the *Great President*, as by Order.

I take this Fellow to be a fair well-condition'd Rebel: He does as good as tell you, that he is neither Sway'd by Religion, Duty, Inclination, Oaths, or Vows to own him, but as he is Commanded from an Order of the *College-Board*: Come, *Gentlemen and Ladies*, this *Juggler* is not much to be blam'd, considering how he has been Train'd, and you see he does as he is bid against his Conscience: As he professes himself a meer Piece of Mechanism, I dare assure you his Allegiance will never be confin'd to a single Person, but would as frankly Pray for his *Holy Father at Rome*, *Young Jacob*, or *Bel* and the *Dragon*: It's pity the Creature was educated to speak, his Genius seeming more adapted to that of a *Spaniel*; to fetch and carry according to Order.

ANOTHER Queer Fellow of a *Scaramouch*
Mounts

Mounts, and from the drisly Exhalations of a muddy Brain, Prays for the *Great President* by Appointment.

THIS is an arch Species of Knaves, but few having the Key to this manner of Praying, the *Scaramouches* often lose the Hum of the Audience: But that the People may be thoroughly edify'd, your *Stage Sweepers, Anglice, call'd Clerks and Pew-Keepers*, are to tell the Persons aside, by appointment, That the *President* has no other Right, but from an Act of the *College*, and that *Jacob* of *Bar-le duc* has the Hereditary and Divine Right to the *Chair*.

BUT these Absurdities you readily swallow from the *Stage*, under the Guard of Sixteen Ells of *Black Cloath*, and a *Rose in Crown*, without so much Morality as to make them capable of a *British* Protection.

AFTER these despicable Wretches have prated their doubtful Treason to you, and mounted at Second-Hand, shall I tell you what provokes the whole Body of *Scaramouches* to mince the present Great President *George's* Title, even because he has rescu'd the *Practice* of *Europe* out of the Hands of the *Roman College*, and because it was the Voice of God which plac'd him in the *Chair*.

BUT to return;

A *Scrub* of the same restless Tribe, who mounts a *Stage* every *Seventh Day*, near the End of *Fenchurch-Street*, and would be Proud of being Dignify'd even by a scandalous Mention of such an obscure Name, prays for the *Great President* by God's Permission.

HAPPY

H A P P Y Chance for Thee, thou Proverb of Insensibility, that thou hast no Lands or Tenements to beg, and that no Justice will reach thee, but thy own Dulness, and Permission. Wretch ! dost thou not know, that *Plagues, Pestilence, and Famine*, come also by *Divine Permission* ? Dost thou not know, that even thy tatter'd Robe upon thy Back, thy Plunder of Sweet-meats at Gossippings, and [the Bread thou eatest, is by Permission ? For, by thy Ignorance and Impudence, thou art a certain Judgment, and only by Permission plac'd to annoy the Neighbourhood.

S H O U L D S T not thou rather, with open Heart and Tongue, proclaim the invaluable Blessings we enjoy, under the most rightful and lawful President *George*, given to the College at this juncture by a most remarkable Providence.

Y O U are bid by others of the same hopeful Fraternity, to Pray for our Sovereign President *George* ; whilst they, good Men, leave the Drudgery upon your Hands, and are no ways concern'd in the Action.

I am pretty charitably inclin'd to these Fellows, because I believe they seldom offend God or Man by Prayer, and since they never Pray for themselves, some Compassion may be allow'd for their Omissions to the *President*.

T H E R E is one Animal more upon my Hand, which prays for the Majesty of *George* : He is a little unintelligible at present, I own, but I am in hopes he will prove a good Man at last, for he that acknowledges

edges the Majesty of *George*, will in Time come to
 ere the Sacred Person of the Great *President*.

THESE Affronts to the Chair you must expect
 to find amongst the *Bungeys* of *Holbourn*, the *Wit-
 als* of *White-Chappel*, the *Causticks* of *St. Ethel-
 urgh*, and their tatter'd Fry, who are forc'd to roar
 y the Hour against the *President* for an Attorney's
 fees.

I shall reserve the Flaming *Scaramouch* of *St.
 Kit's* for the next.

The High-German Doctor. N° 34.

From Tuesday, Feb. 22. to Friday, Feb. 28. 1715.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

IT grieves me that I am constrain'd to say the
 Venerable *Regulars* in *Black* do not exert them-
 selves with that noble Zeal and Ardour which the
 Justice of the Great *President's* Cause demands from
 them, whilst the *Roman Quacks* and *Scaramouches*,
 who are priviledg'd by the Lenity of the Government
 to mount Weekly, are engaging like the Fallen Spi-
 rits in *Milton*, with a Resolution borrow'd from
 Despair, against the visible Decrees of Heaven, and
 those of his Vicegerent, and seem resolv'd either
 to conquer or perish in the Attempt.

IF so many Falshoods and Legends of the first
 Magnitude, and those scarce Artfully work'd up,
 have

have gone so far towards Poysoning the Constitution, what Restoratives might not be expected from Truth generously display'd and plac'd in a due Light?

FORGIVE me, ye Venerable *Regulars*, if I presume to ripen your good Wishes for the Great *President* to an Alacrity, and forward your Zeal in the Service.

IT is not sufficient that we have Triumph'd over the barbarous Attempts and Inhumanity of the *Roman College*, and their Adherents, who had laid the Train to blow up the *British Constitution*, unless we are Vigilant; always upon our Guard, meeting them in the *Sap*; and Countermining them.

THO' we have Foolish Enemies to deal with, yet they are Busy and Desperate: Confederates in Mischief, being generally more Enterprizing than those who Unite for the Good of Mankind: But now is our Time to illustrate the noble Cause we are engag'd in, by our Vivacity, and keep no longer upon the *Defensive*.

SINCE the incontinent Tongues of the *Scaramouches* are Weekly dribbling out Treason: Dribbling, did I say? Forgive me, ye Powers, running virulently against the Title of the Great *President*; can any *Briton* be Silent? Are the *Regulars* of the *College* asleep? Or do they Slumber under the Contagion?

ALL the Difference that I know of betwixt these impious Practices of the *Scaramouches*, and an open Rebellion, is, that they are raising Forces Hourly, without Beat of Drum, whereas the bare-

fac'd

ic'd Rebel is a little more Noisy ; but I question whether this silent Way of Lifting, be not the most Pernicious of the two ?

DON'T think to Charm Desperadoes by the Note of *Moderation* : They are deaf to Reason, deaf to Mercy ; and Reproach you for making use of that detested Name : It's your Impotence and Fear, when you pass by their Crimes with Impunity ; and since they have made such Offal of that Term, it is not consistent with the Grandeur of the *Regulars* to take up their Leavings.

THE ill Use these Malefactors made of the Liberty of the Great President *William*, I hope will be a stinging *Memento* to all succeeding *Presidents*, never to show so much as a gracious Brow to them : They are incapable of Favours, and eat thro' the Breast of those that nourish them.

THE Watch-Word amongst these Rebels some Months before the Death of *Fontanelle*, you all remember, was, *That no Quarter should be given to the present Loyalists* : This was the Language of that grave and sedate Operator *Gambol*, and all his reverend *Apes*.

IN the Detail of this blessed Tribe, should I omit bringing that infamous *Scaramouch* of St. *Kit's* upon the Stage, I might expect the Judgment of being struck dumb for the Neglect,

IT would be loss of Time to prepare your Minds for Resentment : The naked Repetition will put all the Faculties of the Soul into a Commotion, and quicken the most lazy Pulse.

EVEN *Bungey*, the common Pest-House of Great Britain

Britain, seems to fall a Scale lower in his Filth and Detraction than this vile Impostor: I shall forthwith open the Scene, and turn him loose to your Indignation.

YOU may, if you please, allow something to his Weakness and Education, he being an *Essex Calf* and the *Chalk-Stone* just taken from his Mouth.

THIS heavy, *Belly-God-Scaramouch*, it seems mounted a *Stage* near the *Temple Cloysters* last Week, by what Fate, or whose Appointment, not known as yet. This Fellow affecting Archness, and having seen many Ironical Title put to some modern Books, resolv'd to pitch on a Topick importing Reverence and strict Obedience to *Presidents*, and all in Authority under them in the *College*, from whence he took Occasion to make one of the most malicious and slovenly Invectives against the Great *President GEORGE*, and his glorious Administration, that ever was deliver'd from a *Roman Stage*.

AS Consecrated Villany is always the fiercest, so it must be presum'd that he receiv'd his Bull of Curses from *Rome* the Night before he mounted. The Wretch having been very familiar with the Character of the late profligate and broken *Quacks*, robb'd them of their dear Attributes, and charg'd them upon the present Venerable Censors, which, by the by, was a sort of Felony, and no room left to come off but by *Benefit of the Clergy*.

THOU Eldest Son of Blunder and Impropriety, to Charge the present Body of *Protestant Censors* with being Patrons of *Resistance*, when the Great *President*

President owes his Establishment in the Chair to their Vigilance and Courage.

THUS Defeated and disappointed of their wish'd for *Roman Slavery*, this *Doughty Quack*, with his Rabble of *Searamouches*, roar and bellow with hoarse Throats and scorch'd Tongues set on Fire by Hell.

BUT now the Scene enlarges, Revenge, Blood, and Poyson unite, and after the false Fire spent upon the great Supporters of the *Sacred Chair*, this *Prophane Dolittle* approaches the *Ark*.

' **THE** *President*, says he, may have Vertues, but that he was an entire Stranger to them.

YES, thou *Black Monster*, the *Great President* has Vertues, and such as thou art no Stranger to: That thou art at this present Hour out of *Newgate*, or a Beadle's Hands, is a Demonstration of one Vertue, and that is his *Godlike Clemency*: By this Vertue thou breathest free Air, and enjoyest Sun-shine, after thy virulent and foul-mouth'd Treason.

IN vain you strive to accumulate the scatter'd Vertues of his Predecessors, to lessen his full Globe of Glory: In vain you direct all your bloated Poyson against his Honour and Dignity, by giving fulsome Eulogies to those whose Judgments never reach'd above a Distaff or a Spindle: The *Great President* stands involv'd in his own Vertue, supported by the Flower of all Arts and Sciences, and all Hearts, like the Divining Rod, bending to him as the richest Treasure of *Great Britain*.

The

The High-German-Doctor. N^o. 35.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Am wonderfully pleas'd with the Dismission of the Four *Scaramouches* which belong to the *Roman College*, and who were crowded into a Monthly Attendance, on the sacred Chair, by the vicious Disposition of the late Times, and the sanguine Hopes those leading Paricides entertain'd of placing *Young Jacob* at the Head of the *College*.

T H O' the sneaking Injuries, and open Malice of these profligate and superficial Tools, can never hurt the Constitution ; or their Spleen and Disaffection give the least Uneasiness to the *Great President* ; yet they ought to be branded by every *Regular* of *Great Britain*, and Justice demands there should be some Instances of Displeasure shewn them, that the venerable *Regulars* may be render'd more contented in their Minds, and encourag'd to go on more zealously by the distinguishing Favours lodg'd on their Side.

FOUR

FOUR Of these empty *Scaramouches* bled together, would scarce make a compleat *Andrew* for a *Jesuit*: The bare Gleanings of a School, improv'd by the humming *Stingo* of their dear *Alma Mater*, only fit them for common *Jack Puddings* upon a *Stage*, whilst the Cry of *Danger* thro' every Quarter of the Town, is made use of only as a Blind to their Ignorance and Immoralities.

BUT this Dismission from Attendance, tho' answerable to the Clemency of the Great *President*, is no ways adequate to their Crimes, but puts a fair Opportunity into the Hands of a certain Doctor at *Fulham*, to repair his wasted Honour at the expence of those under his Jurisdiction, and who have so prodigally dar'd it.

BY This Time I expected to have heard that *One*, who had not entirely clear'd himself of the Errors charg'd upon his Prescriptions at *Utrecht*, should have come in briskly to this Occasion, and cited these Delinquents before him, to have known by what Authority, either *French* or *Roman*, they presum'd to treat the sacred Person of the *President* with such Irreverence.

IT lies before him, and his Indolence allarms all true Protestant *Britons*: It looks with an Eye of Favour towards *Rome*; and as if he suffer'd the Mock-Independency of these *Scaramouches*, in opposition to the sovereign Authority of the *British Chair*.

H

MUST

M U S T the Honour and Dignity of the College be prostituted at every Turn, to the peevish Revenge of a low-bred *Scaramouch* with Impunity? Lye waste, ye wholesome Laws and Edicts, and may the antient Glory of this Island submit for ever to *Dangling-Sleeves*, and *Haughty Crests*, if the succeeding *Censors* do not rebate the Malignity of their Tongues.

E V E N *Fontanelle*, the good, the gracious, and indulgent Nurse of this restless Tribe, could not escape the Poyson of their Tongues, and their diffusive Gall: *Frank Scammony* will ever be upon Record, not only for opposing the Authority of Great *WILLIAM*, but likewise *Fontanelle*, in One Thousand Seven Hundred and Seven, when his Rage, and those of his black Auxiliaries, carry'd them so far beyond the Bounds of Discretion, that they renounc'd all Obedience to the most venerable *Censor* of *Lambeth*, and the rest of his Dignify'd Brethren, and turn'd perfect Independents in a Convocation of the *Regulars* of the *Long Robe*.

B U T Their Opposition to Superiors of all Kinds, except those of their own Appointment, is but one Branch of the loud Charge against them.

A *President* that studies to gratify them, must turn Slave, divest himself of his Grandeur, and render himself odious to the People: He must humour them in all their fantastick Schemes; indulge their Thirst of Blood, Revenge, and Rapine, to keep them pleas'd; and himself pay Homage to them in his Turn, to make them Governable.

THIS

THIS Is not the single Stain upon their Characters ; the forward Advances they have made towards the Grand *Scaramouch* at *Rome*, and their bigotted Regard to the Prescriptions of the *Roman College*, must Arm all *Protestant* Practitioners against them.

THE artful Repetition of *Holy Mother*, on all Occasions, looks suspicious and sounds harsh under the *Reformation* of 160 Years Practice ; but *Holy Mother*, in their Sense, will ever be interpreted by the *Regulars*, to mean a *Bastard*, begotten by Dr. *Pope* upon some *Succubus*.

THE absolute Power of keeping a poor, pennyless Patient out of *Elysium*, and sending him to the Lake *Avernus*, by the *Hocus Pocus* of an old rusty *Key*, is another merry Article by which the *Scaramouches* have render'd themselves dear to all *Reform'd Practitioners*.

THERE is still a curious Piece of Art behind, which must ever immortalize *Don Strombato* of *Bettelbanger*, and that is, the comical Injunction of Whispering into a *Quack's* Ear, all the Frailties, Errors, and Irregularities of *Practice*, committed thro' the whole Course of one's Life.

I Shall not give you my own Animadversions upon the Usefulness of this Doctrine, but oblige you with a very pleasant Account of that pious Doctor's Application of this wholesome Prescription.

TAKE It in the genuine Language of my Familiar.

‘ I T Can be no Secret to you, Sage *Mazereon*,
 ‘ that in Days of Yore, the Grand *Scaramouch*
 ‘ of the, *Roman* College, set up a Whispering Of-
 ‘ fice for the *Fanciful* and *Foolish*, after this man-
 ‘ ner :

‘ THE Mouth of the Patient was closely ap-
 ‘ ply’d to the Ear of a very grave and philoso-
 ‘ phical Ass, and there having vented all his Com-
 ‘ plaints, the Ass bray’d, and the Patient went a-
 ‘ way satisfy’d.

‘ DOCTOR *Strombolo*, willing to restore this
 ‘ antiquated Practice to *Great Britain*, introduc’d
 ‘ it lately into *Betteshanger* ; but his Asses Ears seem
 ‘ to be of a different Formation from the grand
 ‘ *Scaramouches* Intention, and reverberate Sounds
 ‘ that are sent into them, which was never permit-
 ‘ ted to the *Roman* Operators ; and so these Ears
 ‘ are become an Office of Intelligence.

‘ HAPPY had it been for poor *Strombolo*, if
 ‘ his Ears, (*videlicet*, Asses) could have been of
 ‘ the same retentive Make : The Doctor, it seems,
 ‘ having given out large Encomiums of this com-
 ‘ posing Medicine, a young Wench in the Village,
 ‘ having committed an amorous Trespas with a
 ‘ Swain in the Neighbourhood, and puff’d up there-
 with,

with beyond Concealment, applies to the Doctor's Ears for Relief of Mind, in full Confidence the Secret would pass no further.

' THE Female convey'd her Story into the Doctor's Chink ; the Doctor convey'd it into another Chink, which he Nightly frequents ; that Chink convey'd it thro' a Thousand more, till the Report was in every Mouth.

' THE Swain, who had co-operated with this Female, perceiving the Sound strengthening Daily, vow'd to pull down the Office, and castrate the Doctor.

' STROMBOLO, dreading a Punishment so abominated by the *Scaramouches*, instantly withdrew from that Place to this *Metropolis*, and has brought his Asses Ears with him.

' Yours,

R. Z.

The High-German Doctor. N^o 36.

From Tuesday, March 1. to Friday, March 4. 1715.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

DEpending much on the Weight of that Correspondence I maintain by Letter in all Parts of the World, and likewise the Domestick Questions, which are remitted to me Weekly in the ordinary Course of Practice, I was in hopes of entertaining my Audience this Day with something memorable in its kind; but after a curious Research, I found little or nothing in the latter Packet, except the usual Complaints of *Love-Sick Maids*, and *Ardent Swains* Querying me, with a very pathetick Wildness, when, their happy Turn should come, since Nature had instructed all the Feather'd Race to make their Choice last *Valentine's Day*; since the forward *Buds* amongst the Vegetables swell'd on every Branch with prolific Juice; in fine; since the Genial Bed of Nature was warm'd by the approaching Sun, and open'd all her Sweets.

THESE, tho' no ways Instructive to the Generality, I lay by for private Amusement; and I do assure you, that the Passions are never seen in a clearer Mirrour than in the amorous Foibles of Life; but these must give way to the grand Import of the present Hour.

THE

THE Fears and Apprehensions of some conscious Gentlemen concern'd in the late Deed of Sale of the *British College*, and its glorious Immunities, to *Roman Quacks*, and *French Medicafters*, have qualify'd that brisk Circulation of the Blood they affect'd to boast of some Time since, and reduc'd them to a fluttering Pulse.

UNDER these agonizing Disquietudes, I have been surpriz'd with three Letters from those whom I never expected the least Correspondence: As Heady as they seem'd, I always, for some Months, took it for a Feint, but thought they might have maintain'd an Unity of Complection till they mounted the last Stage, and reserv'd their Squeak for a Warning to all loose People amongst *Paul Lorrain's* Swearers and Sabbath-Breakers;

BUT I find the High-Sanguin begin to fade in their Countenances, and the Blood retreating to the Heart, leaves the Cittadel unfurnish'd: The *Censors*, I perceive, will have little Trouble upon their Hands, for these Criminals are Evidence against themselves, and stand Self-Condemp'd.

THE First who salutes me in this black List, is the Trusty and Well-beloved *Hermodastyl*, who, after his loose Manner, sends me a Letter without a Date, from *Terra Incognita*: I am sensible he has been Wandring about the Earth for some Time, and expected to have found him amongst the *Highland Clans*, but he dodges and doubles like an Hunted Hare, and I believe he'll scarce return to his Form, till driven in by a full Cry.

HE seem'd to me always to resemble *Cain* in his Countenance,

Countenance, and carries the same Parallel in his Punishment: He wears such a *Providential Mark* about him, that no Man will lay his Hand upon him, till Justice calls loudly for him, and gives him the *Coup de Grace*; not that he falls short of *Judm* in the Management of the Bag, but I fear he has not Grace enough to hang himself.

BUT not to detain you any longer, take the Sentiments of his disturb'd Mind in his own familiar Way of Writing: I must beg Leave to premise, this Letter is more Intelligible, and less Artful, than what he writ to the Court of *Hanno*.

Terra Incognita, O. S.

Sagacious *Mezereon*,

AFTER a Thousand Disappointments, which were owing to my Irresolution, and slipping an Occasion, which by this time would have made me outwardly Happy, tho' at the Price of my Soul: After having disgracefully parted with my Conjuring Wand, and striving to make a Merit of my late, but unprofitable Services to the Great President; and that cutting Reproach of being stild a despicable Man, for the obsequious Bend of my Body at St. James's: In fine, after a Defeat amongst my sworn Vassals at Radnor, and the Ambodexter Management at Bishop's Castle, I am retir'd to —

DON'T be displeas'd, Second-Sighted *Mezereon*, that I conceal the Place of my Residence from the British.

British Argus; It is not with a Design to Elude the Force of your Penetration, but you know my Way, is never to discover anything till I am detected, and after it's prov'd against me, either to Whine it off, or get one Truss'd up in my Room.

THE Days of easy Access are past, and that flexible Soul I us'd to Work on by the Mediation of my Cousin Poplin, even when the Illustrious Mirabel was in the Height of his Glory, has paid Homage to Nature some Months ago, and I have no Face or Persuasion adapted to the present Times.

THE Majesty of the Great President is not to be Trifled with on one Hand, or his Firmness Shaken by weak Representations: Nothing but what is Manly, Solid, and built upon Maxims fitted to the Enlargement of the Antient Glory of Great Britain, will find Encouragement from an Eye that discerns so justly, and a Breast continually glowing for the Good of his Country.

BY the Assembly's Catechism, I vow to you, Mezerion, I never was in such a Kue for seeming Sincerity: During this recluse State, I have learn'd to Cry profusely, to wring my Hands, and take Shame to my self. Oh that I had but a Broken and a Contrite Heart!

I am all Stone, all Adamant, and if it was not for some Dispondencies I am apt to fall into, I should think my self harden'd: Forgive me for Appealing to you as a Casuist; but in the Anguish of my Soul, you see I am forc'd to take Shelter anywhere.

THUS, toss'd betwixt Doubts and dismal Ex-

H.5.

Pactancy.

pestancy, I ramble from my first Design, which was to ask your Advice, Whether it is proper for me to be blooded about the latter End of May. I am told, the Censors are of Opinion, that Month will be the latest Time they can respite me to: I hope, if my Constitution is so rank that they can spare me no longer, yet for the sake of my new Honour, they will bleed me without a Ligature.

AND to be plain with you, Mezereon, I had a Fetch in procuring a Dignity. I have read long since, in the Book of Fate, that I should dye with a great Crowd about me; which has made me study all the while I have been in this World to dye decently, and rather be dispatch'd by Razor-Mettle, than a strait Bandage about my Neck: Ob—— Ob——

I perceive him in fainting Fits, and am sorry he could not sustain the Agony a few Minutes longer; I am almost persuaded he would have brought Gregg's Ghost upon the Stage.

THE two other Letters are shorter, but full of Guilt, Horrour, and Dispair. The first comes from poor forsaken Atty Brogue, and runs thus:

Bloomsbury,

TELL me, thou great Diviner Mezereon, how my Fate came to lye so open to your View: Which of the Sybils has condescended to look upon a poor Footman? Or given herself the Trouble of mounting a Trivet to pronounce poor Atty's Doom? I own my self not long for this World; but amidst this

this Resignation, I beg to know, by Vertue of your Second Sight, Whether I may not, per Legem Terræ, or Legem Loci, be try'd, per pares, under the Distinction of half Walking, and half Running Footman. Yours,

Atty Brogue.

THE other comes from Monsieur Matthew, a fine Drawer at Paris.

Charendon, March 7, N. S.

Sieur Mezereon,

HAVING deliver'd up the Accounts of my Brewing and Dashing for 3 Years past, to an Agent of High Character, I am retir'd to a Convent of the Mercenarian Fathers, being a Society I have been fond of, since the late Mortgage I made of the British College: I am at present Inconsolable upon Hermodactyl's Absconding; Gambol's Fall; Codicil's Razing the Seals from the Packets: And desire to know whether the Vertebæ of my Neck will bear Stretching. I Dream of nothing but of High-Treason, and High-Misdemeanours: Your Opinion of these Visions. Yours,

Mat. Rumster.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o. 37.

From Friday March 4. to Tuesday March 8. 1715.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Own my self indebted to the Publick, in not furnishing out an Entertainment for them last *Tuesday*, but I have not been Idle : You would pity me if you knew the Expence and Labour I have been at, in procuring Intelligence, and summoning in all my *Actors* to divert you : *Hermodastyl*, you all know, has been strowling about the World without any fixt Place of Residence : *Gambol* been playing his old Game at *Flats*, in some By-Corners : And *Codicil* hard at work how to evade an antient *Statute* of the *College*, which charges all the Guilt of irregular Practice upon the bad Advice, and Consultation of Quacks, with a *Salvo* to the Mistakes of a misguided *President*.

I Have, at last, brought them together, with their Trajn of *Zanies* and *Tumblers* : And in order to give you a Relief from the Drudgery of *Physick*, design to present you with a *Farce*, call'd *The FUNCTO*.

SINCE the Constitution is so visibly mended, I am for putting you into a gentle Course of Laughter :

er : It will dilate the Spirits, give the whole Mass of Fluids a br^oker Circulation, and carry off the remaining Fumes which have oppress'd the Brain for Four Years. Your Apprehensions of Dangers were too strong heretofore to admit of the least Cessation from Thought and Anxiety, but now it's your Time to Laugh; and at the Expence of those who had almost *Jest*ed you out of your *Liberty*, *Property*, and *Life*.

BUT the *Actors* advance. —

S C E N E I.

A large Room, with a Table spread with Bottles, Glasses, Pens, Ink, and Paper, for Hermodactyl. Enter Codicil at one Door, Hermodactyl and Gambol at another.

Cod. **W**ELL, Gentlemen, you see I am come to shew my Punctuality to Engagements, but I have not a Minute to spare from.—

Gambol. From what ? Away with that direfully foreboding Brow : Thou art continually turning over old musty Records to puzzle the *Censors* at their next meeting ; and thy Faculties grow dull by too much Application, whilst I leave all to kind Chance : 'Pr'ythee stay a Bottle.

Codicil.

Codicil. I don't approve of that Way of doing of Business : We have suffer'd too much already by our hot and hasty Conclusions. — Now for a Fit of Sobriety.

Gambol. You don't know what a lucky Thought we may drive upon over a Glass, and by an Association of three such wise Noddles : I'Gad I am for Mirth and Gaiety in *Articulo Mortis* ; and were I turning St. Giles's Pound, I would take a Brimmer to make me dye with a better Grace.

Codicil. You are a merry Man, *Gambol*, and in full Blood ; but to a Man on the wrong side of Sixty, a little Thought is necessary.

Gambol. Thought ! I never Thought in my Life : You know I was always an *Extempore* Man, and succeeded better in that Way, than if I had premeditated.

Codicil. It must be own'd you was a clever Fellow upon the Stage ; but it's one thing to please the Rabble, and another to top a Trick handsomely upon the Censors. A Defence will be expected.

Gambol. Look you both to that ; I am secure : You know I was only the Fool in the Play, and no Man was ever hang'd for showing of *Tricks*.

Codicil. But *Apes* and *Monkeys* are often plaguily Disciplin'd for their Wantonness, and sometimes very slovenly truss'd up.

Gambol. But do you think me seriously in any manner of Danger ?

Hermodactyl. Equally Guilty with us ; and I can tell you, the World does you the Honour to call you, *One of the Principals*.

Gambol.

Gambol. Why then I am prettily drawn in, and humbly conceive I may be *Gregg'd* at last : You are a poor, sneaking Fellow, *Hermodactyl*, never to do a meritorious Action singly, but always take your Man in for a Partner : This is a damp'd *Indian* Custom, that a Master can't dye bravely, but must take his Man's Ghost to accompany him to the Shades.

Hermodactyl. You know, *Gambol*, it is very uncomfortable to take such a long Journey without Company, and you are a merry Fellow. —

Gambol. And thou a dark, muddy, tricking, Man-eater : But, 'pr'ythee *Codicil*, is he in earnest ?

Codicil I dare take his Word ; and it's high Time you should make some Provision for your Journey : You have been pretty active upon the *Stage* ; and have been sent upon some friendly Messages cross the Water. —

Gambol. Ay, to *Greenwich*, now and then, a Booby-hunting, I remember. —

Codicil. And a Step further. — But I bar Pen and Ink, good Doctor *Hermodactyl*. —

Gambol. I'Gad he is taking Notes of our Confessions, and in *Short-Hand* too. — He has a pure Hand for an *Assembly*, and writes as fast as a *Lay-Elder*. — Away with your *Goose-Quills*.

Hermo. By your Leave, Gentlemen, I am only making my Will ; you see it it in *Nomine Domini*.

Gambol. And so have all your *Plots* and *Contrivances* ; your Label upon the *Peaceable Draught*, which has made made such an Uproar in the Bodies of all your foreign Patients, began in that Stile. In
th-

the Name of the Lord, take him Devil. — But I have *Fontanelle's* Protection for what I have done.

Codicil. I was a thinking of that, but I am convinc'd it will not bear. The first Question will be, That the Constitution has been Poyson'd, the Effects of which appear in the loathsome Stains and Deformities of the Skin, to this Day. That gain'd, the Second will be, *By whom was this Mischief done?*

Gambol. This is a very short and summary Way of Proceeding; at this rate, we may be Try'd, Condemn'd, and have our Jugulars laid bare in twenty-four Hours.

Codicil. Our throwing the Blame on *Fontanelle*, will rather be an Aggravation of our Crimes, the World is stilly possess'd of her Goodness, her Tenderness, and Veracity to all with whom she was concern'd. Besides, the *Censors* knowher Insufficiency for bringing about such strange *Revolutions* in *Practice*; so that all Errors must unavoidably lye at the Doors of the Advisers. If otherwise, then every Upstart who has the Command of the College Treasury, who can find Creatures mean enough to be made Itinerary Fellows by the Dozen, who can Bribe a Majority of the lower Rank of *Censors*, and mislead a weak *President*, may overturn a Constitution, and escape with Impunity.

Gambol. I thank my Stars I am not of that wicked Number.

Hermo Nor I.

Codicil. Then your humble Servant is to stand all. This comes of my dealing in *Wax-Work*, with

a Plague to it : I thank you, my dear Benefactor, for the Present you made me of the *Stamps*.

Hermodastyl. It's too late to rail ; we are all plung'd so deep, that our whole Force should be bent towards extricating ourselves : Come, Gentlemen, I have thought upon an Expedient : Let us swear Secrecy.

Gambol. A Bumper to a lucky Thought at this Juncture.

Hermodastyl. Shall us discharge the whole Load upon *Mat. Rummer*, and *Atty Brogue* ?

Gambol. A Match : Let us Hang these Two, and save your Man *Harry* : They are a Couple may be spar'd, I am too Handsome to be Hang'd, and shall provoke Tears from the fair Sex.

Sodicil. A wonderful Project, and likely to succeed ; *Mat. Rummer*, I can tell you, has so great a Regard to his Constitution, that he does not intend to trouble you, having very lately profess'd his Dislike to a Muffler, and a Tyburn Chin Stay : And *Atty Brogue* is a mighty Person to be made the *Grand Plenio* ——— in the Management of this Affair ; tho' the World may, for all that I know, be brought to believe, that a Footman was as well qualify'd to dispense that baneful Dose at *Utrecht*, as a Bankrupt to take care of the Treasure of the *British College*.

Hermodastyl. Or a broken *Gamester*, to have the Charge of a *Purse*.

Gambol.

Gambol. Or the *Launceet* put into the Hands of such a mad, swearing Devil as I am. — [*Affidavit*.] But no Reflections, Gentlemen, you are equally Smart, and so no Harm done.

Codicil. I'll be gone, and Capitulate for myself.

Hermodastyl. And so will I.

[*Exeunt Codicil and Hermodastyl.*]

Gambol solus.

Well ! This it is to Confederates with a Trickster, and a Gamester : I find they will *Cog* when we come to throw for our Lives. — I am at the last Puzzle how to behave upon this Emergency. — There is one Way open to escape. — If I should squeak first, perchance I might make a Merit of the Discovery. — Let me recollect. — Upon second Thoughts, there are two bloody Indictments lye against me ; one for Signing a Warrant against the Constitution of *Great Britain* in *Le Grand Petit's* Office : The other, for altering two Articles of the *Utrecht* Prescriptions, which were to go along with the *Spanish* Packet, and substituting Two in the room of them, at the Command of *Young Jacob*. *Affiento.* — A Bite ! —

[*Rings.*]

— Call my Servant.

[*Enters.*]

Will.

Will. — Go instantly Home, and purge my
 oushold; turn every Whore out of Doors, from
 y State-Bed, down to that of my Groom and
caramouches : — I'll cross my Stars, and
 e sober. — [*Exit Servant.*]

— Now Thought advance ; it's Time when
ne's Neck's in Danger : ——— Resolv'd to *Im-*
each for Self-Preservation.

Thus frighted Wretches, when the Storm beats
(high,
And Vessel lost, to doubtful Succour fly,
Seize the first Plank, and angry Billows try.

[The rest of the *Farce* to be continu'd in our next.

The

The High-German Doctor. N° 38.

From Friday, Mar. 11. to Tuesday, Mar. 15. 1715.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Am so well Establiſh'd with you, that I know you will readily forgive the Interruption of the laſt Scene, being ſenſible of the Limitations I am under as to Time, and my Humour inclining me rather to break off Abruptly, than hazard the Favour of my Audience, by tiring them out with a dull *what d' ye call it*, tho' that, I find, cannot Miſcarry under the Auspices of a *ſmall Wit*, and a *clumſey Beau*.

As Gambol goes off, he is met at the Door by a Drawer.

Gambol. Call a Coach to the Door.

Drawer. Sir, Is your Name *Doſtor Gambol*?

Gambol. Who asks for him?

Drawer. A Gentleman, by his Habit.

Gambol. What manner of Man is he? Heavens grant it is not a Meſſenger from the College. [*Aſide.*

Drawer. He looks as well as a City Tradeſman on a Sunday: A Long Whig, and a Sword on; rubs his Eyes pretty much; and ſays his Name is *Squire Brogue*.

Gambol. A vain Dog! ——— What a leap has he made

made from a *Livery* to a *Squire*? Desire him to walk in.

Enter Atty Brogue.

Thou are come very seasonably, *Atty*, to help off with the Bottle. I have just decanted off Two wrangling Politicians with gloomy Looks; One with a brace of Cats Eyes, and t'other with no Eyes; and thou seemest to bring as *ominous a Phyz* along with thee as those I just parted from. You all share the Guilt of the past Times in your Countenances, and are Epitomes of *Tyburn* and *Tower-Hill*, whilst I maintain a good, plausible Intrepidity. How goes it?

Atty Brogue. By my Shoul I am very well in bad Order; my chief Evidensh is like to fail me; *Mat. Rummer* lags on t'other side of the Water, tho' he has had all the Points of the Compass at his Devoshion, for some time.

Gambol. In my Opinion, you will be under no manner of Distress for Evidence; *Hermodactyl* is like to supply you in case of need: If you are not capable of Hanging your self, he'll give you his helping Hand.

Atty Brogue. *Ara*, But he may be mishtaken. If I must swing singly, it shall be in Couples, that we may have the great Laugh at each other, after the *Penitential Psalm*.

Gambol. Faith, *Atty*, it's my Advice, to begin with him. In all Frays, he that gives the first Blow, has generally the best of it.

Atty Brogue. Do you think my Evidensh will stand good

good in Law? There is a plaguy Blemish upon Irish Informers. Can't I get the Favour of being Naturalish'd?

Gambol. Pox on thee, thou dost not know thy Privilege: Thou art *Rectus in Curia*, my dear Bog, and as to that small Stain in thy Character, of being a Friend to the *Roman College*, it is but pretending thyself a *New Convert*, and roaring loud for the *President*. Thou hast a good Prostitute Conscience, and all will go well. Don't you see how many Succeed every day, by that specious Cry? —

Atty Brogue. If it be only matter of Conscience, I shall get over that as well as the best *Scaramouch* of the Pack. Drink upon that.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. With submission, Gentlemen, is there not a Surgeon in this Company?

Gambol. Ay, Ay. Have you any Males in the Family to be Circumcis'd, or any Females of Seventeen, to be Blooded? But, why do you ask?

Drawer. Here's a sad Accident happen'd: A Gentleman stepping out of a Coach with a Lady, has fallen down upon the Pavement, and broke his Skull.

Gambol. How Old is the Lady? Is she Young, well Dress'd, a wanton Eye, and a good Mein?

Drawer. Very Sightly, and a New Face But, good Sir, if you have any Compassion — the Gentleman is very much in Drink.

Gambol.

Gambol. Well, go and bring me word how the Gentleman finds himself; and if there's occasion for a Surgeon, call me. [*Exit Drawer.*] Now, *Atty*, here's an unexpected Adventure; the Spark drunk; the Lady handsome: I'll personate the Surgeon, and you the Doctor; I have a Tweezer-Case, and a couple of Launcets about me, which will serve well enough for the first Intention: Do you talk Magisterially, and very dull; rumble our Fractures, Fissures, Contusions, and Extravasations, &c. and I'll dub thee a Doctor, if we come off clean.

Re-enter Drawer.

Drawer. Worse and worse; I beg you, Sir, to be as expeditious as you can.

Gambol. Light us to the Gentleman's Room
[*Exeunt.*]

The Scene opens, and discovers Bungey Drunk, disguis'd with a Suit of black Clothes, Sword, and long Wig lying on the Table; Bungey with a large Patch of brown Paper on his Forehead, and Madam holding his Head, and two Watch-Men assisting.

Gambol. Feeling his Head; Sir, Sir, ——— Where is your Pain?

Bungey groans.

Gambol. Pray, Doctor, step a little nigher: He is speechless, I am afraid he is worse than I apprehended.

Atty

Atty Brogue Searching: I pronounsh it a Fracture of the *Cranium* ———

Gambol. Or it's possible some grumous Blood lodg'd upon the *Pia Mater*: What is best to be done?

Atty Brogue. Bleed him in the Shugular to about twenty Ounshes.

Gambol. Boy, get Napkins for a Ligature, Towels, Porringers, and step out for a Cupping-Glass, and some Tow.

[*Whilst they are preparing Bungey for the Operation, and bringing him forward, Gambol beckons Atty Brogue to him.*]

Gambol. By the Lord *Harry*, it's *Bungey*, and the Madam a Cast-off Mistress of mine; manage your Part well, I'll top mine, and we shall have excellent Game.

Atty Brogue. Native Impudence assist! To one of the *Watch-Men*: How did the Gentleman fall?

1 *Watchman*. Fall; --- Fall; --- Why he fell, Sir, as one may say, as I do upon my Wife *Joan*, that is, flat upon his Face.

Atty Brogue. And did he not speak much after before it?

2 *Watchman*. The Doctor, I perceive, is a Foreigner. He speak, --- I beg his Pardon, he swore: The Stones had got the better of his Skull, and it's Ten Pound to a Crown but he had dy'd with an Oath in his Mouth. Here's a Pocket-Book that he dropp'd in his Fall.

Gambol

Gambol. We must take Care of that.

Enter a Drawer or two with Implements.

Gambol. [*Twisting the Napkin*] This is too stiff for a Bandage ; let's see one that's more pliant.

[*Whilst he is drawing it close to swell the Vein, Bungey recovers a little and tears it off.*]

Bungey in a drunken Tone. What a Plague are you doing to me? None of your Bow-Strings, you damn'd Schismatical unbelieving Dogs, I am no *Mahometan*: You see I am a sincere Christian.

[*Reaches to Vomit. Snoars again.*]

Gambol. You see, Doctor, he is unruly ; we shall never be able to bleed him, I find it's a rowling Vein: What think you of Cupping him upon the Scalp?

Atty Brogue. The best and last Expedient.

[*As Gambol is shaving off the Hair, in Order to Cup him, Bungey hiccups, and in a dribbling manner ; — Tonfor, you have a damn'd heavy Hand, but Shaving is the best Relief in Drunkenness; Take care of my Circle in the Crown.*]

Gambol. Yes, yes, Master, I won't spoil the *St. Omer's* Mark for the World: ——— Bring me the Glass and the Tow. [*Gambol Clapping on the Glass,*] I'll warrant it brings him to his Senses.

Bungey. Zounds, I am in the Inquisition ; what the Devil is become of my Head? A Plot ; a Plot against my Brains: Ye *Passive Dogs* assist me: Give me my Keys, I'll excommu--nify all these *Hereticks*.

[*Dozes again.*]

I

Madam



[*Madam slips away in the Interim, and Gambol quits his Patient in Pursuit of her, Bungey remaining with his Patch and Cupping-Glass on his Head.*]

1. *Watchman.* [*Advancing to Bungey.*] By Gemini, this is a Conjuring-Glass; I never saw such a Bag of Brains drawn out in so short a Time, thro' the whole Course of my Midnight Government.

2. *Watchman.* Nor I so much Do&'ring Work, for a Drunken Bout, and Tapping the Skull, to let out the Liquor. But I believe, Brother, betwixt you and I, that this same Pegging of the Brains, is to give a freer Vent to the Mouth.

1 *Watchman.* The Age Improves; and we may live and learn.

Gambol over-taking Madam upon the Stage.

Gambol. By *Priapus*, you shall not go. I must have this Intrigue scan'd a little more freely, between you and that Saint, before we part.

Madam. What Saint?

Gambol. Better still: I find she does not know her Man.

[*Aside.*]

Why Saint *Ignatius*. *Painting to Bungey.*

Madam. Don't talk Mysteries to me. I know nothing more of him, than that he Address'd me last Night very awkwardly at the Play; told me he had five Guineas at my service; gave me a genteel Supper; carry'd me after that to the *Bagnio*, and behav'd himself

himself tolerably well, tho' much short of you, you wanton Rogue. —

Gambol. Faith I am glad to hear so good a Character of him, considering he has the Burden of half a Parish lies upon his Hands.

Madam. Oh, False Man! He told me I had his *First-Fruits*.

Gambol. Was there ever such a Prevaricating Knave? How easy it is to discover a *Scaramouch*? They cannot forbear Canting in their proper Sphere. By my Soul, *Molly*, I could almost venture to renew an Acquaintance with thee, and give a fresh Earnest —

[*Going to Kiss her.*

But there is such a Rankness dwells about thee, since thy last Engagement, that I could sooner take a *Jewess* to my Arms without Purification. Those of his Faculty carry so much Wadding about their Hips, that they are always in a Hot-house, and like *Carps*, Stew in their own Gravy.

Madam. Pray what Faculty is he of?

Gambol. He is a Doctor, my Dear; and a very Eminent one.

Madam. I could not believe it, by the slender Dosses he Prescrib'd me last Night.

Bungey recovering his Senses, puts his Hand to his Head, and feels the Cupping-Glass.

Bungey. Damn these profane Dogs; they have abus'd my Holy Person; they have lighted a Fire upon my Head, and made a Beacon of me, to give

warning of an Invasion. Here, Slaves, give me a Bumper, to Young Jacob.

[Breaks the Glass and comes forward Tawning.]

Who are you? And you? *[Speaking to the Comp.]*

Gambol. Your Friends, Sir. *[Bungey starts.]*

1 Watchman. And we your faithful Guides.

Madam. And I your Constant, and most Devoted Mistress.

Bungey. I hope I am not Discover'd.

[To Gambol, aside.]

Gambol. As safe as upon your own Stage.

[2 Watchman comes behind him, and Measures him with his Staff.] A very proper Man, I faith; I believe he is near Six Foot high, and seems to be of a good Standard for the Rendezvous near St. Paul's.

Bungey. Here, honest Fellows, there's a Crown for your Trouble, and be gone.

Both Watchmen. God bless you, noble Master, and we wish you better Luck the next Time you step out of a Coach. *[Exeunt.]*

Gambol. Well, now, *Molly*, we are none but Friends: Do you love the Doctor?

Madam. Which Doctor?

Gambol. *Bungey*, my dear little artful Play-fellow.

Madam. Love him! Yes sure, and would go an Hundred Miles to see him Act.

Gambol. You have satisfy'd your Curiosity with less Fatigue. But where's the Badge of his pious Votaries?

Votaries? The Patch, the distinguishing Patch is wanting, my Child.

Madam. The Gentleman rubb'd it off in the Night.

Gambol. Your Servant, good Dr. *Bungey*. — Come, come, it is not worth making a Secret of it any longer: joyn Hands, and continue your Friendship.

Madam. Lord! What Luck had I to fall into such clean-Hands?

Bungey. And I to transgress with such a dear Confident: But where's my Pocket-Book.

Gambol. Here; here; you are a very careless Fellow to leave your Affairs so open; there are two *Indulgencies* from the *Pope* to Whore, eat Flesh, and be drunk in *Lent*.

[*Enter Drawer.*] Here are some *Scaramouches* below would oblige you with a Dance.

Scaramouches enter.

The High-German Doctor. N° 39.

From Tuesday, Mar. 15. to Friday, March. 25. 1715.

Gentlemen, and Ladies,

I Make no Scruple of acknowledging to you, that I am a little Capricious in my Way of Practice, and gratify my Curiosity after a peculiar Manner. When I have been silent a whole Week, and given over for Dead, I am smiling at the wild Conjectures of Mankind about the Doctor.

ONE vouches, *He saw him toss'd from a Precipice of Three Stories*, whilst I am strolling carelessly about the same Room, with all my Bones in their proper Situation. Another swears, *He was one of the Heroes which assaulted him*; and to confirm it, gives in five Inches short of my just Altitude. Whilst a Third, just as correct in his Deposition as the former, *saw me laid out*, tho' I am so insolent at this present as to appear Daily in a bodily Shape.

NAY, these Reports are not the sole Entertainment of my Spare-Hours, but I have receiv'd the Pleasure of being sneer'd after the archest Manner in several Epistles, according to the various Dialects of the Authors: *You are Non-Suited, Doctor*, says one Wag:

Wag: That, I presume comes from a Solicitor. *You are Silenc'd*, says another: In that you plainly see, a *Scaramouch* Wit. *You are Capotted*, says a third: From a Gamester, I suppose. *You are blown up*, from a Fourth: Which seems very much like the Stile of an Engineer.

THUS I suffer for my late Omissions: But after all these terrible Executions upon poor *Mezereon* in Effigie, there has no Damage yet arriv'd to his dear Person; and I assure you he has not been idle: Whilst others have been Railing, in improper Time and Place, I have been putting some Ingredients in Digestion, for the Benefit of my true *British* Patients, by way of Antidote against the virulent Poyson of the *Scaramouches*, and their impious Assistants.

BUT without this Preamble, the Learned of my Audience know, that Great Professors are not ty'd down to the servile Rules of common Life, or can submit to the Drudgery of appearing publicly twice a Week. — *Nisi dignus vindice nodus.*

THE Compassionate amongst you will allow the past Omissions to be my *Carnal*: For we Physicians are as fond of such a Season as most Doctors of another Faculty. But now a Correction of ill Humours a Regulation of the whole Mass, and a due Animadversion upon the past Disorders of the Constitution, lay an Arrest upon all Indulgencies, and claim our strictest Vigilance and Attention.

THE present Time seems big with great Events, and the Scene of Business widens every Moment. The Constitution has been brought to the very Brink of Ruin by Mismanagement, and the Faculty must exert

exert themselves at this Juncture, take off the Réproach of *Mala Praxis* from *Great Britain*, or submit at pleasure to the Invasion of every Heady *Quack* in Futurity.

H A D the Malignity spread no farther than the Bounds of this Island, the Damage might have been repair'd at a cheaper Rate; but when all *Europe* is involv'd in the Calamity, and every Nation feels either the Loss of a Limb, or a Stab in the very Vitals, a severe Inquisition at Home is necessary, in Order to restore our Character Abroad, and convince the blind and most desperate of our own People, that the Groans of *Great Britain* have not been expended in vain.

H E R E I cannot pass by so fair an Occasion of Presaging many happy Events to the *Regulars* of *Great Britain*, from the distinguishing Choice they had made of the present *Censors*. Notwithstanding all the strenuous Efforts of the *Roman College*; the strict Combinations of all the *Jacobin* Fryars; the good Dispositions of the Sons of *Isis*? and that most flagrant Modesty and Duty the Sons of *Cam* paid to the Edict of the *President*, against Tumults, Truth has triumph'd, and plac'd us once more upon a right Bottom.

W A S it for this, ye Sons of Art? Was it for such brutish Tryals of Skill, those noble Piles were built, and such large Endowments given, by the beneficent Ancestry of the Great *President*? Was it to make the Peaceful Seat of the Muses a Seat of War, and promote an Invasion upon all the Liberal Sciences?

T H E late unnatural Struggles carry'd on thro' other Parts of the Kingdom with open Defiance, with such

such devoted Fury, and some Streams of Blood, to make Way for a Return of a Set of Parricides to the College, are a sufficient Demonstration to the *Regulars*, that *Censors* of such a Completion were pitch'd on by the *Roman Quacks*, to give the Decisive Blow to the Rights and Immunities of the *British College*, and distress the *President*.

THIS Plot you have defeated with a Resolution and Gallantry, equal to the Great Name you bore in the World Five Years since, when *Mirabel* made Tyrants sue for what you have been constrain'd to take at their Hands, when you had the Necks of them under the Ball of your Feet, and gave Laws to common Oppressors.

AFTER such a lingring Declension, *Great Britain*, once more Advance thy awful Head. Thy faithful Sons, under the warm and active Influences of the Great *President*, dare promise to restore fresh Health and Vigour to the Constitution.

YOUR ardent Wishes for a Recovery, are attended with all the Omens from the Right:

THE Assembly opens with a noble Harmony between the Great *President* and his faithful *Censors*. Such an auspicious Dawn promises a glorious Advance of splendid Hours and happy Days. From these Beginnings, you are encourag'd to hope for all the Justice that an Honest, but Abus'd People can expect at the Hands of the most Impartial Judges.

TO this Happy Prospect, we must joyn a Majority of true *British Censors*, fully prepar'd with warm Instructions from the Bleeding Parts of the Nation; from those who have Languish'd for 3 Years thro' In-

Es.

action,

action, and are now Starving thro' a lazy Demand of the proper Drugs of our own Climate.

THE present *Canfars* are pierc'd with the Cries of your distressed Families; sensibly touch'd with the Complaints of those brave Operators in Red, who have been turn'd loose to the World, and compell'd to eat Grass for the Sin of preserving the College of Great Britain from being swallow'd up by the Encroachments of *French Practice*.

HERE Upstart Traitors, who have Flesh'd themselves with the Spoils of their Country, will find no Commutation for their Crimes; All Temperaments propos'd in behalf of this Black-List, will prove Ineffectual; and look'd upon, as urg'd from Persons equally Criminal.

AFTER a Patience almost worn out by repeated Trifles, we have liv'd to hear a Speech deliver'd from the Sacred Chair, fill'd with most tender Resentments of the past Injuries we have receiv'd at the Hands of Assassins, and publick Robbers.

At length we have it confirm'd from the *President*, guarded by his Royal Faith and Honour, *That He shall never forget the Firmness and Zeal of those who have distinguish'd themselves in the Cause of His Illustrious House*, which must make some, unworthy of Favour, Reflect upon their approaching Doom, and raise others to a Confidence of being Promoted, tho' at the last Hour.

AFTER the tedious Ambiguities we have labour'd under, at last we have receiv'd a Plain and Undisguis'd Speech, not dress'd out with *French Chicane*, or Resolving all our Civil Happiness into the

the Pamper'd Security of the *Scaramouches*, but fitted to the Ease of all True Protestant *Britons*.

WHEREAS a Parcel of wild People have assembled in a riotous Manner, on *Wednesday Morning* last, and rung the Bells backward, from Break-of-Day, at *St. Saviours Southwark*, in Commemoration of that vile Impostor *Bungey's* Enlargement, to the Distraction of all Sober People, it is to be hop'd the *College* will take care to Discountenance all such open and bare-fac'd Opposition to the Great *Presidents* Title: And since the *Scaramouches* are so violent for *Anniversaries*, upon so mean an Occasion, it's presum'd the Venerable *Censors* upon the greatest Occasion, even our Redemption from *French* and *Roman* Practice, will not forget what they owe to that happy Day of the Great *President's* Entry, but make it Sacred to Posterity, by a publick Act of the *College*.

The High-German-Doctor. N^o. 40.

From Friday, March 25. to Tuesday March 29. 1715.

Gentlemen. and Ladies,

THE ardent Wishes that have been sent up to Heaven for an Assembly of true *British* *Con-*
sors, have at last been answer'd in the loyal, affectionate, and public-spirited Addresses of that venerable Body to the Great President the last Week.

A Week that must be always distinguish'd in the *Kalendar*, for having given a Resurrection to the blasted Honour of the Nation, for triumphing over a clamorous Body of *Quacks*; a Week that must Lord it over all the seven Days of the Month, for having disclos'd such desperate Truths which could be no longer conceal'd without an absolute Ruin of the Constitution.

NEVER Was publick Hōmage paid to the Chair with greater Devotion; never was *President* address'd with greater Integrity; never Vows offer'd more from the Heart: They are so big with the Sense of the Deliverance they had from the impending Plague of *Roman* arbitrary Practice, that they cannot find Words suitable to their Transports.

THE

THE Generous Emulations between two illustrious Bodies, so well dispos'd, and so well agreed, give Life and Lustre to each Performance : Where both strive to explain their Duty, the Contention must be well receiv'd : The Tendency of all their Expressions leading to one Point, even that of Loyalty, and a rational Obedience to the Great President.

THEIR pious Condolence of the past Miseries the Kingdom has labour'd under, must give every considerate Man a full Proof of their Humanity, and their just Indignation at the Reproaches brought upon this once *Fortunate Island*, must warm the Blood of the coolest Audience to a Pitch of Resentment.

THE Reciprocal Quarrels and Arguments of private Men, could never have been adjusted to the Satisfaction of each contending Party : But when the Voice of a Nation speaks so loudly of the Disorders which have broke in upon the Constitution for the last Four Years, the most stupid even of *Bungey's* Crew, must come into a Sympathy with the common Calamities of their Country.

YOU Have been long since forewarn'd of running into the Snare which was laid for you. You have been told, and with a pathetick Tenderness, what all your mad Engagements with the *Roman* College would end in : You saw the Interest of *Rome* and *France* advancing every Day ; and *Young Jacob* just piercing into your very Bowels. But the

the Cry of the Stage's Danger, made you Deaf to all Persuasion.

YOU Once saw the mortal Enemies of *British* Practice languishing, and loaded with Scars by the propitious Hand of the Great *Mirabel*; you were restless under a Train of Miracles; and roar'd out for the Flesh-Pots of *Rome*: You had them, and I believe, by this Time, you are pretty well furnished.

YOU Call'd loud for *Hermodactyl's* accursed Draught, commonly known by the Name of *Peaceable*, made up of all the venomous Drugs that the malicious Wit of Parricides, and Rebels could invent.

YOU were pleas'd in your fantastick Demands, and rejoyc'd in a tumultuous Way, whilst the Poyson was gnawing your very Bowels. —

A L L This I place to your Shame. —

N A Y, You branded the *Regulars* of *Great Britain*, for not complying with that felonious Sale of all the *Manufatures* and *Simples* of your own Growth, in exchange for a little insipid *French* Wine, tho' you had been sufficiently plagu'd with Gouts, Rheums, and cholick Pains for some Years, by the drinking it.

— This, likewise, I place to your judicial Hardness.

YOU

YOU Want these ruinous, and destructive Lengths with the *Scaramouches*, and the *Roman* Externity, that you were even depriving yourselves of the common Subsistence of Life, and must have resign'd all your Lands into their Power, had not Providence so seasonably interpos'd, whilst they had glutted upon your wealthy Farms, and laugh'd at your Credulity. —

THIS I place to your Bigottry below a *Free-born Englishman* —

THIS Repetition, I am perswaded, cannot be painful to any of you who are willing to be cured.

THE Wretches who are given up to Insensibility, may still adore their Executioners, till they fall under a proper and just Course of the *College* Prescriptions, which are now in Digestion.

NEVER Was the *College* of Great Britain at such a Plunge; never were able Hands so fully employ'd. Even those Great Men, who Guard the *Sacred Chair*, who found nothing Impracticable to the Strength of their Genius, are now so embarrass'd, by the introduction of *French* Practice, that all their Nerves and Thoughts must be stretch'd, to purge off those foreign Corruptions, besides a Succession of Labours to put us upon a True *British* Bottom.

BUT Their Firmness, and Resolution to bring all the Authors of our Miseries to due Punishment, raises the Expectation of each suffering *Briton*.

EVERY

EVERY Man that has mourn'd over his dying Country, has seen it given up, in pure Sacrifice to the Ambition of such a desperate Fraternity, hopes to see the Treasons punctually Aveng'd.

LET The Enemies of the *British* College load the Avengers of their Country's Ruin, with the Epithets of *Sanguinary*, and *Cruel* : —

LET Them make idle Parallels of the *past* Times, with the *present* : —

LET them cry up avow'd Rebels for Patriots of the *College*, and strive to engage the poor, well-meaning People, in Defence of the Guilty : —

THE *College* is not to be scar'd by impotent Cries ; or diverted from the Paths of Honour and Justice, by a mistaken Lenity.

AND What may not be expected from the Steadiness and Wisdom of the Great *President*, so heartily joyn'd by the Fidelity, Unanimity, and Assistance of the *Censors* ?

EVERY Line of the last Week's Assurances, methinks breathes the Spirit of the antient *Romans*, who never despair'd of the publick Safety, in the greatest Extremities.

OUR Circumstances have been made almost as wretched as theirs after the Defeat of *Canna* ; but still an oppressive *Hannibal* must give Way to a redeeming *Scipio*.

THUS Animated, it would be a Crime to doubt of a Recovery.

THE

THE Encouragement is strong, when we consider, the wicked Tendency of the last Four Years open to the View of every unprejudic'd Man.

AS The *Scaramouches* laid the traiterous Scheme in their vile Harangues, so the Terms were more fully explain'd, in that choice Volume of *Hereditary Right*.

THESE Made Way for the succeeding Riots, upon the Great *President's* accession to the *Chair* of the *College*, which have still been fomented with young *Jacob's* Declaration, *English* Advice, and a compendious Piece of Roguery from *Friar Lesley*, dedicated to a venerable Doctor now in Peace.

AND These of the same Completion ; all tending to Rebellion, and unhinging the Government of the *College*, and bringing in upon us, a Flood of Miseries, Devastation, and extinction of Civil Rights.

OBDURATE *Bungey*, I find, is empower'd by a *Roman Bull*, to keep his Audience in Heart, with broad Hints of an expected Restoration of his *Little Master*, till a National Vengeance overtakes him.

THE Pretty Allegories that awkward Tool makes use of, as, *Clouds dispersing apace*, — and, *A Gleam of Light breaking thro' the Spissitude of an opaque Body*. — A Star rising for the bewildred Traveller, and the injur'd Exile ; — Are Phrases very Intelligible to his People, without the help of Marginal Notes.

WHILST

W H I L S T Such Apostates as these, who have deviated from the very Purport of their first Institution, are suffer'd to infect the World upon every Alarm from a distemper'd Brain, vain and fruitless will be all the Efforts of the *Censors*, in correcting the corroding Humours of the Lower-Belly, whilst the peccant Matter is constantly fed from Above.

I F The Source of all the late ungrateful Riots against the *Collega*, should be thought worthy the first Enquiry of the *Censors*, and those high Crimes Guarded against by several wholsome Edicts, and severe Penalties, the Process of Justice will indisputably go on less interrupted, and rescue the Constitution from the Contempt of a poison'd-Rabble.

The High-German Doctor. N° 41.

From Tuesday, Mar. 29. to Friday, Mar. 1. 1715.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

AT this Juncture, I assure you, it is no difficult Matter to fix the Dispositions of Mankind by the Lineaments of their Faces. You may see an inexpressible Dejection of Mind in the Countenances of the *Fire-Men*, *Scaramouches*, and the whole Body of the *Roman Fraternity*, very near resembling the sject Look of *Le Grand Petit* at the Pedestal of a Statue near St. *Paul's*, after he had been scourg'd for Nine Years successively, by the triumphant Hand of *Mirabel*.

MAY they still wear such dismal Looks, and such evident Marks of Despair, till they are compell'd to change, barely to gain admission into civil Society, and recant, to keep their footing in *Great Britain*; for at present they have no Title to Protection.

A Restless, insatiable Race, who fatten upon the richest Spoils, and enlarge their Appetites by the tender Indulgences they have hitherto met with! Who are for Monopolies of Soul, Body, and Estate,

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to make them easy ; and grind the whole World to satisfy an unwarrantable Avarice and Ambition.

HOWEVER, I am pleas'd to see them so fallen in the Crest within these few Days. Their sanguine Rants, and open Defiance of Justice, are circumscrib'd at present to private Clubs, and the snug Angle of a Room, where they whisper each other with Vehemence, discover a great many desponding *French Shrugs*, and seem profoundly dull to all the Spectators.

THEIR general Topick of Discourse is deriv'd from the Apprehensions of ensuing Justice. Heretofore the publick Cry was, *The Censors dare not bring our Friends to Justice ! We have Numbers on our Side : The Stage is powerful, and Nature will Rebel against Principle.*

I Joy the *Passive Fraternity* upon their good Disposition ; they will always be zealous in the Wrong ; but a Way, it's possible, may be found out to make their Nature as Tame as their Principles are Wicked, and correct these extravagant Fumes.

THE Unanimity of the *Censors* ; the Harmony that is likely to strengthen between the *Imperial* and the *British* College, joyn'd with some other Potent Alliances, who court the Friendship of the *Regulars*, give these dispirited *Quacks* such mortal Pangs, that nothing but a Journey to *Bar-le-duc* can relieve.

FOR my Part, I wish them all there : They would make a noble Colony ; and so large an Appearance would give a double Lustre to so thin a Court, and make Young *Jacob* appear as most Mock Prince

princes in a Theatre, with *Bankrupts, Desperadoes, Fire-Men, Guards in Blue, and Shoals in Black.*

I am apt to think sometimes that the main Cause of their Discontent flows from the Remissness of the *Censors*, in not making a publick Act for their Transplantation. Let them pay Homage to the Altar where their Shrine is plac'd: They are no Part of our present Constitution: We are fond of Liberty; They of abject Slavery. And I cannot help saying, that the *Censors* are guilty of a sort of Tyranny, in not giving a free Passport to such languishing People, in Order to a Fruition of their Darling Principle.

HERMODACTYL absconds, and, in all Probability, will lead them the Way. *Gambol* has made a handsome Retreat. And we may expect to hear of *Codicil's* being taken in Disguise near the famous Borough of *Wapping* by next Post.

IT grieves me to think the poor Under-Operators must pay for all. *Atty Brogue* is likely to have an indifferent Time of it; he being a Foreigner, lies under some Disadvantages, as not having the Language; therefore my Advice to him, is to get an *English* Interpreter with all Expedition, for the Time draws near.

I that never dream'd of entertaining the least charitable Thought of *Hermodactyl*, begin to be touch'd with Compassion for the ill Usage he has met with from his Friends, and I cannot but applaud his Modesty in not appearing. Some Wags, I am sensible, ascribe it to a Sense of his Guilt; but I who pretend to know him better, can assure them, He never had any Shame in him.

BUT

BUT why the *Scaramouches*, and Fellows of the *Roman College*, should be so mortally bent against that great Professor, is a Paradox to me: They are for giving him up to Justice with one Consent: Nay, would even part with *Codicil*, so they might preserve *Gambol*.

THIS I place to their Rashness: They have not duly weigh'd the Merits of *Hermodastyl*: He has done more for the *Colleges of Rome*, and *Montpelier*, than ever their sworn Advocates the *Scaramouches* had been able to effect: He first broke all the glorious Measures which had been concerted, and carry'd on with miraculous Success for Nine Years, towards the Establishment of *Regular Practice* in *Europe*.

HE broke all the noble Alliances which had been form'd for the extirpation of *Quackery*, and gave Birth to all the poysonous Stages, now extant in *Great Britain*.

HE restor'd the Head *Quack* in *Europe*, who was just giving up the Ghost, to a Vigorous State of Health, and put him into a Condition of prescribing Rules to all the *Regular Dispensaries* of *Europe*.

HE has set the *Regular Practice* backward Ten Years. Let the consummate Wisdom of the Great President, and his faithful Censors, work a Thousand Miracles for the Redemption of it.

NAY, he put the true *British Censors* under an Interdict from Prescribing, or Administring one Salutary Dose, and let loose the wicked Fraternity of the *Scaramouches*, to mangle and torture the Constitution

stitution, after their own imperious Way, with essential Impudence and Ignorance.

IN fine, he beggar'd the *College Chest* to such a degree, and so weaken'd all the Sinews of Defences, that the *College* was render'd Incapable of asserting their Rights upon an expected Invasion of Foreign Quacks.

AFTER all these strenuous Attempts to propagate the Mystery of Poysoning, I am astonish'd, when I hear a *Scaramouch* declaiming against this good Man. *What could have been done more for the Cause? Who ever ventur'd his Blood more Prodigally? Who ever Crowded so many Labours into four Years?* I revere thee, my *Welch Hercules*, and shall admire thy Shade more than thy Person.

FROM henceforth, you will be deem'd Proverbially ungrateful, to load your greatest Benefactor with Calumnies: Well, since nothing but his Carcase will compound for his past Diligence, we agree with you, dear *Scaramouches*, in this single Point, tho' if he had serv'd the *Regulars* as faithfully, he should not have strol'd about like a *Pilgrim* at this Time.

BUT the *Coup D' Eclat* was wanting, which slow-pac'd *Hermodactyl* had not Spirit to give: This *Harry* was to put in execution, and urg'd the Stroke.

BUT here I am, in Decency, constrain'd to make a Pause, to give way to the fluent Tears of the distressed Ladies of *Bungey's* Audience: *Harry* is gone, that dear, melting, dying, *Harry* is fled, and has left most of them Favours.

MAT. *Rummer* is just arriv'd from *Egypt*, from a Land of Bondage, fraught with Store of Intelligence

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and tells us a good merry Story of *Harry Gambol*, when he was at *Le Grand Petit's* House.

GAMBOL, You know, is an Universal Player, at least he pretends to it ; and tho' his greatest Excellence lyes in playing the *Libertine*, yet there's no Part that he scruples to undertake from the gay Humour of a Town-Rake, to the solemn Gravity of a Privy-Counsellor, or an Ambassador.

UNDER The last Character, it seems he made an egregious Blunder about two Years since, at *Le Grand Petit's* House : Being somewhat fluster'd, instead of addressing himself to the King in the Play, who was an old, batter'd Tyrant, he made his Court to a young fluttering Fellow, in a Blue Lac'd-Coat, and a White Feather, that happen'd to be on the Stage at his entrance.

GAMBOL Was just upon the Point of Addressing with ——— *May it please your* ——— and had like to have spoil'd the Scene ; but the old Fellow, who had been a Stager for Sixty Years, and is very good at an *In Promptu*, interrupted him with, ——— *Sir, you're mistaken, I am the King.*

THIS Put *Gambol* right, tho' all sensible People believe to this Day, that the Mistake was really in his Part.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o. 42.

From Friday March 4. to Tuesday March 8. 1715.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

IF I preface rightly, there will be an absolute Necessity of putting a certain Writ of *Ne exeat Regnum*, more frequently in Execution, to prevent a Sett of merry Fellows, who have been, for the last Four Years, Acting a Play, call'd, *The Roman, and British Stages united*: Or, *Regular Practice defeated thro' Europe*, from making the Tour of *Italy and France*, before they account for the several Parts they have acted.

I begin to be under strong Apprehensions, that the whole Train will slip off by Degrees, and not give us an Opportunity of Examining their Talents, and comparing their several Excellencies in the Tragical Capacity.

AS All Actors derive half their Applause from the Justness of Action, so when any of these Theatrical Gentlemen lye down penitently on their Faces, cross a small wooden Machine, and give the Signal with a well-compos'd Spirit, or when others of less Rank, dangle elegantly in the Air, the Spectators

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Staturs will incline to Pity, and commend the manner of their Exits.

I am almost tempted sometimes to add one small Curse from a private Resentment, to the many National ones these famous *Stagers* are loaded with already. No Person can imagine what a *Sufferer* I have been by the abrupt Flight of *Gambol*, and the unexpected Desertion of *Hermodastyl*.

THEY Have made so large a Breach in the several Dispositions I had form'd for your Instruction, and Entertainment, and have reduc'd me to so narrow a Compass, by stripping me of two of the most ornamental Persons of my *Drama*, that I shall be very much at a Loss, unless Timely reliev'd by *Mat. Rummer*, with some curious Incidents and Characters of equal Figure, to make the Plot compleat, and the Catastrophe more than Poetically just.

THESE Deserters were under such particular Engagements to me, that I never imagin'd they would have quitted the Stage of *Great Britain* without a previous Notice sent to me: It had been but bare Decency in them to have given me a Week's Warning, at least, for altering my Scenes, distributing their Parts properly, and filling up so great a Gap in my Characters.

SUCH graceful and dext'rous Actors, I assure you, are not to be met with at a dead Pinch: An whole Century is sufficiently employ'd in the Production of two such Rarities; *Hermodastyl* for a noble Erectness of Figure; *Gambol* for an inflexible Gravity.

I was once thinking of filling up my Vacancies from the *French* Theatre; but then considering how that Stage consists chiefly of false Sublimities, and Caper, and that Grimaces, and servile Riggles of the Body, are daily going out of Fashion, I alter'd my Design, and have Hopes of Substituting some Persons of *British* Extraction in their Room, who have been sufficiently train'd to *French* Airs and Masquerade, and who will always discover a strong Attach to that Manner, upon an *English* Theatre.

BUT, if my merry Fellows continue to file off in Couples, I shall be mightily straitned, if not forc'd to close the Scene: They have left me nothing but the Refuse of that hopeful Community, and till I can call in a fresh Supply, I hope you will expect nothing more than Low Comedy. They were but dull at best, and even that insipid Vein runs low at this Juncture.

I ever thought, that as soon as the Scene was ripe for *Enter Mat.* that we should instantly hear of *Exit Harry*: And for the Disguise he took upon him, as some say, for the better Concealment, he is no ways blameable: In my Opinion, his Flight after that manner, was one of his merry Parts of Life. He was always in Masquerade thro' all the Courses of solemn Business, whilst he was with you; and why his Farewel should not be as pleasant, is above my Reach.

I only wonder that he did not put on a more passable Disguise: As the Antients us'd to prescribe *Sume Caballum*, to Cure an Hundred Diseases, so if I had been upon the Secret, I should have pre-

scrib'd *Sume Togam*, to have cover'd an Hundred Cheats.

F E W of you expected to have heard of poor *Harry's* being turn'd *Refugee*; but then, for your Consolation, I must let you know, it is not altogether for the sake of Religion that he is Fled.

B U T since he is gone, 'tis Barbarous with insulting Feet, &c. —————

HARRY was bravely Wicked: There is as much difference betwixt him, and *Hermodactyl*, as there is between a *Generous Highway-Man*, and a *Puny House Breaker*.

HARRY Charg'd upon the Constitution at Mid-Day; cry'd, *D——n you, stand, and deliver up your Souls to the Granadiers in Black; and your Bodies to the French Surgeons, to be Sacrify'd*: He did it with such an Air of Gallantry, that you never Resisted, or Complain'd. His Rapine seem'd agreeable to you, and it only pass'd for a Gay Frolick with too many of you.

HERMODACTYL was the very Reverse of him; his Conduct so sneaking, his Measures so Doubtful, and his most Flagrant Wickedness cramp'd with a specious Regard to the Constitution, that he never Merited a good Thought, even from those he affected to Serve.

H E was a perfect Night-Piece, and may be said to have committed a constant Burglary upon the College, laying Trains in the Dark, and, upon any Emergency, calling in a Dozen Accomplices to his Assistance.

THESE

THESE were the glorious Paths your late Actor^s trod ; these were the Charms which endear'd them to you ; these are the Accomplishments which many, very many of you, bewail the loss of at present ; these have spirited up your late Riots against the *President*, and his Faithful *Censors* : In Defence of this Black Fraternity you have Bled, prodigally Bled, and brought off inglorious Scars ; tainted your Allegiance to the *Sacred Chair*, and borrow'd a tumultuous Courage from Despair.

THE chief *Heroes* of the *Stage* have left you, abandon'd you to the Justice of the *College* ; and now your Advocates are fled, what Resources of Hope, but in the Mercy of the Great *President* ? Nothing, methinks, should Fire a Free, but Abus'd People with Indignation more, than to hear *Gambol*, just before his Departure, buoy up his shatter'd Remains of *Quacks* and *Stagers* with Assurances, That he would be the unshaken Patron of the Dying Cause, and give it a glorious Resurrection.

BUT go on and believe, with the stupid *Mahometans*, That this great Deliverer will return to you at the end of a set Number of Days : Time will, perhaps, convince you, That he must not, cannot, neither dare return, unless for a Victim to his distress'd Country.

HE is *Prejudg'd*, you say, and so say I, but in a far different Meaning from you : *Prejudg'd* by a Sentence from Within, where it is not in the power of any exterior Means to bribe or corrupt the Evidence.

WHO Drove him from the *Stage* ? What violent

Hands were laid upon him? Who refus'd him a Place, to which only the best amongst the *Regulars* are Entitled?

BUT because the *Censors*, like True Britons, would not involve themselves in the Guilt of Poysoning the Constitution; because, in point of Justice, they could not make that a National Crime, which can be only imputed to a few Upstarts, and Men of desperate Fortunes; must this Justification of their Honour and Integrity be call'd a *Prejudging*? Or could it affect any but those who stood Self-Condenn'd, and had a Thousand Furies in their Breast to proclaim their Guilt.

IT is such an Arraignment of the Justice and Honour of the *Censors*, as gives a double Stain to all the former Enormities of *Stage-Practise*, and a perfect Demur to the most Venerable Authority upon the Earth. Thus the Robber, the Assassin, and the Parricide, might attempt to elude all Justice, when he knows so many plain Statutes in Force against Crimes of such a Nature, by saying, *He was Prejudg'd, and 'twould be to little Purpose to wait the Issue of a fair Tryal.*

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 43.

From Friday, April 8. to Tuesday, April 12. 1715.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Precipitate Flight of my two Head Actors, tho' it has put me to some Inconvenience by narrowing my Scene, yet has been of wonderful use to me, in furnishing out such lively Images of false Glory, and precarious Titles which are founded on personal Defeats, a dishonest Ambition, and hasty Applauses of a distemper'd Nation.

I cannot answer for the Impulse Events so extraordinary may have upon the Minds of the looser Part of my Audience, but to the Thoughtful, they must certainly be very Instructive; serve to draw off their Thoughts from unwarrantable Pursuits, and contract them into an honest Emulation of exceeding their Fellow Creatures in Acts of Humanity, and all social Vertues.

TO see unhappy *Gambol*, within the Compass of a Year, swell'd with the Current of successful Wick- edness, taking an Handle from that treacherous Prosperity to be more Impious: To see him dissolv'd in Ease, and straining all his Nerves to anticipate the Pleasures of a lazy Futurity, and crowd the stated Periods of time, into one Night's Revel.

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TO

TO see him in a small Seraglio at *Greenwich*, amidst the unequal Thoughts which flow from a Debauch, like another *Tiberius* in the Island of *Caprea*, giving Laws to the distant World, breaking the best cemented Confederacies, and with one slippery Dash of a Pen, Signing the Fiat for the Destruction of an whole Province.

TO see this short-liv'd Meteor, blazing, fretting, and scattering his baneful Influences thro' *Europe*, some time since, compell'd at present, by a Self-Consciousness of his Crimes, to accept of a *Bona Fide* Hospitality, and eat the Niggard Bread of a very doubtful Patron in a Land of Bondage, as the Wages of his past Services: This Consideration, I say, must call in our wandering Thoughts, and strike the Ambitious with Horrour.

TO see the Other, not so Vain, but still more Wicked, climb preposterously into the awful Seat of his great Predecessor *Sidnejus*, gaining upon the ductile Fancy of a poor credulous good-natur'd Woman, by the accursed Mediums of feign'd Tears, and hollow Vows.

TO see him brandish an unmerited Wand, whose Lot in a well-regulated Season, had been the Scourge of the *Fasces*, and by Vertue of that Power, distributing Punishments to the Nation, in the Rewards of his Fellow Criminals, and awkwardly dispensing Favours, which he had neither Mein or Presence to make any ways obliging.

TO see this Upstart once fin'd in that High Station, triumphing over the *British College*, daring to unravel the Labour of Nine Miraculous Years, by the

the Weighty Advice of a Drawer, and a Footman, and putting all *Europe* into a Flame.

TO see this Man making such terrible Convulsions in *Europe*, cutting the Gordian Knot of Liberty, Triumphant without Victory, and bending all the Labour and painful Industry of his Fellow-Creatures, to the furtherance of his fantastick Schemes.

TO see him giving Rules to the Imperial College of *Vienna*, and Treating a *President* of that High Rank in the Language of a Dictator, and not admitting the Learned Professors in *Holland*, so much as to discuss the Seven irrational and absurd Problems which he sent to them.

TO see this once adorable *Mushroom*, at present turn'd Wanderer, forc'd to live in Solitude; and be his Self-Tormentor, Happy in one thing, so as not to be Pity'd; once Flatter'd by a servile Train, now Lurking in Dens and Corners, like *Marius* in the Fens of *Minturnum*, not daring to own the surreptitious Honours he was invested with, for fear of discovery, flying the Hand of Justice, tho' carrying Ten Thousand Deaths about him, pleas'd only by Intervals, with the Thoughts of his past prodigious Wickedness, and having entail'd almost inextricable Difficulties on the Posterity of *Great Britain*, ever Prevaricating with the World, at last confounded by his own Stratagems.

TO see this *Quack*, I say; reduc'd at present to such desperate Circumstances; abandon'd by his Friends, and abhor'd by every True Briton, is a Lesson to all restless Spirits, not to be too busy

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with

with Affairs above their Reach, or purchase lasting Infamy for the sake of a little transient Glory.

FROM the Records of the *British College*—it's plain, That every Impostor, or Pretender to the Knowledge of the Constitution, after having mangled his Fellow-Creatures for some Time, has, at last, paid dearly for his fatal Experiments, and even when the last Dose of Poison has been preparing, and the Vitals were to be attack'd, the bold Hand that dispens'd it, has been arrested in the Execution of the projected Murder, brought to condign Punishment, and the Nation rescu'd.

NAY, those who have escap'd with Impunity, by taking Shelter at the sacred Chair of the *College*, and by too cruel an Indulgence of the *President* then in being, have caus'd such Ruptures between Him and the *Censors*, that all Practice has been at a stand, and the Criminal only secure, by keeping off a general Consult, whilst the Pardon has been look'd upon by the *Censors*, as ignominious as the Punishment could be.

WHETHER these frequent Redemptions have been entirely owing to a watchful Providence, that still guards this fruitful Spot, and the sole Remains of Liberty in *Europe*, or that the Constitution is so admirably well temper'd, that it is not in the Power of the greatest *Paricide* to destroy it, I shall not determine; but in the last Exigency, we must all look upwards, and acknowledge, that nothing less than a Miracle could have preserv'd us.

THERE were so many Incidents concurr'd to
our

our Final Ruin; that never met together in some Ages; a Distemper'd Head; a Set of Pension'd *Censors*, a *Papist* Band of *Scaramouches*; and a poyson'd, hot, distracted Populace, who were running like Men in Calentures, into a Gulph of Slavery, Beggary, and Idolatry.

THE Universality of this Madness had, in a manner, laid all Persuasion and Argument asleep. The sober Man, who rose up and offer'd his Charitable Hand towards their Cure, was represented, as one abounding with Spleen, infected with a Mègrim; was threaten'd to be worm'd, or sent to the long Room in *Moor-Fields* for the recovery of his Senses.

THESE were some of the softest Censures the Tumblers and Jack-Puddings of those Black Times put upon the frequent Remonstrances that were made of their impending Danger: The Regulars that would have cur'd them, were branded as Malignants, whilst they were showing these poor obstinate Wretches, the Spots and Stains of the Poyson diffus'd over their Bodies.

I could wish this Frenzy extinguish'd even at this Time; nay, should be extreamly pleas'd to see it visibly abated: The Body of the Nation, I am satisfy'd, is well dispos'd to take wholesome Advice, and acquiesce in the gentle Prescriptions of the good President.

BUT whilst there are still left some implacable Stagers behind, who reflect upon the President's Edicts; whilst these Leaders clandestinely lend their Support to Riots and Faction, and the expiring Ecuds

are re-kindled by their Pestilent Blasts, we must expect that the Pulse of the Populace will beat quicker than ordinary, and their Blood glow with Encouragement.

THE warm, but ineffectual Struggles that have been made alate by a Set of Men, for Opposing every Motion which has tended to the Peace of the *British* College, and the Honour of the Great President, from the celebrated Mr. *Negative Shooe-Strings*, down to the Common-Cryer of St. *Andrew's*, plainly show, that there are no Terms of Accommodation to be hop'd for, so that the Regulars have nothing more to do than to embody firmly, and after having receiv'd the first Fire of their Opposers, to act as Regulars ought to do.

THE Allarm that has been industriously spread within these few Days, by a Party of rebellious *Quacks* of one *Censor*, being interrogated, together with their Apprehensions of his being in some Danger, and the likelihood of another's being Confid', has been for no other End but to sound the Populace, and discover whether they might, upon a proper Occasion, trust to their Numbers, and play the second Part of *Bungey's* Bear-Garden-Show again with the same Actors.

THE Second Experiment of that kind, I am apt to think, would not end in such a Farce as the first. It is a Stain hardly to be wip'd off, that the *British* Constitution has been once Insulted within our Memory at Home, and at a Time when we were freeing all *Europe* from their Chains, and the bold Aggressors Pardon'd, not to say encourag'd: Such
another

another Indulgence would give a Sanction to Treason, to Plunder, and the depression of all Authority, and make, as it were, an Auction of the Liberty, Estates, and Lives of all true Protestant Britons.

The High-German Doctor. N^o 44.

From Tuesday, April 12. to Tuesday, April 19. 1715.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Own you my Jury, and from you there lies no Appeal, but you have been severe beyond Reason in charging the late Omission to a Disregard of my Patients.

THERE was a Solemnity due to the latter Part of the preceeding Week, which laid a Check upon all the Volatile Parts of your Entertainment, and to have pleas'd you out of Season would have been but one Remove from an Offence.

I must not have you imagine my Intelligence was so confin'd, as not to know that *Hermodastyl* was Hovering about this great City for some time past, when I gave him over for lost: By Proclaiming him a deserter, I knew he would come in, and make the best of his sham Innocence; and my chief Intention was to bring him back to his antient Form, and forgive him Law for his Life.

A T

A T last he has appear'd in his various Shapes, and acknowledg'd the Great President's Title before the Upper-Bench of *Censors*, but the cunning Knave knew that *Easter* was at Hand, and challeng'd a Recess from that venerable Body, and therefore chose this Opportunity of Mixing with his Dozen, by way of Pledge for his future Attendance, tho' he is sure to be gone upon the next Convention of the *Censors*.

THE Tricking Part he play'd poor *Gambol* before his Flight, is never to be match'd amongst Confederates in Mischief, and never to be pardon'd by honest Practitioners.

THE affected Airs he wore in private Conversation, and the Assurances he gave poor unthinking *Harry*, had work'd him up to such a Confidence of his Safety, that he wrestled, vaulted, and hunted, even to the Hazard of his Neck, without considering how much Right the Nation had to it.

THIS unwarrantable Sufficiency increas'd; *Harry* was confusedly gay, whilst *Hermodactyl* thought. *Hermodactyl's* Stay left no Room for *Harry* to think himself in Danger: and the other could not think himself safe, whilst *Gambol* was on this Side the Water.

HERMODACTYL, always just to himself, was still contriving Means to make *Harry* appear Guilty to the World, and by well-digested Stories, terrify him into a suspicious Desertion.

PURSUANT to these laudible Measures laid down, *Hermodactyl* first absconds: The Circumstances of his Privacy were attended with all the Marks of Guilt. A small Billet left in the Key-hole
of

OF his Door; *Gone to the High-Lands, France, or Wales: Swansey* given out for the Place of Embarkation; he traversing all the Points of the Compass by Land, for fear of Discovery.

THE Rumour being artificially spread, at last reach'd *Harry's* Ears, and with this Aggravation, that *Hermodactyl* despair'd of his Safety, tho' short of the active Spirit which inspir'd our young Practitioner, and was fled.

WILL you believe me? His whining Speeches to a Congregation of *Saints*: His Essays towards Honesty: His affectation of being an *Englishman*; and his *South-Sea* Advantages, were not bigger with Cheat and Imposture, than this Contrivance.

HE knew *Harry* had him under his Power, and was privy to the late destructive *Scheme*, therefore it was his Province to run him upon an Action which should work up the wavering Multitude to an Opinion of *Harry's* Guilt; and, by that Means, give a less criminal Aspect to his original Mischiefs.

THE Plot work'd to satisfaction. *Gambol* retreated according to the intentional Orders of *Hermodactyl*; and his insolent Appearance amongst us, is, by some unthinking Wretches, look'd upon as a Badge of his Innocence.

GIVE me a Thousand open-hearted *Gambol's*, before one dark and dismal *Hermodactyl*: 'Twas Ambition fir'd the one to be greater than his Frame could bear; whilst the other, with full-stretch'd Power, could never have known what Grandeur meant, even with a Scepter in his Hand, much less with the unmerited Ornament of a Blue Ribbon.

HIS

HIS Ends were as preposterous as his Means: 'Twas not in his Nature, Thought, or Contrivance, to bring any Thing to Perfection: His muddy Brain render'd even his Wickedness Abortive; and thus we were deliver'd before his Time: And amidst the Curses which have fallen upon this Nation for the last Four Years, I look upon it as a Mercy, that of a desperate, we had such a bungling Politician.

YOU may Revile him as you please, but I must tell you, That he has Sav'd you against his own Will, and beyond your Hopes, and for this providential Mistake, he claims a Tear from you at parting.

THIS, you'll say, looks like giving him up to Justice, but you are strangely mistaken, he can have no Justice here, the Laws of the *College*, at present, are too short for the Punishment of his Crimes, and the Lenity of the Government cannot be stretch'd so far as to make him a Terror to any succeeding Upstart.

WHAT Attonement is one Man's *ceasing to Be*, and in that gentle Manner the *British* Laws prescribe, for the Thousands which have fell by his fatal Council; for the present Embarrassments we are under; for the sawcy Answers and Chicanry of an once Humble Tyrant, and the extinction of Liberty in *Catalonia*.

THE Ghosts of those gallant Men, who liv'd Free, and dy'd Free, notwithstanding the impious Designs of *Hermodastyl* to Fetter and Enslave them, will hover round this Climate, and infect the Air, if such a Creature devoted, I trust, to a partial Expiation of such complicated Wickedness, should meet with *Censors* so cruel to the Nation, as to Pity him.

LET Ideots feed upon their crude Imaginations, and Rebels flatter themselves, that all these prudential Measures, taken by the *Censors*, will terminate barely in a dry *Representation* of the past Wounds and Scars *Great Britain* has sustain'd, by the bold Impostors of the Four Last Years.

LET others keep their Fancies warm, with the Thoughts of some Persons being Inviolable, and above the Reach of Justice, and give broad Hints of an *Insurrection*, in favour of some Favourite Criminals.

THESE are Phantoms which will soon be dissipated, when once the Iron Hand of Power is legally employ'd in crushing the Obstinate. The officious Tears of Women, seconded with the Clamours of a loose dis-joynted Rabble, will not make the noblest Offender appear less Guilty, when he is judiciously pronounc'd so by the *Censors*.

THE private Consult appointed by the whole Body of *Censors*, are True *Britons* to a Man, from them we expect a Reason of our past Distempers, every Prescription will be brought to the Test; the Ingredients weigh'd in the nicest Scale, and the Doses scann'd; the *Quacks* will find no Refuge from Denials, Equivocations, or false Glosses, their own Hands will oppose them.

BUT neither this, or Proofs of an higher Nature, would make them Criminal with some of you; as your abundant Charity will not suffer you to believe amiss of them, so your Lenity will not permit you to give into any harsh Awards against them.

THE tender Sentiments with which some of you
have

have been constantly Inspir'd, leave us no room to question your Humanity. Those compassionate Phrases, of *Root and Branch*, and utter Extirpation, so agreeable to an *English* Ear, and so frequently mouth'd by the present *Advocates* of these *Paricides*, when they had the Government of the Day, compel us to think all these Vows put up for their Safety, flow purely from gentle Habits, and good-natur'd Principles.

BUT your Conduct in Power has been very much for the Edification of every true *Protestant Briton*: We saw you Blindly devoted to Holy Rage, and heartily prepar'd to make a Shambles of this populous City; and your present Clamours against Justice and proper Bleedings, have no other View but to preserve some of your flagitious Leaders for the Execution of double Mischief.

YOU have miscarry'd in your Attempt: Your Impostor is put out of a Capacity of Plundering, Massacring, Ravishing, and laying waste your Altars and your Fields: It has Gau'd you to the Quick, that you have not try'd the accursed Vicissitude of Slavery, after a long Series of joyous Liberty, we are satisfy'd, you are preserv'd against your Inclinations.

IT's pity, could it be done without endangering the Constitution, and involving the Innocent in the common Destruction, that these unnatural Creatures have not their Wishes answer'd, and made Slaves to the most abject Vassals in Nature.

WE were almost within the Grasp of this approaching Curse: The Doom's-Day Book was just going to be open'd: The Resignation of your Rights
was

was to be sign'd in Blood, and you would soon have been Witnesses to your own Executions, without the Decency of having your Eyes clos'd.

The High-German Doctor. N^o 45.

From Tuesday, Apr. 19. to Thursday, Apr. 21. 1715.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

WHENEVER I propose any Thing, either for the Pleasure or Instruction of the Publick, I am constantly interrupted by some little Accident, which, tho' scarce worthy of a Place in this Paper, in respect of the Tool which causes the Obstruction, yet cannot be tamely pass'd by, without a forfeit of that Zeal I owe to the Honour of the *Great President*.

AS many dismal Fellows have been very free to late with the *Title* to the *Chair*, from a *Station* which challeng'd another sort of Behaviour, so there are others, who wanting the Qualifications requisite to a publick Incendiary, fail not of giving wrong Turns to the greatest of his Actions, in private Conversation, and treat Majesty with a Contempt scarce to be equal'd in an *Age of Levelling*.

BUT the Wonder is in a great Measure soft'ned, when we consider that this vile Breed of *Scaramouches* have gone thro' a long Course of Perjury, inust;
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in the natural Tendency of Vice, rise up to an imitable Pitch of Wickedness, and having given up the common Guard of Morality, be under no Restraints, from a Sense of Duty or Obedience.

HIGH in this Rank of Apostates, stands one Dr. *Cacafogo*, on *Southwark Side*: All that pass by *St. George's*, must have seen him upon his *Weekly Stage*, and a great many of his Audience, no doubt, can speak experimentally of the Benefit they have receiv'd from his private Packets: For he, good Man, never conceals his Talent.

HIS strength of Argument being generally display'd on the weaker Part of his Audience, he cannot fail of making Conquests, especially where so much Reason on one Side, and so much good Nature on the other, combine; and you will be no ways surpriz'd at the Number of his Converts, when you hear the Force and Manner of his Reasoning.

YOU may, perhaps, surmize, because *Bungey* visits that Quarter of the World sometimes, that our Dr. borrows some of his Arguments from him. No, I assure you he is an Original, and is show'd for such very often: And to say these two Doctors are alike, would be to injure poor *Bungey* by the Comparifon.

NO: Of an ignorant Fellow, *Bungey* has much the superior Grace; he dresses better; adjusts his Wig more nicely; goes cleaner; and wears a more abstemious Phiz: Besides, there is more Energy in his Nonsense; *Bungey's* Voice pierces your Ears, tho' it never reaches your Heart: He has a glorious
Land-

Land-flood of Words, which drowns his Audience, and he throws them off boldly, without sorting them.

THERE are some warm Beauties, you see, in my Friend *Bungey*, and he has made the most of a low Genius; but this *Cacafogo* falls many Scales short of that precious *Slip of Mortality*.

THIS Doctor is so great a *Sloven*, you would take him for a *Wit*, if you did not know him; and without the Evidence of a deep Vermilion in his Cheeks, and a sleepy Eye, take him for a Sot, if you did know him.

HE Is more Vigilant, indeed, than *Bungey*, and exposes himself more to the Inclemency of Midnight Air, from whence most People conclude he has the Charge of the Watch, being (good conscientious Soul!) up at all Hours.

HE Is an arch Wag amongst the Fair at *Questions* and *Commands*, but his Bottle somewhat impairs the execution of a tender Command.

THESE Are but Preliminaries to the more substantial Parts of his Character.

HIS Politicks are the most refin'd Systems in Nature: He is a perfect *Machiavel* upon a State-Topic. I assure you, the Calf-killers, and Broom-Women agree, that he talks as smartly for half an Hour as most Men.

BUT At a private Supper, amongst this Class of judicious People, he far exceeds his *Stage-Speeches*.

I Lay it down (says the good Doctor) for a sacred Position, That any Man may drink Young Jacob's Health, and there is no manner of Damage can accrue to him from it.

AND Secondly, *That Penalties awarded in such Cases, are meer Amusements, and only in Terrorem to those who know no better; and that Threatnings of that Nature must be sparingly executed. Ergo,*

HUM, — Cry the Audience, and adore the Doctor for a profound *Casuis*t: There is a great deal of Reason in what he says; never was such powerful Arguments heard in our Neighbourhood.

THE Doctor, strengthen'd by their Judgment, and half a Dozen Glasses, proceeds to another of what he calls *Syllogisms*.

IT Is not in the Power of any Man, quoth the worthy Doctor, to give Laws to the Scaramouches; or prescribe them a certain Rule of Talking; or give Toleration to Taylors to stitch Consciences, and Tinkers to carry Budgets of Indulgencies. Ergo, They must not.

A Miracle of a Man! cry the whole *Marrow-Bone* Order. These are some of his fine Reasonings before great Judges; it would be a Sin, therefore, not to have given you the Opportunity of having any Political Doubts resolv'd in a Trice, and with so much Demonstration.

BUT Then for sage and wise Sayings, without great store of Argument, but much Learning.—

Recipe,

Recipe, His learned Discourses upon Restitution shewing, after his Manner, That a certain great Physician in being, cannot Attone for his past Actions, but by Restoring what he at Present Detains from another.

Item, That Seven Venerable Regulars in Black, had, once upon a Time, discarded Old Jacob, and it would be very hard if Seven Scaramouches could not overset the Chair of the College, as at present Circumstantiated.

But 'tis Time to throw off the Mask of Complacency to the Dulness and impious Assertions of this *Scaramouch*, and let the despicable Tool know, That every Time he either Drinks, or Abetts the Health of Young *Jacob*, he is a Rebel to the *President*, and Perjur'd before Heaven.

HE Has Sworn to observe the *Statutes* of the *College*, as now executed by the *Great President*; And how can he, with any but a *Mulberry-Face*, dare insinuate a rival Right to the *Chair*, lodg'd in a *branded Impostor*.

IF The Clemency of the *Great President* was not extensive as his Dominion, this Wretch would soon be brought to confess, That there are Penalties in Force against him, and his Fellow-Malignants; and that the Power they have derided, is arm'd with sufficient Weight to Crush them.

WE Are not insensible, that this mungrel Cast have courted Punishment for some time; have brav'd the supreme Power of the *President* and *Censors*, and seem'd fond of being taken Notice of in a judicial Way.

THEIR

THEIR Designs are open to the most careless Observer : They fancy the Rabble devoted to their Interest, and to be work'd up to any desperate Pitch, by certain Wires they have play'd for the Four last Years, that they shall either be rescu'd from the Hands of Justice, or fall pity'd Sacrifices.

BUT They ought to know, That it is not the Suffering, but the Cause which makes the Martyr ; and if we could suppose it possible for any of that flagitious Race to be in a Condition to suffer, they may yet fail in the Account of their blessed Deliverers.

WHAT But the highest Insolence could dare Question the Power of the Great *President* in prescribing Rules to the *Scaramouches* ?

— DOES Not the Bread they at present eat, come from an Acknowledgment of his supreme Power over them, and their Actions ? —

— HAVE We been Redeem'd for Two Hundred Years from the Oppression of the *Roman* College, and all Communication cut off between them and us, and shall any one presume to Talk so odiously at this Time, without incurring a *Premunire* ?

BY Opposing the Orders of the *President*, they actually set up, and maintain a Power independent of Him : And really, if a Man did but seriously examine the strong Figurations of their Bodies, and the Brawn of their Muscles, he would be apt to think they have Lifted themselves, and enter'd into Pay against the Government, and resolv'd to

to defend their Usurpation, when the Validity of it comes to be try'd.

THE Statutes of Provissors are still in Force against their Assumptions, and they are disabled from any Authority, but that of *doing Good*, which is not likely to happen in our Days.

IF Timely Regard be not had to these Encroachments, adieu to the Majesty of the Chair, and the Edicts of the *Censors* : —

A Stage made co-equal with, or above the Dignity of the College, must eclipse the Lustre of it to the last Degree, and throw all into strong Convulsions, whenever a *President* should be so bold to displease a confused Rabble of *Quacks* and *Pretenders*.

L

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 46,

From Thursday, Apr. 21. to Saturday, Apr. 23. 1715.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Apprehensions from Yesterday's Eclipse, tho' it had no more Controul over the common Course of Affairs, than a Cloud's intercepting the Rays of the Sun for a Season, yet had thrown a great Part of my Female Audience into such Hysterick Fits, and some of the yet weaker Vessels of our own Sex, into that depth of Spleen, that one might as well have gone about to persuade an obstinate *Jacobite* into a love of our present Constitution, as to have made them believe this Appearance proceeded barely from a natural Cause.

~~BUT~~ that having pass'd off without any more Damage to the Publick, than drawing great Numbers of very wise People up to the Top of *Highbury-Hill*, for the more commodious Sight of it; and now being, by comfortable Experience, assur'd that you are still alive, and your Minds restor'd to their usual Tranquility, I must rally you gently upon your past Credulity, and don't despair of gaining your Attention to a whimsical Entertainment, especially since Farces of *Popes* and *Pretenders*, have taken such a Run alate.

IT

IT must certainly give an humourous Dance to the Imagination, to hear how variously the Passions beat upon that Occasion; Those who really believ'd it to be the Catastrophe of Nature, made no manner of Preparation for the Approach of such a Change, but were chiefly inquisitive about the Mode of their Dissolution.

THE Doctrine of *Translation*, so much exploded a few Years since, now came in fresh Play; and it was concluded on each Hand, that they must all Mount, and be whirl'd up into the Air: It was a painful Reflection to the Usurer, that he should be oblig'd to put himself into a light Posture, and leave his weighty Treasure below; but there being no Time to be lost in Contemplation, he was resolv'd to rip his Canvas-Bags, sew them together, and clap on all the Sail he could upon his Back, for the more easy Translation.

THE Lawyer, who was just grasping the last envy'd Field of his poor Neighbour's Farm, demurr'd; You must think a little to this hasty Summons; but he being as Credulous as the rest of the Visionaries, resolv'd to make Parchment Wings, and mount with his unfinish'd Deeds.

THE Physicians, tho' not many of the season'd ones, regretted the Loss of their Fees, knowing there are none such to be had in the *Zodiack*. The Apothecaries, Chymists, and all the unauthoriz'd Homicides, mourn'd at the Loss of 90 per Cent. in their *Christmas* Accompts, but giving into the common Delusion, had put themselves in the merriest Array of Vials, Retorts, Bolt-Heads, and Glyster-

Bags, to hold Wind the better, and mount them as swift as a Rocket, tho' all sober People would have taken them for Men in Armour, and that they were going to fight the Prince of the Air.

I cannot say the Number of the *Scaramouches* were great, who expected this Change; they generally love firm Footing here below, and are not very solicitous which Way People shape their Course, either upwards, or downwards, so they may engross the Earth to themselves. However, some there were, who not having tasted the Luxury of a Great Man's Table, had made some Provision for their Journey: And can you think, at a short Warning, of the merry Expedient they design'd to make use of? I defy the most Mechanical-Brain to strike upon the Project. *Dadalus* was a Novice to these Artists. *Icarus* indeed came the nearest to them, because they are all *High-Flyers*.

THEN, to be sober with you, they had bought up several Parcels of *Bungey's Fifth of November Stage-Speech* at *St. Paul's*, and made them into a large Kite, and so ——— Nay, now I find you are dispos'd to smile at the Novelty of the Conceit, and going to give it a Place amongst the Fables of Old, but I beg you to be compos'd a while: In short, these merry Fellows were to be the Tail of this Kite, and hang by the Waist-Bands of each others Breeches, and so make a long Tassel.

BUT I am aware of an ensnaring Question, you will instantly put, *Who was to fly this Kite?* Why, Faith, that was not thought of, as I can learn at present, which makes me believe it was only given out as a Feint
to

to try how we should bear the loss of so many good People pack'd up together : But since the Fears of this great Change are over, I'll engage to find a merry set of Fellows in this Nation, who will Fly a Kite with such a Tail to it, if they are in good earnest dispos'd to take a Flight.

BUT amidst this Credulity which bore so strongly upon the Men, you cannot imagine the Fair Sex were free from as violent Apprehensions, nor less anxious about their Mounting.

IT must be allow'd they could not be more Whimsical in their Contrivances than the Men; but to do them Justice, I think their Notions far exceed any of the Faculties I have mention'd.

THE Superstitious amongst them trusted to their good *Genii* of the Air, and fancy'd they would gently draw them up by a Lock of their Hair, after the *Mahometan* Way.

OTHERS, of a more indolent kind, had determin'd not to Rise, but patiently wait their Destiny, and so, literally, fulfill the Proverb, of *Going to Heaven on a Feather-Bed*, as being the softest Carriage.

THE Preciser Sort had resolv'd to lay hold upon some Edifying Brother's Cloak; tho' some of them have confess'd to me, since the Consternation has gone off, That they were afraid the Button would have been slipp'd out of the Loop, and they dropp'd it they had proved more than ordinarily heavy.

THE Constant She, propos'd to Mount on a Turtle's Wing; the Gay on Peacocks Tails; the Reserved, on the Backs of Milky Swans; the Proud, on

L 3

Eagles

Eagles Necks; and the Coquet, on Magpie's Plumes:

THE fat unweildy Hostesses about Town, were the most perplex'd about their Translations, for they could not propose to Mount without a Crane; and then being somewhat skill'd in the Doctrine of Ferments, they were afraid the Change of Air, and violent Motion would set the Beer a working a fresh in their Carcasses, and burst their Whale-Bones, so they were contented to keep down.

SOME had very formally prepar'd their Bottles of *Sal. Armoniack*, with *Spirit of Lavender*, lest they should grow Giddy in their Flight, or Faint by the Way.

A few, I am told, were so Confident, as to think of Mourning in their Riding-Hoods, being, I suppose, in a Disshabille, or thinking to pass Incog.

OTHERS had put on a Wrapper, and Two Quilted Petticoats, for fear of catching Cold in the Atmosphere.

I must not have you think this Description Romantic, you may be assur'd it does not equal the wild Conceptions of People, upon the Chimera's form'd upon Yesterday's Event.

THERE was a Concert of very refin'd Ladies who met on this Occasion over a Tea-Table, bewailing their expected Fate, and anxious about the Manner of their Translation: Amongst these, a merry Girl, who had not let out her Senses to Superstition, after having Rally'd them for some time, upon the Absurdity of their Fears, vow'd, They had all of them the prettiest Vehicles at Hand for Mounting that could

could be invented, but their Fears obstructed the Discovery of those Means which had been so happily Provided for their aerial passage.

AT this she rose, and told them, That for her Part, she was prepar'd for the worst, and resolv'd to Mount in a Hoop'd Petticoat: I do not pretend, Ladies, to know how yours are made, continues she, but mine, I am sure, draws so much Wind, that I should, at every turn, mount like a Sky-Lark, if it was not for the Vent of my Side-Pocket-Holes.

IT is but gathering up the Stitches that are fallen, and shutting down our Hatches close, as they say at Sea, and we'll let us Sail for the Air.

SHE was deem'd Prophan; in that Conjunction, you will believe, by those that always liv'd in slavish Fear; the Great Luminary in the Interim was quite cover'd, and they were afraid of losing their Way; so we lost the Experiment of the Hoop, and they fell into a Swoon, whilst the Merry Girl stood unconcern'd, and was sufficiently employ'd in sprinkling Water on their Pomatum Faces.

The High-German Doctor. N° 47.

From Saturday, April. 23. to Tuesday, April. 26. 1715.

Gentlemen, and Ladies,

DURING this Recess of the *Consorts*, I could no more prevail upon my Actors to appear upon the Publick Stage, than one could upon those at the Theatre in *Drury-Lane*, to tread in Time of Vacation, when they are sure of a thin House.

BUT the Plot thickening Daily, my Under-Parts will be of great Use to me: There are some of these, perhaps, that in the Eye of the Audience seem very slightly concern'd in that memorable Farce, call'd, *The Adventure of Four Years*. A little Time may show that the Incidents will have a considerable Share in the main Parts, and at the winding up of the Act, make no contemptible Figure.

THOSE who have been at the Rehearsal, are pretty much of my Opinion; and when the Scene comes to be open'd, People will form a different Judgment than what can be made of them at present behind the Curtain. The *Villain*, indeed, is the Top Character of one celebrated Play; but in that which may be presented in a short Time, you will find so many

many Knaves of a lower Form, that you will be very much at a Plunge to distinguish them from those of the first Rank.

I F you will rely on my small Judgment, I assure you, never Parts hung better together; they are all of a Piece, and so well connected, that you will pass from the Top Characters to the less important, with all the facility imaginable. There will be no violent Strain upon the Fancy to piece the scatter'd Parts, and reduce them to a Dependance, so that what *Homer* said of *Iambicks*, will be verify'd in the approaching Scene:

Primum ad extremum similis sibi ———

I have been in some Pain, lest some of my Actors should have made a Tour these Holidays, after the laudable Example of swift-footed *Gambol*, which is now become as proper an Epithet for one in a Civil Capacity, as it was in *Homer's* Dialect for his great Hero *Achilles*.

BUT there is a Fate hangs over us all, and he that is born to be Hang'd can never hazard Drowning by crossing the Seas. His Reception abroad, it's possible may be no small Discouragement; and some may think it more eligible to go off decently from the Stage here, than linger out an uncomfortable Life upon a Foreign Theatre.

I T'S true, the egregious Parts they acted here, have made them famous over the Universe; and the Plots were applauded by our Neighbours in the Action, because they were Gainers by them: Yet I

am satisfy'd they have no strong Inclination to trust them with making one for their Stage, having such a partial Opinion of their own Management, that ours would be damn'd the first Night by all People of Taste, or even common Reflection amongst them.

BUT our Theatres, and theirs, it's allow'd; are differently circumstantiated: Their Characters consist of more narrow and selfish Principles: They affect great Secrecy in their Parts, and never lead you into the Plot till it is ripe for Execution. If they, at any time, introduce a Secretary into a Play, they are sure to furnish him with those two Qualifications of Taciturnity and Vigilance. If they bring a General upon the Stage; they arm him with Foresight, Improvement of all Opportunities that may annoy his Enemy, and every Thing being in a proper Posture for an Attack, he is to Fight.

OUR Management is more publick-spirited, and open, and you have had this Satisfaction upon our Stage, that no sooner was the Scene open'd, but you saw to the Bottom of the Plot, which gave not the Brain that Fatigue, or made the Attention so laborious.

OUR Parts must be own'd to have been as just as theirs, tho' not kept up to that Punctilio of Forms: When we brought a Secretary upon the Stage, we, in the first Place, took care to make a handsome Fellow of him; then instead of Secrecy and Vigilance, his Papers were contriv'd to lie loose upon his Desk, and in Confusion, which might seem, at first Blush, preposterous to a Foreign Audience; but then we turn more upon the Surprise, and retrieve that Mistake by

by a wonderful Dexterity, in sorting them at a Minute's Warning.

THEN for the Vigilance, which is so servilely preserv'd in that Character, by our Neighbours upon their Stages, We us'd to make ours Drink, Intrigue, and be Absent three Days from an Office, which is easily salv'd by employing trusty Under-Clerks, according to that known Maxim of — *Qui facit per Alterum, facit per Se.*

WHENEVER we acted a General, we always kept up the Port of a Great Man, allow'd him Equipage, and all the Necessaries of War, but then the Offensive Part is as much to be attended to as the Defensive, and Caution as necessary sometimes as Action: So that ending a dispute by a Pitch'd Battle, according to the Laws of Dramatick Poetry, is not the essential Character of a General: And if at any Time we did not work his Part up to an Engagement, our Stage always preserv'd his Honour by Orders to the contrary: And tho' some may think Obedience only belongs to Subalterns, yet it may often happen to be the distinguishing Character of a General.

PARTS must be vary'd according to the several Exigencies which Presents, and a *Passive Hero* sometimes is preferable to a *Storming General*. The Comedian is not always to be in a Gay; Frolicksome Humours, and the Sublime Actor sometimes quits his Buskins, according to *Honaco*.

Et Tragicus plerumq; dolet sermone Pedestri

WHENEVER

WHENEVER a great Banker is introduc'd on the *French Stage*, they constantly usher him in with an ample Fortune, to secure him from the Shock that a Narrow Circumstance might bring upon the Audience. They furnish him with Abilities for so large a Trust; make him a great Husband of all the Publick Money, and never allow him to start any Chimerical Project, first to Amuse, and then Cheat the People.

THIS some nice Critics call *Justice of Character*, but I will make it evident, That a Publick Cashier on our Stage, without any of these Properties, has been equally as just. For suppose one has been brought on our Stage as a *Bankrupt*, it does not of necessity infer, *That he must be a Murderer*; and the Temptation of so much Money in his Hand, can have no Influence upon a Man of unspotted Integrity. In this Part we are to weigh the Person's Character nicely, and if we find he has been an excellent Pay-Master, just in his Dealings, a Man of Veracity, and never Noted for a Trick, there is as much Propriety in the one of a Narrow Fortune, as in that of Affluence and greater Wealth.

AND then for Abilities, I think the Cashier in our Play, has done better without them, having unravell'd a Scheme in Four Years, which Wiser Heads have made the Work of Twenty Six. His Husbandry, tho' none of the best, yet when he had more Money by him than he knew what to do with, it would have blemish'd his Character, if he had not Circulated it to keep him in his Place: And then for Chimerical

merical Projects, he has Topp'd his Part, by that of the South-Sea. So that you see all this boasted Propriety of Character, is not to be kept up on all Stages alike: Dexterity of Management, making that which seems incongruous to the Stated Rules of one Stage, look a becoming Part when well conducted on the other.

SOME have thought our Actors a little Treposterous in bringing a *Mantua-Maker* upon a Stage, and then in the next Scene making her a Privy-Counsellor: If Mr. Bays was now alive, he would Laugh at the Simplicity of such Criticisms. He has often made Dead Men rise up, and act a Taking Part; would often make Hinds and Panthers talk Rationally upon deep Points, and make a Man out of an Horse, and yet we must not be suffer'd to make a Privy-Counsellor out of a *Mantua-Maker*.

OTHERS object, that a Footman could not be fairly introduc'd upon the Stage, as a Man of Business, and entrusted with Affairs of Importance: Why, a Footman is a Man of Business by his Profession, for he runs of Errands, Fetches and Carries, and is always in Employment; and if a Master will make him his Confident, I see no reason but that he may keep up the Character of a very knowing Man upon the Stage, and look as big as his Master, with a great deal of Propriety, especially after his Livery Coat is taken from him.

THERE would be no end in adjusting Characters to every Mans Goust: It's enough that we have Relish'd all those Defects for Four Years, and Faith,

Faith, I must tell you, a few Months longer, would have made these seeming Improproprieties Standard.

WHEREAS a Report has been industriously spread for some Weeks past, and work'd up into a Formal Story, in the last Saturday Examiner, charging the High-German Doctor, with certain Blasphemous Expressions; I think my self oblig'd, as having been the reputed Author of that Paper, to signify to the World, if the Aspersions, under the Title of the High-German Doctor is Levell'd at me, that the whole Story has no manner of Foundation, that every Circumstance, both of the Entertainment and Correction, is a damnable, malicious, and impudent Lie, and the Author of that Paragraph is hereby provok'd to name the Place where the Entertainment was made, and in whose Company those Words were spoken.

Phil. Horneck.

P. S. The Story is so ridiculous, that if a Charge of this black Nature would permit a Man to be in Temper, and treat with proper Raillery, he might make some diverting Remarks upon it; but I shall leave one Point to be settled by that profound Author, to shew the Dulness and Inconsistency of this Lie.

H E

HE says, the High-German Doctor was invited to an Entertainment by his Friends. Now the World is pretty sensible, the Tories are not so much in his Interest, as to Care for him in that endearing Manner the former Part of the Entertainment intimates, so by Consequence they must be Whigs. This being premis'd, with what Face can this profligate Fellow insinuate, That any Whig could be startled, or take Fire at any Irreverence offer'd to the two sacred Characters there mention'd, when he, and his Popish Crew, have branded the whole Body of Whigs, as Atheists, Deists, Despisers of all Religion, and Civil Government?

The

The High-German-Doctor. N^o. 48.

From Tuesday, Apr. 26. to Thursday-April 28. 1715.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

TH E R E is nothing gives me more Pleasure, than finding my self in a merry Humour for diverting my Audience : I could wish there was less Occasion given for lowre Reflections upon the Behaviour of an implacable Race ; and that the whole Strain of the Entertainment could run upon Gaiety, merry Incidents, and good Humour.

F O R My own part, it must be acknowledg'd by the greatest Malignants, and Dealers in State-Controversy, that I have contributed as much to the Diversion of the Town, as Men of far greater Abilities, by Painting a new Sett of Scenes, retaining several Actors in Half-Pay, and turning the *Stage-Medical* into a *Stage-Comical*.

TH I S I am aiming at, and would pursue according to the proper Byass of my Humour, if I could be free from the Interruptions of some restless Spirits, who are still Murmuring at the happy Turn of Affairs, and will ever be Tiezing, tho' wretched Performers.

BUT

BUT leaving them to be grow'd by the Vultures of Disappointments, and despair of ever seeing their monstrous Wishes accomplish'd; I must bespeak all your pleasant Looks to Day; and that you may not complain of being straitned in Time, I allow you Six Hours to practice upon your Faces by the Glass, to change the fastidious Brow into a flowing Grace; and a good-natur'd Countenance; to repeal all those Acts of Hostility in your Eyes, to drop the Lip carelessly, and sink the bloated Muscles into a Dimple.

AS I had early Warning Yesterday, so I give you timely Notice to prepare your selves for a merry Epilogue, to be Spoken at the *New Theatre* this Night: Your Presence there will be no small Obligation to me; but there wants little inducement, when the Entertainment is likely to prove as much yours as mine.

THE Author has let me into the whole Secret of his Epilogue, which, in a certain Break, or Interruption, makes room for one of the most Elegant, or Ruesful Figures in Nature, and is pleas'd, in bar to his much greater Judgment, to ask my humble Advice about the Choice of a Spark.

I having the nicest Collection of Actors constantly at my Beck, and knowing the Size of their Talents, take Care to distribute the several Parts committed to me with great Exactness, and this before us Demanding a particular Genius, I could not be long in Suspence where to assign it.

IF the Part is to Entertain, or Edify, to Amuse, or make a Grotelque Figure, my Old Friend *Hermodastyl*

modestly cannot escape being call'd on to show, and he is my Man for this Night.

I had no sooner pitch'd on him, but I found an Invitation had been sent him by an unknown Admirer of his, persuading him to make his Diverting Entry upon the Stage. There is so strict an Intimacy between us, that there is nothing communicated to him, whereby he thinks his Parts may be any ways illustrated, but he sends to me for my Opinion: ——— But not to detain you any longer, let his Epistle speak for it self.

HERMODACTIL to Sage *MEZERON*.

TH O' by an Infinity of Disguises, I have often flatter'd my self with escaping the Penetration of your vigilant Eye; and had succeeded to my Wishes, but for that peculiar Attribute of *Second-Sight* which belongs to you: I am resolv'd to be frank and open to you for the future.

SINCE my *High-Land* Exploits, have been trac'd by you with more ease than a bawling Juggler's Conveyance; since I never could give the Name of a Lenitive to any Preparation of mine, but you presently detected the corrosive Parts of it; or pass an Astringent long upon the World, before you prov'd it to be a violent Purge; or, in fine, ever pretended to a Specifick for the Stoppage of Blood, but you presently blaz'd the Secret, and gave out, That it was done by an actual Caution.

SINCE, I say, your Penetration is not to be eluded in the Medicinal Way, I shall not presume to escape

escape it in the Scenical; and therefore am resolv'd never to tread any Stage but yours, without your License or Consent first obtain'd in Form. The Invitation given me is very obliging, is strong upon my Mind, and methinks I have a Genius to be doing: It's a Part of some Gallantry, and if I retain my usual Address and Fire, I cannot fail of pleasing. *Fontanelle*, you know, was ensnar'd by my good Graces, and *Poplin* has assur'd me, with the solemnest Fondness, that ambrosious *Gambol* was never form'd to please like me.

YOU know I was always expressive without Ambiguity; had Energy without Levity; and Deliberation without Stupidity; and in such a private Capacity, can talk, shrug, whisper, bow, ——— But every Thing in humble Deference to Sage *Mezereon's* better Judgment.

NOTHING could have fall'n out more fortunate, than that *Hermodactyl's* Inclination jumps so equally with my Choice. You may be sure I embrac'd the Occasion, and to inspire him with lofty Sentiments of his dear Person, I sat down and return'd him this Answer.

**MEZEREON to the Tragi-Comick
HERMODACTYL.**

I have been in some Pain since Harry Gambol's Escape, for a clever Face on Thursday Night, That Part, after mature Consideration, is devolv'd upon

on you ; you must know Mrs. Millamant is in a
 lucky Cue to be Won ; and I assure, you, That your
 Mind and Understanding, to prevent any possible
 miscarriage, shall be wholly unconcern'd, and out of
 the Question.

YOU need only approach her in a flexive and
 adoring Posture of, Knees, and Body, and half your
 business will be over. The Incident seems to offer
 itself very happily, for the re-establishment of
 your Character.

THERE are some, who are Strangers to the
 surprizing Part of your Nature, call you a meer
 Lump of Syl'en, and Indigestion ; others, as un-
 acquainted with the Faintness of your Person, who
 look upon you as a rude Draught of Man, and
 these again, who mistake the blooming Sparkles of
 your Phys, for a Cluster of Mulberries drudg'd
 with Meal.

BUT I, Dear Hermodactyl, have view'd you
 through another Eye, and know you form'd for every
 Under-Office of a Lover : Millamant may have her
 delicacies, but has not Hermodactyl his Altitud-
 inents ? Millamant must be own'd to have her
 numerous Caprices, but is not your Grimace and
 Gele equal to them all ? Think only of the
 difficulties you have encountred, ——— sur-
 pass'd, ——— and what is Woman ? Thou dear-
 ing, aiding, and assisting Faw ——— nor. Thou
 Virgin-Mongress ! Thou Hymen Breaking Og —
 brp ! What could withstand those softer Engines
 of Hermodactyl's kind Address and Art ? His
 Speech

Speech w^{as} Witchcraft, and his Words Enchantment, but for his Adverbs, and Interjections ——— Oh! O ——— b! Pardon me, my dear Friend, for wandering so far from the Point: 'Tbro' Rapture and excess of Admiration, I had almost forgot that it was your own dear Self I address'd to. ——— Therefore permit me to repeat to you the Noble Figure y^e u have already made on the larger Stage of the World, and what after Figure you are in a fair Way of making.

ONCE exert your self briskly, e'er the long-wish'd Catastrophe, and what shall seem in this Part to be play'd less effectually, shall be hugely recompens'd at your approaching Exit, and agreeably warm the Audience.

Yours,

Mezereon.

YOU see, Gentlemen and Ladies, the reciprocal Confidence between Hermodastyl, and my self: His Openness in Imparting, and my Freedom in Advising, makes a blessed Harmony. I think it proper he should dress himself this Night in all his Stage-Ornaments; His Feather, Lac'd Coat, and Indigo Blue, with other dangling Ensigns of his former unsuitable Grandeur, and accost the Lady who speaks the Epilogue.

BUT withal, I judge it necessary, that he, in some Measure should soften the Severity of his Aspect, and

and try to insinuate into her Graces with his usual Gesticulations.

AS to any Difficulty that may be started from a Doubt of his Assurance, I will be bold to answer for him, he'll feel no more from the Terrors of an Audience, than the Suggestions of his Conscience.

THAT the Expectation of the Town may not be frustrated, I shall attend the whole Performance in Person, have an Eye upon his Conduct, and question not but that it will prove to your general Satisfaction.

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 49.

From Thursday, April 28. to Saturday, April 30. 1715.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

I Was not perfectly easy with my self all *Thursday*; tho' *Hermodactyl* had ty'd himself down to my Directions, I knew if there was a Possibility left of Shuffling off his Engagement, he would certainly do it, and the Audience suffer by the want of a preposterous Figure, and my Authority be lessen'd, by not having my Actors entire at Command.

THERE has a Mistake happen'd, and where to fix it properly, I am at Loss. *Hermodactyl* has, to outward Appearance, behav'd well: It's confirm'd to me from all Hands, that he was upon the Spot, and demanded his Part in Form; but was told, That a considerable Share in the Play being sunk by an unforeseen Accident, the Graces of his Action were reserv'd for a more important Occasion.

I was really astonish'd at such a plausible Demeanour from *Hermodactyl*, but still could not be at rest. I forwarded my Enquiries, and joyn'd others to mine, and at last trac'd the Secret.

IT seems, he had fallen in with a Confederate Stage, which would not permit him to act any thing that was ridiculous, tho' for his Glory; or if he had,

to

to skreen his Harlequin Figure from open Contempt, by a strict Composure of Countenance: So that he was sure of Pleasing me by a punctual Obedience, or going off without a ridiculous Snoot, if he had been compell'd to Act.

BUT these Collusions demand a freer Inquest: And it may be proper to know, Why the *Robin Powell*, or Director of the House does not encourage these diverting Scenes with a freer Aspect?

I am sure, if *Hermodastyl* was content to Act, no Directors of the Stage Scenical ought to oppose so Venerable a Comedy for coming into Play; and had there been an equal Complacency in them, as there seem'd to be in my good Friend, several Expedients might been found out to have answer'd his Trouble of Dressing himself, and by this Time, he, in all Probability, would have been in *Millamant's* Arms.

COULD not the sick Part have been restor'd by a good Prompter; or even read, rather than have lost so handsome a Conclusion? Oh *Hermodastyl*, never trust thy pretended Friends again; they are serving thee just as thou hast serv'd all the World, Tricking thee under a specious Concern for thy Good, and not suffering thee to act thy full Part out.

BUT I wish there is not something at the Bottom that sticks with the Principals of the Stage: Perhaps a common Juggler is to be put into a Fool's Coat, and hiss'd; there is a Tenderness, perhaps, due to his Character Without Doors, that will not permit him to receive the Benevolence of his Admirers of the Box and Pit within.

I dare swear he is not in Pain for himself: As he has rubb'd thro' a Theatre of much greater Notice, and in Disguise thro' the whole Course of his Acting for Four Years past, so he cannot easily be put under a Confusion upon a Stage of less Observation, when he is Acting the Lover, or fine Gentleman.

THE Contraries of that Part he pretends to act, I look upon to be his Master-Piece: His Face and Mein would surfeit, were they at Liberty to speak for themselves: But then turning upon the Ridiculous by affected Gestures, he is apt to move a Laughter in the Audience, and by that means prevent the solemn Contempt which *Still-Life* and *Inaction* would draw upon him.

BUT leaving this Creature to his own confus'd Sentiments; his false show of Tranquility, and awkwardness of Mein, in the several Provinces of Life, I must Address my self to you, Gentlemen and Ladies; you, I mean, who are Retainers to the *British College*, and never could be prevail'd upon ever to take a spurious Medicine from the *Quacks* on the *Stage Physical*, or by your Principles can bear to hear any thing Rehears'd from the *Stage Scenical*, injurious to the Honour of the *College*.

HOW comes it that you are so Cool in your Plaudits, when a well-wrought Period strikes your Ears and Hearts so agreeably? Whence is it that the Hisses of Malecontents are superior to the Commanding Genius of Liberty? Are you Resolv'd to give up all to Clamour? Forfeit your Gift of Resentment by Silence? And let an abandon'd Party multiply their Trophies upon your Modesty?

M

ROUZE,

ROUZE, ye Brave, to Glory! It's for Liberty
you Hum ———

THERE can be no Degeneracy in the Actors, from the proper Beat of their Pulse, but when you Fan the Fire by your Countenance and Encouragement, Tyranny, Popery, and all the Train of Curfes annex'd to it, will be exploded, or acted with a spiteful Energy, to shew the Rags and Loathsomeness of them.

REFLECT from whence the Noble Model of all your Theatrical Diversions came: Consider that the Days of Liberty furnish'd out both the Gay and Solemn Scenes, which give you Pleasure at this Distance, and will for ever Please.

THERE is nothing of Beauty, Worth, or Wit remain, as Records of those dismal Hours of Bigottry and Superstition, wherein Minds were Distracted with false Hopes, and imaginary Fears.

THE Sale of one's native Country to a Tyrant: The Stings of Wretches, whose chief Boast of Wealth, was a Circle of Chains and Wooden-Shoes: The present Aversion likewise in some to their Country's Good, who revel on unmerited Favours.

THE Parricide, the Plunderer, the cringing Villain, and the temporizing Convert, should be Themes worthy of the strongest Pen, and draw forth the Resentment of those whom *Pbabus* has thought worthy of so arduous a Charge.

THE Bodies which seem to have been Planted alate to give Interruption to some true *English* Expressions in a *Protestant Play*, make not much for

for the Credit of our Theatres: Neither does the Malevolence of Hissing, without Stings, reflect any great Honour, or Prowess on the Heads of such Actors.

THO' several awful Stations about Town, from whence one might have expected other Doctrine, have been infected with Arbitrary and *Roman* Principles, yet it's hop'd the *Stage* will still preserve the Spirit of *Ancient Greece*, and *Rome*; and not Copy after the *Scaramouches*, in their Manner, whom they would be asham'd to introduce in a Play without a Nurse and Leading-Strings.

THERE has been a Violence to Decency e're now, offer'd in the Presence of Two Great Persons at the Theatre, whom Respect should have oblig'd us not to offend: This was past by with a Generosity equal to their High Births; tho' a less Extravagancy would have been reputed Criminal to an *Abbot* or *French Monkey*.

IT becomes the Men of Spirit and Taste to take these Parts under their Cognizance; to see Justice done to all Heroick Characters; to give a long and lasting Applause to our Benefactors; to the Immortal *William*, for having set us Free; to the Propitious *Mirabel*, in a lower Rank of Life, for having prescrib'd Laws to Tyrants, and made them own the Power of the *British* Spear.

BUT to the Great *George*, a nicer Care is due; to see Duty and Allegiance not only rehears'd, but warmly express'd; to hear our late Deliverance commemorated with Transports; and keep an Eye on all those who dare rise in the abandon'd Cause of Slavery.

M 2

The

The High-German Doctor. N^o 50.

From Saturday, Apr. 30. to Thursday, May 12. 1715.

Gentlemen and Ladies,

THE Second Volume of this Paper being almost determin'd, at the Close of the last Month, I thought it full time to lay aside the Disguise, and had in a manner dropp'd all Thoughts of appearing any more in Publick under this Title, or any other.

AND had I indulg'd this Humour, I don't know but I might have oblig'd several lazy and insignificant Neutrals, and perhaps some others, whose Provinces have formerly been look'd upon as active, by what fatal Degeneracy render'd tame at present I cannot reach: And considering Supineness is become so fashionable a Vertue, it must argue a strange Obstinacy in any Man, not to go along with the Mode.

YET, notwithstanding all the Charms of Indolence and Indifference, I shall never be brought to approve them. The noble Reflections which arise from the warm Sacrifice of an honest Heart, and all the Powers of the Mind, to the Good of a Constitution so miraculously rescu'd, spread a Chearfulness thro' the Soul, even under a Waste of Spirits, the

Neglect

Neglect of Friends, and inconsistent Reproaches of avow'd Emenies.

I am not insensible, that the firmest Patriots who have appear'd in the defence of Truth, and lent a Support to the noblest Cause, have been, and are constantly branded, even by those very People who roll with them in Opinion, as Incendiaries, and Promoters of Rage and Discord.

BUT I must take Leave to acquaint these peaceable Spirits, that they would scarce have had Leisure to make these Reflections upon the Services of their Friends at this Juncture, if the unnatural Acts of Parricides, the Ravages of Tyranny, and the impious Encroachments of Priests, Popishly affected, had not been in some Measure check'd, and bridled by the Zeal, which for the last Four Years appear'd on the side of the Constitution, and in the humble Persons of that contemptible Species of Mankind, call'd Writers.

THESE affectedly pacifick, and harmless People, do more Disservice to the Cause, than profess'd Enemies, prostituting all those glorious Rights and Privileges deriv'd from their Ancestors, to their idle Fears, to the plausible Cant of Forbearance, and waiting a proper Season for the Extirpation of this turbulent Humour, which has got such a Head amongst us within these few Months.

LET no Man flatter himself with living to see that happy Day, so long as any of the Race of those Firemen exist; as well you may expect that Winds should cease to Rage, or angry Floods forbear to Foam, as think of seeing a disappointed Para-

M 3

celsian

celſian compos'd in his Temper, or a Scaramouch abridg'd of Absolute Power, inclin'd to forgive, or ſit down eaſy.

THESE are Tribes which are never to be won by Indulgence; nay, Favours conferr'd upon them, which in their common Tendency melt the Froward, and inſpire others with Gratitude, are loſt upon Natures ſo ſpecifically Crook'd.

AS the Lenity of the Great *Preſident* has been enlarg'd, ſo have the Clamours of a ſawcy Faction riſen in Proportion, 'till Treason is become the familiar Dialect of their Mouth, and they begin to plead a Preſcription for their Uproars and riotous Behaviour.

I ſhall endeavour to Trace this Diſtemper to the Source; ſhall lay open the feſter'd Parts at large, and offer ſome ſure Remedies for the Cure of this popular Evil, in a few Sheets next Week, under the Title of the *High-German-Doſtor*; and after having paid my Duty to the Publick, I ſhall take my Farewel of you, and beſpeak your Favour very ſhortly under a different Character.

PART of the enſuing Epilogue being ſurreptitiouſly handed to the Preſs, and the World having earneſtly coveted a View of it entirely, by the Author's Permiſſion, and that not one Line of ſo juſt a Picture ſhould be loſt, I preſent it, and am ſure it will ſpeak for it ſelf.

The

THE
EPILOGUE
UPON

Hermodactyl,

Mention'd by the *HIGH-GERMAN*
DOCTOR, and design'd to be
spoken at the New Theatre in
Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, on Thursday
the 28th of April.

*I Have been Millamant, am still the same,
For I resolve to play an After-Game :
Metbinks our Characters in part agree,
I am as Peevish, and as Vain as She ;
Can Rail at Man, and act the Coquet's Part,
Yet love a handsome Fellow at my Heart:
But how this Face will do't, — I dare not say. —
And yet some whisper, — that — on Terms it may,
I thank ye, lovely Creatures, well-dress'd Beaux,
Much I admire your Judgment, -- more your Cloaths.
I fancy too, that you are Good and Kind.
Then here's my Hand, who takes me in the Mind ?*

M 4

Her-

Hermoda&yl approaches her with his graceful Flutter of Head and Eyes, and all his usual Peculiarities of Shrugs, Nods, and Grimaces.

Hold off — I did not — mean dear ugly Sir,
Surpriz'd.

I crave at least to put in my Demur.

Looking upon him earnestly.

*Hab—Hermoda&yl! ---bless my Eyes---is't you?
Are you again return'd to publick View?
Let me, with Wonder, all thy Beauties see,
Thy Cloudy Brow, and Holy Leer agree,
I read thy Marks—— Predestination —— Grace——
And all the Crabtrees open in thy Face.
Not bolder was thy Look, when hireling Bands
Of publick Traitors, waited thy Commands;
When thy flush'd Heart to mighty Ills aspir'd;
When Nations wept, and Mirabel retir'd.
But say, what Syriac Lines, or Hebrew Song,
Have kept thee from our wishing Eyes so long?
Many sad Sigbs thy tedious Absence cost,
And O-----gl-----thorp, her Cully gave for lost.
Nay start not, Sir, for Saints will sometimes stray,
And harmless Babes of Grace in Brothel's Play,
It only was the outward Man ---- not they ----
Tho' your Experiment was strange and new,
Pay for a Virgin, and a Surgeon too!
But had you steer'd by Gambol's sage Advice,
You had been safe at a much cheaper Price;*

And

*And yet, dear Crab-Tree, after such a Pill
Hast thou an Itching to be Fumbling still?
But after all, suppose I shou'd comp'y,
What Articles your future Faith shall try?
Don't think that Face will do't --- fore e'er I trust,
I must have better Proofs that you'll be Just.*

*Hermodasyl offers a Purse; going to take it, she
starts back.*

*Curse on thy Bribes: Shall Female Love be stain'd
With impious Gifts from ruin'd Nations drain'd?
Shall we be added to the publick Shame;
Beauty be bought by him who sold our Fame?
Know, awkward Wretch, our better Souls disdain
The Spoils of Honour and ignoble Gain.
Our Hearts were ever true, and ever scorn
To joy in that which made our Country mourn.
But if an honest Patriot's Soul we view,
To Honour, Freedom, and his Monarch true;
With Pride we meet the brave well-meaning Beast,
Wake all his Joy, and lull his Cares to Rest:
We are all Love; and scarce can spare an Hour
To curse e'en thee, and thy once fatal Power.*

M

The

THE
High-German Doctor
CONCLUDED.

With a lively Representation of our
Present Distempers :

THE SEVERAL
SYMPTOMS
EXPLAIN'D.

And a proper CURE
RECOMMENDED.

*Audire atq; Togam jubeo componere, Quisquis
Ambitione mala, aut Argenti pallet Amore,
Quisquis Luxuria, Tristive Superstitione,
Aut alio Mentis Morbo, calet, huc propius me
Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos Ordine adite.*

Hor.

London: Printed in the Year 1719.

THE
JOURNAL
OF
THE
AMERICAN
MEDICAL
ASSOCIATION
PUBLISHED WEEKLY
CHICAGO, ILL.
1914

THE High-German DOCTOR CONCLUDED.

With a Lively
REPRESENTATION
OF OUR
Present Distempers :

I Own my self in Arrear to you, and chargeable with a Breach of Promise, but am perswaded, an Omission of this kind will be pass'd by as Venial, when you are made sensible of the Conflicts I lay under, betwixt being just to my Word, and the longing desire I had to see the Behaviour of a Set of desperate People upon Two late *Anniversaries*. The Restraint I put upon my Pen, was, likewise, in some measure, owing to the Confidence with which some Well-Meaning *Loyalists* abounded, that the full-stretch'd Clemency of the King, together with the wise Precautions taken by his faithful Ministers, for the

the preservation of the Peace, might so temper the Blood and Spirits of a *Frantick Crew*, that we should have seen nothing but Joy and Tranquility in the Faces of Mankind, on the Celebration of Two such auspicious Births. But my Presages were dreadfully answer'd, and the successive *Treasons* committed on those Solemn Occasions, leave no room for the most stupid *Protestant* in *Britain* to question the Tendency of such open and avow'd *Insults* upon the Government.

YOU entertain'd a better Opinion of me, I am confident, than to imagine I could lay down my Publick Character without taking a decent Leave of you. The kind reception my ludicrous Manner of Talking has met with from your Hands, and the Indulgence you have shown to my graver Prescriptions, are not to be silently pass'd over. To those of the poorest Relish some Thanks are due. To those of a more refin'd Taste, a lasting Esteem. To those of the Richest *Goutè*, accompany'd with Acts of Beneficence, my deepest Gratitude, and an Ardency to please in another Way.

THE Farce I promis'd to exhibit, and the several Parts I had adjust'd, being likely to take a more solemn Turn, I shall perhaps be forc'd at last to give it the Name of a *Tragedy*, whilst I retire behind the scenes for some Time, and wait a proper Crisis for the more elegant Distribution of them; proposing to make the Poetical keep equal Pace with the Civil Justice which is due to my Characters.

AS I have hitherto been upon a close Guard with the Malignants of this Age, ty'd down to Allegory, and

and shaded by Veils, so now I am preparing to step out of my Trenches, and engage a *Rebellious Party* upon plain Ground. The Majesty and Equity of the Cause demanding a few warm Truths, and the Provocations of a *Stubborn Race* challenging an openness of Language, and Freedom of Spirit, which should give the bluntest Nerves a quick Sensation.

THE little Mercenaries of a *Popish Faction*, have Arbitrarily run their Course of Calumny and Detraction; have given a free vent to their unruly Passions alate, with little or no Interruption; and by the haughty Crests they wear at present, seem to have warmer Hopes in view. It would be Injustice to Reason them out of their imaginary Schemes, being all they have left to subsist on; and a sort of Inhumanity to defraud them of the sole Comfort they are like to meet with in this present Age.

WE know it to be the specifick Badge of these *Sanguine Idiots*, to Rage and be Insolent, till they expose themselves to the last Degree of Contempt, and fall un pity'd Victims to Justice.

THE Province I have undertaken may be thought too Arrogant in a private Person, the Administration having always Means at hand to Relieve it self when Oppress'd, and not wanting the Pen of any particular Advocate in defence of its Honour. But I must insist, That it is the Duty of every Protestant Briton, to oppose these *handen'd Rebels* in their violent Courses, and stem the Tide of *Anarchy*; and when private Persons shall be Licentious enough to affront the Government by which they are Protected, it cannot be thought an Encroachment upon the Authority

thority of Superiors, for those of the humblest Character to be a little officious on the side of Truth, or active in pointing out the unnatural Attempts of such turbulent Spirits.

THE former Outrages of this *Popish Faction* have been for some Time wretchedly gloss'd over with the specious Cry of *Loyalty*, after their mad and inconsistent Way of expressing themselves, that was thought a necessary Subterfuge to screen them from the immediate Hand of Justice, whilst under the *Mock Court* they profess'd to pay to the Person of the King, have thought themselves more amply Priviledg'd to Calumniate his faithful Subjects, and Arraign the Prudence of his Choice, by depreciating the Credit of his Ministers.

HAD these insolent Offenders stopp'd short, even at this desperate Length, one would, perhaps, with less Warmth, have pass'd over the Injuries offer'd to the illustrious Characters of those who are worthy enough to Roll with the greatest *Scipio*, either of the *Cato's*, a *Marcellus*, or a *Cicero* of old, the Noblest Patriots and Asserters of *Liberty*, such as even *Rome*, with her boasted Fertility of *Heroes*, and *Wisemen*, never out-strip'd in Glory, Eloquence, or Piety to their Country.

BUT now they are come up to a full Point of Wickedness; the Masque at length is thrown off, and they have been at least so far Honest, as to appear in proper Lights, that we may take a full View of their Deformity: The prodigious Breach they have made thro' all the Forms of Modesty and Obedience, to reach their Sovereign, and violate his
Sacred.

Sacred Authority, must rouse the Tamest, and cause a rapid Circulation of the Spirits, warm the smallest Fibres of your Blood, and work up a Resentment in you equal to the Malignity of the Crime. The constant Behaviour of these Men fills the Imagination with Surprise; But the late Insults must Fire each loyal Breast with Indignation: I need not expatiate far to possess you with Antipathies against this Set of Men, and their Practices.

FROM the very Moment of the King's happy Arrival amongst us, these Miscreants have study'd to embitter the Joy each Protestant Britain felt, for the seasonable Deliverance given to these Nations: Crowding Peoples Minds with Doubts and Perplexities, and giving false Images of the best, and most beloved Prince in *Christendom*. The Day of his Entry, joyous to all true lovers of their Country, was sully'd with their gloomy Looks, and a visible dejection of Mind. The propitious Day, on which he was Wedded to his People, even the Solemnity of his Coronation, was prophane'y Treated, and the Joy that should have been diffusive, interrupted by the Noise and pestilent Breath of this *Popish-Faction*. The casual appointment of a *Thanksgiving-Day*, for his peaceable Accession to the Throne of his Ancestors, turn'd into a malicious, tho' one of the most ridiculous Charges upon the Ministry. The Riots, after the gentlest Animadversions of the Government upon them, swelling higher, and seeming to have been concerted thro' *England*, by the general Insurrection.

THE oblique Reflections cast upon his Sacred Person;

Person; the more open Invectives against his Government; the villanous Detractions from his Fortune and Family; the saucy, but silly Reports of his private Oeconomy, are so many Trophies of *High-Church*, or *Papish Loyalty*, and that strict Decency and Submission which was lately Inculcated as due to the Supreme Governour.

THESE Affronts, tho' of the strongest Dye, yet would have been less Criminal, if not extended even to his Royal Progeny. That a Prince, brave and heroick, dutiful to his King, and yet a tender Advocate, in all Applications made to him from the People; endearing, disinterest'd, and grac'd with all the noble Qualities suitable to his High Birth, should sink in the Esteem of one single *Briton*, tho' rang'd under a Thousand Characteristicks: That a Princess, of the finest Genius, Affable and Attractive, breaking thro' all the strongest Ties of a remote Education, and condescending to enter upon fresh Rudiments of Life, and be Born anew, as it were, in *England*, should be liable to Misinterpretation from any; nay that should not conquer even the Rage of this savage Faction, is not to be reconcil'd. But the most astonishing Part of their Brutality, is, that the Royal Infants, whose tender Age one would think, might secure them from the virulent Tongues of these Monsters, and lie unmolested, for their Incapacity even to think amiss, their blooming Sweetness, and indiscriminate Smiles, should share Indignities in common with their Benevolent and Royal Parents. This plainly shows, that even immaculate Vertue is not secure, that Innocence can find no Protection

Protection from such Sons of Rapine; and in fine; that they have given up even the rough Draught of Humanity.

I gently pass over the Injuries which have been offer'd to the Royal Family, by the *Roman* Faction in those dreadful Attempts they have made at Rhyming. Their Revenges in Metre are certainly within the Pale of Forgiveness, as being so many Abuses upon Satyr, and only terrible to a musical Ear from the Harshness of the Sound.

THESE are the least offensive Parts of their Lunacy, and much more Supportable than the manifest Falsehoods in Prose, which the Leaders of this Faction daily convey thro' the common Channels of Life, their dear Brethren the Rabble, who being of the same size of Intellects with these Undertakers, fall in with every thing they say, and the Ribaldry being so Vulgar, and flowing so naturally from them, there lyes no Suspicion of imposing upon equal Judgments.

BUT when we view the Prime of this *Papist* Faction, their best Situation, we find as much Room for Pity as Justice. All the Signatures of Horror and Despair impress'd on their Foreheads: Not one Social Feature in their Countenance, big with distemper'd Passions, and rolling from one Mischief thro' a Satiety of being meanly Wicked, to a much greater, taking Sanctuary still in the Lenity of the Government. A Race of disappointed Parricides, who envying the present Felicity of true *Protestant Britons*, are forc'd to croak out their hoarse Sounds in Corners, whilst some stalk occasionally

Onally about the World, under the purchas'd Indulgence of a Jayl.

BUT what signifies multiplying Scars upon the Reputations of those who have made waste of every thing, Moral and Civil, in the Commerce of Life? What regard is there to be paid to some of them, whom Justice has doom'd to the Pillory for being insipidly Criminal? Nay, what Man of common Light can be so abandon'd, as give attention to Creatures whose Ears have been repriev'd from being fasten'd to the common Engine of Justice, only for fear of loading the Pillory with too much Lumber, and that they might carry the lasting Infamy about them of living Asses, with long Ears and muddy Brains.

WHAT Confederates these Wretches have with them at present, would be a Political Part in them to preserve, and count over frequently, for fear of a Stray, for I dare vouch, the Season of making a *Profelyte* of one thoughtful Man is past, and the sole Resources they expect at present, is from Mad-Houses, and the common Sewers of Mankind.

ONE must have gone some Lengths in Distraction to engage with them, or turn Desperate to keep his Countenance amongst them: Such a Cause, such Materials, and such Tools to work with, must have come under the broad Laugh of all Mankind before that baneful *Æra* of 1710. These, supported with fresh Recruits of inconsistent Lies, must needs be a wonderful Relief to the Faction in this Day of Trouble: Well-meaning People have been sufficiently fatigu'd with this sort of Coinage, and it will be

be of small Advantage to the Cause hereafter, for it is observed, *When the World is once used to improbable Lies, they will hardly be brought to believe what is really True.*

BY this happy Management, these liberal Arts, and chosen Agents, the *Popish Faction* have approv'd themselves most devoutly attach'd to the King's Interest, and put it beyond all dispute they are his most dutiful Subjects. By this Behaviour their Passive Principles are confirm'd, and that peculiar Characteristick of Submission without Reserve, which belongs to an *High Churchman*, is put in a very agreeable Light. The repeated Tumults you are to believe, have only been so many joyous Transports in Honour to the King: The *Pretender's* Health only nam'd as a Foil to the Rightful and Lawful Title of King *George*: The Invectives from the Press and Pulpit have been well digested for the Use and Honour of the present Establishment, and publish'd barely to found the Affections of the People. These are all so demonstrable, that no *British Protestant* can question their Zeal, or would be so vain to desire a Confirmation of it from the Mouths of the Faction. But to be serious.

THESE flagrant Commotions, nay open Rebellions, should seem to lay some Claim to the Benefit of the *High-Church* Clergy; one of the great Fountains of Learning, and Pious Education, having so lately confirm'd them. At your Door, most Venerable *Oxford*, we lay the most flaming Treason of this Age. The once adorable Characters of Peaceful and

and Loyal, some of you must now exchange for Base and Invidious Names: As High as you once stood in the List of Allegiance, as Ignominious will you now become, for this black Apostacy: I lay not this Charge to you in general: There are many glorious Individuals amongst you: From some of your holy Nurseries have sprung such a Species that we almost want a Name for: I should be hardly brought to think it an Equivocal Generation of *Popish* and *Protestant* in a Reform'd Nursery, especially after those Guardians of the *British* Youth have so often and solemnly renounc'd the Errors of the *Roman* Schools.

WE flatter'd our selves, that this Outrage had fallen short of the Representation: We endeavour'd to keep that odious Image of Rebellion, especially from that awful Station, out of our Minds: We knew that *Oxford*, with her Rhetorick, was capable of Extenuating an Inadvertency, or even a gay Excess: But this Report blackens every Day, and rushes upon the Mind with a strong Aggravation, That this Impiety was committed against the King in the Bosom of the *Muses*. Was it for this lofty Towers were erected? Your Schools planted, and water'd by the Hands of our pious Ancestors? Was it for Mutiny and Confusion that so much Order was Establish'd? Is the Bounty of His Majesty's Royal Progenitors repaid with the deepest Ingratitude? Those noble Piles were founded for different purposes, and as *Alexander*, Prince of *Parma*, observed in another Case, the Students have ample Revenues, pleasant Walks, and Tranquility assign'd them,

them, to preserve the Subjects in Obedience to their Governours, and that every College should be in the nature of a strong Cittadel, to keep the People strictly to their Duty.

BUT it will soon be brought to the Test, whether the *Rebellion* of the last Month, was the Genuine Offspring of the University, or an Unnatural Birth: If the latter, we may be assur'd, and expect that *Oxford*, in defence of her Honour, should purge out every thing that appears Monstrous, and clear herself from an Imputation, I hope, too frankly credited.

THE least we can hope for from that great Seminary of *Loyalty, Learning, and Piety*, is, That ample Satisfaction made to the injur'd Throne of their Sovereign, King *GEORGE*, they will oblige the World with a solemn, full, and hearty Decree, against all those who shall, either by Word or Deed, dispute His *Rightful and Lawful Title*, and point out the mortal Pains every Opposer of His Authority must sorely undergo. *Oxford* will make no scruple of such an open Confession at this suspicious Juncture, having once before been prompted, by gracious Impulses, to make a very strong One, in 1683, in favour of the Prerogative. This will be necessary, not only to free their *Languid Reputation* at present, from the Pressure it lies under, but likewise to gain a Confidence with the King, That they are resolv'd to answer the several Punctualities of Duty they promis'd in their Address.

BUT to draw off from a Scene every true *Briton* looks on with Horrour, we must, according to Promises,

mise, trace all these *Tumults, Distractions, and Overt-acts* to the Source; give every Failing its due Propriety, and search home to the Core of the Distemper. I am, and shall always, be above Flattering the Enemies of King *GEORGE*, or candidly bespeaking a Community, which, in the opinion of all honest Men, have laid the Foundation of our present Divisions.

I ascribe them chiefly to you, Gentlemen, especially those of the Long-Robe, who are pleas'd to Dignify your selves by the Title of *High-Churchmen*, whom I shall make bold, as Occasion offers, and I think without much offence to your past Behaviour, to look upon as *Popishly Affected*, entirely in the *Pretender's* Interest, Tyrannically dispos'd, avow'd Enemies of your Country, and scarce within the Purlieu of a Royal Protection.

FOR the Proof of this, I shall fix my *Æra* no higher than the Revolution, from whence we derive the greatest Blessings, tho' villainously traduc'd by this *Popish* Faction, as the Original of our Judgments.

AT that Time the Nation was in a fair Way of Uniting, and our precedent Scars had almost taught us to be wise.

NO sooner was an Arrest put upon Spiritual Tyranny, and the Penal Laws against *Dissenters* abrogated, which the *High-Churchmen* seem'd to approve of in the Day of common Distress, but Moderation, Comprehension, and Lenity, were branded as Terms of the blackest Intendment against the Establish'd Church, and the Wounds heretofore accounted Fistulous, and in an hopeful Way of being cicatriz'd,

cicatriz'd, were ripp'd open, and widen'd to an Extremity. The Jealousy which a few Brain-sick Priests conceiv'd from a Toleration granted to scrupulous Consciences, and under such Parliamentary Limitations, which could not be broken thro', was, in some Time, constru'd a too lavish Concession, and open'd a Door to causeless Clamours: The Danger at first was only talk'd of suspiciously, and insinuated with some Degree of Modesty.

THE frequent Exchanges of Hands in the Ministry; and the temporary Superiority of *High-Church*, kept the Partizans within tolerable Compass, 'till the Faction, grown odious to all sober Men, and even to some of their prime Leaders, finding themselves upon the Point of being utterly abandon'd, resolv'd to make the Cry of the Church's Danger, which before was only made use of as a Hand-Screw to raise up a Dead-Weight, appear to the World as really Concerted and Intended, and in Consequence of that, the Subversion of our excellent Frame.

THE *High Church* Priests having this momentous Trust committed to them, fail'd not in the Execution of it, and animated the Populace to a real Belief of that, which, in their own Consciences, they knew to be foreign to any sober Man's Intention throughout *England*, of which, *Sach — vell's* Recantation in his Speech, is a Thousand Witnesses: From these idle Suggestions, our present unhappy Divisions chiefly sprung.

A Gap being once made for Credulity to enter in at, it would have been a heinous Reflection upon
 N their

their *Priestly Conduct*, if they had not cultivated the Notion, and improv'd it to rank Superstition. work'd to expectation, and the Populace were fir to the same degree, as if their Altars had been thrown down, and the Name of Religion extinguish'd.

ALL the Springs behind the Scenes were Selfish and Revengeful; the poor Laity were only permitted to see the Fire, and hear the Noise of the Gun, but never knew any Thing of the Composition or saw the Train laid.

THE publick Animosities never blaz'd so high before *Sach* — *rell's* Rebellion: Party-Strife were reconcileable, and Men seem'd to agree in two main Points, *That the Protestant Religion must be supported; and the Pretender kept out*: From that Moment Things began to take another Turn and People of a sudden talk'd coolly of a Settlement for which they had so prodigally paid, and bled.

BEFORE that Time, Charity led several to believe, that the Jealousies of the *High-Church* Clergy, and their Contention for further Securities than seem'd necessary, were owing in a great Measure to a hot supercilious Humour, and a strong Anxiety about the Goods of this World, which is too predominant in that Body of Men; but the *Pretender* being at length woven into their Clamours and popular Harangues, plainly show'd what an Alliance they were driving on, and what Church they so unanimously roar'd for.

THIS was taking a solemn Leave of the Constitution, and consequently of all *Protestant Church* of

of *England* Principles; and perhaps was the boldest Advance towards *Rome* of any that has been made since the Reformation. I am not insensible that many Fantastick Schemes were upon the Anvil last Century, for resolving all our Civil Rights into an Ecclesiastical Regimen, but they seem'd rather to point at a rigid Dominion independent of the Papacy, and making the Crown govern in Subordination to the Mitre, without calling in any Auxiliary Votes from the People, but this seem'd to be the first open Step towards a Coalition with *Popery*.

PURSUANT to this, Auricular Confession was publickly Preach'd and Printed, and the late Queen's Supremacy oppos'd in Convocation.

IT may seem a little surprizing to Posterity, that so many of the Populace, who always stood firm to the Constitution, and the *Protestant Church of England*, should take such a sudden Warp: But all Things were ripe for Madness, Enthusiasm, and Superstition.

THE jaded Cry of the Church's Banger, singly, would not have been able to bring about their impious Designs: In order to compass them, they chose to run themselves upon a double Absurdity, of Preaching up absolute Passive Obedience, which had near ruin'd us once before, and Hereditary Right, which was openly pointing at the *Pretender*

IT was obvious enough to the most superficial Thinker, that one of the Doctrines stood condemn'd by the *Revolution*, and therefore could not have any honest Meaning in the enforcing it; and the other must be an extraordinary Way of supporting the *Protestant Church of England*, by making the

Protender Guarantee of its Rites and Worship. A *Laplander* would have blush'd to be taken in so palpable a Snare, yet many of you *Britons*, with all your boasted Intellects, have been grossly impos'd on.

THERE is a Compassion still due to the Laity, who, perhaps, had not Time to weigh the real Dangers impending, or had too much blind Obedience to oppose the Fallacy of such positive Doctrines, when urg'd with a magisterial Fierceness from the Pulpit; but the High-Clergy must expect to answer deeply for this Prevarication.

HOWEVER, they propos'd to have their temporal Ends serv'd by it, and whilst those were in View, all higher Regards were suspended, tho' they would have been wretchedly mistaken in their Aim, but the Reasons are plain for their acting so contrary to the Trust repos'd in them.

AS Religion was out of the Case; in all these repeated Clamours about the Church's Danger; and theirs being entirely a Political Scheme, so the Motives for pushing on the Design so vigorously, may be reduc'd to a narrow Compass.

IN the first place, they consider'd that upon the Revolution Foot, all their exorbitant Power was Clip'd; that they were kept within proper Boundaries, and rendred Subordinate to the Civil Magistrate: That there was but small likelihood of obtaining a High-Commission-Court again, oppressing tender Consciences; or making the Sentence of their Spiritual Tribunals Definitive, much less of having the Oath *ex Professo* restor'd, or being trusted with the Absolute

Absolute Power^d of Judging of *Heresy* and *Schism*; Being once abridg'd of Dominion and Oppression, the two greatest Darlings of *High-Church*, the ministerial Part of their Function lay heavy upon their Hands: This made them Solicitous to regain a Power by the Protection of a remote Interest, to which the Noise of Lineal and Indefeasible Right was the Prologue.

IN the next place, they could not promise themselves a perpetuity of Power from the Queen's ill State of Health, which made their Measures more violent, and put them upon studying how to fortify themselves in the securest manner against a Change, ranking themselves under the Denomination of *High-Church* and *Loyalists*, one in Contradistinction to Christianity, the other to the Laws of the Constitution. This Note of singularity was pitch'd on to make their Dependents less Inquisitive, and resolve all their Hopes and Interests into the Conduct of their Leaders, at the same time Branding all those who could not be prevail'd on to equal them in their Licentiousness, as Enemies to all Government, *King-killers*, *Hereticks*, or any other odious Terms their heated Fancy suggested: Thus Characteriz'd, the deluded Populace lookt on all sober Men of the Nation as so many Monsters, which made the Separation irreconcilable wide, and kept these Madmen from being better inform'd; and these wrong Impressions are not work'd off to this Hour: These Priests, being at the Devotion of their Leaders, were likely to be made the easiest Prey to *Popery* and *Slavery*, before they should had time allow'd them

to consider what they were doing. But if we could suppose these *High-Church* Priests would not have consented to have thrown themselves, and their *Votaries* under the *Pretender's* Protection, yet every Step they made, shews, that they were putting themselves into a Posture, of making the most imperious Demands upon a Protestant Successor.

BUT what desperate Designs soever the Queen, thro' the Flexibility of her Temper, might be prevail'd on to submit to, or rather connive at, from mistaken Notions of her Country's Interest, and the frequent Suggestions of an undoubted Right being lodg'd in a certain Person, yet she having left us before the Plot was brought to Perfection, the like daring Attempts, one would think, should not be reviv'd at this Juncture: Yes, ———

THEY are, and this *Popish Faction* will ever be working the Destruction of Liberty, and the Reform'd Church of *England*, till their Power is broken by Legal Severities, for Principles they will never be brought to change, and that you may not wonder why the Rage of these Men continues, or rather encreases daily, be pleas'd to consider that ———

THE King being plac'd on the Throne, and bless'd with a numerous Progeny, all Educated in Abhorrence to *Romish Idolatry*, and *Tyranny*, this Faction cannot feed themselves with *Reversionary Hopes*, or expect that any of the Royal Branches can possibly be perverted, by any of their false Maxims, either in *State* or *Church*; which tho' it would be the strongest Inducement to any Rational Men to sit down and be quiet, yet works contrary Effects upon
this

this distracted Race, and puts them upon Sacrificing Liberty, Property, Religion, and all humane Principles to their Despair, and shaking the Throne it self each publick Night to satiate their Revenge.

THE Disappointment likewise they have met with from the King's Choice of a true *British* Ministry, inaccessible to Bribery, *French Chicane*, or any narrow and oppressive Schemes, provokes their Frenzy.

THIS Faction really had so remarkably Signaliz'd themselves in behalf of his present Majesty, during the late Queen's Reign, amongst which Services, that of trampling on his publick-spirited Memorial, and calling it either False, or Impudent, that could not fail of being strangely endearing, with many other flagrant Testimonies of their Respect to his House, which may in due Time be brought to Light.

I say, this Faction having signaliz'd themselves in this manner, cannot but, after the Nature of frail Man, be much incens'd at the Disappointment, and show it daily in all their absolutely Passive Riots, the peaceable Demolition of their Neighbour's Houses and Persons, and, in fine, in the unconditional Obedience of Disputing their Sovereign's Authority.

BUT what makes the Association of Wickedness the stronger at this Time, and employs the whole Nerves of this sawcy Faction to stimulate the Rabble, and work them up to a Pitch of Rebellion, is to obstruct the Course of approaching Justice; to screen their Minions; to prevent the opening of the Black Book, and exposing the Black List of *Great*

N 4

Britain's

Britain's Enemies, with their Crimes, to the naked View of every deluded *Protestant*, and consequently to their Rage and Abhorrence: This the *Faction* thinks lies upon them to do at present, as the *Coup d' Eclat*, and the Apprehensions they are under, both from the Hands of Justice, and the Dread of having the long and labour'd Mischiefs done to their Country unravell'd, and become familiar to the People, compels them to preserve a Crew of *Desperadoes*. in Spirit, and keep them Drunk and Mad, to strike Terror into weak Minds, and oppose, (vain Attempt!) the Solemnity of the present *Grand Inquest*.

WHEN the Nation is convinc'd by fair and undeniable Proofs, what a Blow was design'd against the Constitution, and all the false Lights of saving the Kingdom from Ruin, by patching up a Peace; the rescuing the Church from Danger, when it was in perfect Safety; clearing a Debt of Nine Millions, without a Farthing charge to the Nation; the Cant of a consuming Land-War, and delighting in War; and many other serviceable Idioms of those distracted Times, first to amuse Mankind, heighten Jealousies, and then divide one more easy, and less wary *Protestant*, from another: When the Transactions of those unhappy Days come to be stripp'd of their false Lights, the *Faction* may soon expect to see Men's Senses restor'd, and theirs in jeopardy, which makes them so incessantly-busy to stave off the Discovery by the foulest Acts of Disloyalty.

WHEN it shall appear to Men, who have been too Implicit in their Obedience to every Doctrin deliver'd

bettering their Port in the World, tho' they embroil'd all *Europe* for the Purchase.

TO the rapacious Temper, and Covetousness of others, who either being scandalously Indigent, or being Rich, and never sated, found it the most favourable Minute for amassing unjust Treasure by domestick Corruption, and the lavish Rewards from abroad, for their supineness in attending the good of their Country, if not for an active and wicked Concert against it.

TO the desire of Superfluities in some, who regretting any Luxury out of their own Hands, were in hopes thro' the Distraction of the Times, to take large Draughts of it.

IN fine, to slavish Superstition, which blinded the Minds of the Vulgar, and made them at the Devotions of their Leader.

BUT since the Faction seem still fond of retaining the Name of *Englishmen*, and being call'd Sons of the Church of *England*, we must now see how far these Incendiaries, both Lay, and Ecclesiastick, have acquitted themselves, either to the Constitution according to the present Establishment, or the Reform'd Church of *England*, as it was in the Days of those Venerable Lights, *Cranmer*, *Ridley*, and *Latimer*.

IT's true, the *Protestant* Succession was not actually Vacated, but the most forward Steps were taken towards the weak'ning of it: I pass by the happy Majority of one Vote, by which we were so nicely preserv'd upon a Division of the House to proceed to more flagrant Circumstances.

H A S

H A S there been one Person under a Publick Character, since *Sach*——*rell's* Rebellion, sent from hence to the Court of *Hannover*, in whom they could place that Confidence which was necessary to be maintain'd between the two Courts?

W A S the present King consulted in any of those Overtures which the late Min——stry boasted were first made to us from *France*? Or rather were not all the clandestine Steps previous to a formal Negotiation, religiously kept from him?

W A S the Compliment of taking the King's Interest under our Protection at the Congress, and Wording the Article relating to the Succession in that ambiguous Way, not easily seen thro'? Or making no Guarantes for mutual Security, a Method to confirm him, or any true *Protestant*, in the Opinion of our Min——sters Sincerity to his Illustrious House?

W A S the Mock-Punishment of a *Jacobite* Parson, a sufficient Attonement for Ten Thousand Lines of Treason in that infamous *Folio* of *Hereditary Right*? Or a *Noli Prosequi* enter'd against the Prosecution of another Offender, for an Ironical Treatise of that Nature, an Argument of that *Inviolable Attach* to the King's Interest which the *Gypsie Cant* of that Administration would have palm'd upon us?

N O ! If the *Protestant* Succession was at Heart they had the most awkward Way of Expressing it of any Men breathing; for every Step they took pointed directly to the Court of *St. Germain*.

I shall make short Work with the Behaviour of the *High Church* Clergy: THE

THE Reform'd Church enforces strict Obedience to the Laws of the Land.

AFTER *Sach*—*rell* had broke the Way, all their Topicks turn'd upon *Indefeasable and Hereditary Right*, in Opposition to the Legislature, which had Enacted the Succession in the House of *Hannover*.

THE Reform'd Church of England recommends Charity and Forbearance to all who are so unhappy as to Dissent from her,

THIS Cast of Men have always harass'd the Conscience, driving Mankind upon their particular Modes of Thinking and Acting after the *Papish* Model, contrary to the Advice of that Great Defender of the *Protestant* Church, King *CHARLES* I. who in his Advice to his Son, bids him,

“BEWARE of Exasperating any Parties by
“the Crossness and Asperities of some Mens Passions employ'd under him, grounded only on the
“Differences in lesser Matters, which are but the
“Skirts and Suburbs of Religion, wherein a charitable Connivance, and Christian Toleration, often
“dissipates their Strength, whom rougher Opposition
“fortifies.

THE Reform'd Church more particularly enforces, as it were, a sacred Obedience to Kings and Princes.

BUT these High-complection'd Gentlemen, in the Queen's Time, were still Faulting her Administration, when it was not in their Hands, and more flamingly, even to a Defiance of his Authority, in the Reign of the present King.

THE

THE Reform'd Church of England teaches, her Sons to abhor all Equivocations, mental Reserves, or saving Distinctions :

BUT the *High Church* Clergy, after solemn Oaths taken, have some of them still at Heart, as is manifest from *some of them Declining to name his Title* : Others making it a sort of Compulsion, as, *We are commanded to Pray*. A Third, looking upon it as a Burden upon their Hands, transferring the Drudgery to the Laity, in the Phrases of, *Do you, or, We bid you Pray*; all which are so many impudent Prevarications with God and Man : From all which we may safely pronounce, that there is not one single Badge of the *Protestant Church of England* belongs to this Species, and that they are not a little *Popishly* affected.

SOMETIMES they will venture to tell you, they were the Bulwark against *Popery* in King *James's* Time; and to skreen themselves from discovery, take a share in the Honour of the Revolution which, at proper Seasons, they Brand with the Name of Guilt ; and, That they were the very promoters of *Toleration* : But this is a Fallacy :

FOR they are not the Men, or the Principles which oppos'd *Popery* in those Days : It was the *Protestant Church of England*, and her faithful Sons; amongst which, the great Archbishop *Tillotson*, the present most Reverend, who fills the Chair at *Lambeth*, the Venerable Bishop of *Worcester*, the late Bishop of *Sarum*, the Learned Bishop of *Lincoln*, the late Bishops of *Ely*, with others of great Piety and Eminence, who made the Gallant Stand.

A S to the Second Boast : We readily grant many of them might have a Hand in the *Revolution*, to gratify a present *Revenge*, because King *James* work'd with inferior Tools, and their *Tenures* were invaded ; but we are in good Hopes, by the Experience of some Years, that the single Act of coming into the *Revolution* can be no Damning Sin in them, as was said in another Case, because so suddenly, and so often Repented of since.

A S to their promoting the *Act* of *Toleration*, it is not easy to reach their Meaning ; for that Act was founded upon the Law of Christian Charity ; an Expediency, to cement the Body of *Protestants* more closely, which that *Faction* could never be concern'd with.

HAD it been left to an *High-Church Convocation*, one may guess what Fate it would have met with, from the late Abridgements of *Christian Liberty* in the *Schism Bill*.

THERE is an unbecoming State, a Moroseness, and narrow Spirit, runs thro' the best of their *Civil*, as well as *Religious Offices*, and open War declar'd against every Man, from the Prince to the humblest Peasant, who will not come into their fallible Opinions ; and what was said of a Kindred-Party, by Bishop *Ferne*, will hold good of them, *They are a sort of Animals that will not be Tam'd with Stroaking*.

IF Lenity then is so unsuitable to their Complexions, a more rigid Discipline may be of service to them ; and sure these Evils are not without a Remedy.

IN

IN the first Place, That Treasonable Notion, of the *Church's Independency of the State*, must be carefully weeded out, as not being a Principle of the *Protestant Church of England*, which holds the *King Supreme, over all Causes, as well Ecclesiastical as Civil*; and the Highest of the *High-Church Clergy* should be taught to know, that as the bare Distinction of *Church and State* is a very insidious Way of Talking since the *Reformation*, so the making the *Church* a separate Body, or Community from the *State*, is Arbitrary and Popish.

THE Effects of this Distinction are very pernicious; it creates separate Interests, and has often run the Patrons of this wicked Doctrine beyond the Bounds of the Law; of which we have a remarkable Instance in Archbishop *Laud*, who had the Insolence to ordain the Clergy, in Convocation, to pay six Subsidies, when the Parliament was dissolv'd, upon Pain of Excommunication and Deprivation, which is a Record all *Englishmen* ought to reflect on with Horror.

THE fiery Preaching of little Novices should be restrain'd, who come up Weekly with Commonplaces borrow'd from a discontented Conversation, and spread them amongst the Crowd with an Air of Truth and affected Zeal.

NEEDY Curates, and officious Lecturers of that Stamp, lye open to sundry Corruptions from a precarious Subsistence, to Preach up Doctrines repugnant to the Constitution, of which they are generally very Ignorant.

BESIDES

BESIDES, from the gentle Punishment inflicted upon *Sacb* — *rest*, several of these Upstarts take a Pride in Braving the Government; and despairing to Merit any Preferment by their Ignorance, hope to Step into some by their Impudence.

STRICT Regard should be had to the Qualifications of those who take upon them the Sacred Function.

IT was a Complaint of Bishop *Burnet*, which went very near his Heart, *That the Ember Weeks were the Burden of his Soul*.

THERE might easily be made a Draught of Sober, Orthodox, and learned Young Men from the two Universities, whom Modesty, and Want, perhaps restrains from coming to this Town, well-affected to King *George*, and the Constitution; who by exposing the Errors of the *Roman Faction*, would set People right in their Behaviour, and both out-live and out-preach these Incendiaries.

TOO many Pulpits alate, to the Regret of all sober People, border too nearly upon the Stage, where the Preacher acts several Parts by a Prompter.

TO hear a raw Discourse upon Politicks, above the cognizance of a Weak-Head, and which are not in his Commission, gives a Man very uncouth Ideas of the sacred Place he is in; and is apt to draw his Mind off from the serious Concern he brings along with him.

FROM this Station comes all the Fuel that feeds the Flame of the Populace.

LET

LET these factious Priests be restrain'd, and all the Fire will soon be extinguish'd.

MANY, I am confident, think it's full Time to Remedy these Disorders, but take it to be a tender Point. These *High-Church* Priests are a clamorous Body, and their Numbers considerable: There is very little Weight in that: A Law is above Ten Thousand times Ten Thousand more, and if they resist, they cannot be ignorant of coming into a Premunire.

I could give Instances in some of our Reigns where greater Numbers have been brought to Reason; and I cannot see a colourable Motive why any Lay-Man should Interest himself in a *High-Church* Quarrel, where there is no Booty to be gain'd, and so many Hazards to their Persons from the Lash of the Law.

AS it Originally flow'd from a peevish, unwarrantable Revenge, in which no Lay-man is concern'd, the best way is for them to decide it amongst themselves. To conclude ———

THIS restless Faction has made such a Ridicule of the once Venerable Name of *Church*, Tacking it to Persons, to Things; and such Under-Circumstances of Life, that have very much endanger'd the Contempt of it. Even a *poultry Patch*, the *Cock of a Hat*, and the *Rowl of a Stocking*, have, in their Turns, been dignify'd with the Epithet of *High-Church*: Sometimes they couple their *Church* with *Sack* ———; sometimes with a *Boling* ——— he, and,

and, as the Whim takes them, with an Or — *d*;
and then divorce her, and marry her to an Ox — *rd*,
who was never true to any.

ALL that can be said, They have been very
lucky in their Choice of *Mates*, and much to the
Credit of her.

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